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# SIR WALTER'S POST-BAG

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*ANNE SCOTT*



*LADY SCOTT*



*SIR WALTER SCOTT*



*J. G. LOCKHART*



*SOPHIA SCOTT*  
*Afterwards Mrs. Lockhart*

# SIR WALTER'S POST-BAG

*More stories and sidelights from  
his unpublished Letter-Books*

WRITTEN & SELECTED BY  
WILFRED PARTINGTON

FOREWORD BY  
HUGH WALPOLE

*With a Record of Scott's  
Correspondents*

LONDON  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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## FOREWORD

IN my Preface to *The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott* I gave a short account of the fashion in which the Abbotsford Correspondence came into my hands, and of the excellent work that Wilfred Partington had done in connection with it.

So now I will only say that here is a further selection from that correspondence. The principle of this second volume differs from the first, in that complete letters—which often have uninteresting “heads” and “tails”—are not given. Instead, Mr. Partington has made a pastiche of extracts ; and he has made it, I think, with much brilliance and originality. As he himself emphasises, the contents of this book (as in the case of its predecessor) is all new material ; and especial importance will be attached, I believe, to the record of Sir Walter’s correspondents, now made for the first time.

The happiest result of this Scott Centenary Year has been that it has led to the re-discovery of Scott the human being. In spite of Lockhart’s wonderful book, Sir Walter had been for years buried under a kind of educational dust-heap. The Novels were school-books ; and that masterpiece of human nature, his own *Journal*, had been almost forgotten. But the two excellent lives by John Buchan and Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, Professor Grierson’s volume of Essays contributed by various writers, the speeches, articles, and plays—all springing into life this year—have given us the real man again.

Wilfred Partington’s present volume is, I fancy, even more human than its predecessor. It gives an extraordinary variety of sidelights on Scott’s time, its remarkable achievements, and many of its celebrated people. The sidelights are often strange, often amusing ; and through them also we see the man for whom they were written in every kind of relation with his friends and acquaintances. His patience, courtesy, and kindness—and, above all, his own writings—inspire the stories



here selected. Both he and his correspondents really speak in these pages.

And so I hope that some who meet Sir Walter and his gossips here for the first occasion will say : " Well, I had no idea that they were so near to us as this—in the very same room, in fact."

HUGH WALPOLE.

### THREE POSTSCRIPTS

THIS book ought to be—and hereby is—Dedicated to the many Reviewers and Readers of *The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott*, who invited or anticipated a further selection from the remarkable correspondence received by the Author of *Waverley*. The quarto volumes containing some 6,000 letters and documents addressed to Scott were preserved at Abbotsford, largely unpublished, until 1921, when they were sold by order of the executors of the Honble. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the great granddaughter of the novelist. As Hugh Walpole described in his very happy and curious Introduction to my first selection, this treasure-trove correspondence was saved for the nation by a combination of circumstances which included "The Times," some good luck, and a healthy bank-balance. He thus became the proud possessor of the original quartos, which are eventually to be given by him to the National Library of Scotland.

The plan of my first selection, published in 1930, from these Letter-Books was to present some pictures of Scott's time, and to illustrate his life, mainly through examples of the contemporary art of letter-writing. When my book was completed I had no idea of returning to the originals: I thought my tired eyes had finished with those faded sheets and terribly assorted scripts.

But there was always the pricking consciousness of what remained. There were all sorts of letters that had not fitted into my first plan—letters containing news and views, facts and fictions, grist to the *Waverley* mill, told with nods and nudges, the hints and winks, the asides and whispers of correspondents so anxious to confide in Scott. If these unused letters were not always the best examples of the epistolary art, there was in them more of that stuff of which Sir Walter wrote in his Diary: "They . . . will be one day curious . . . these confidential papers."

The reviewers and readers of *The Private Letter-Books* having anticipated another selection, their owner again did me the kindness of putting the originals into my hands. Hence this book, the plan of which differs from its predecessor. Now, I have gone through the quartos chronologically; and woven a tale of them by extracting here and there unpublished material. In only a trifling number of cases have I given extracts already known—usually by incorrect or expurgated versions.

In addition to unpublished material from the original Letter-Books, this book includes other new matter. As Sir Walter received his interesting correspondence and replied to it, he stuffed it away into drawer after drawer; until the time came when it was bound up into Letter-Books. Although, as indicated, some 6,000 letters and documents were thus preserved, a quantity escaped the round-up—probably by accident. This residue remained at Abbotsford until last year, when, by the generous facility of Major-General Sir Walter Scott (the present representative of Sir Walter's family), it was acquired for the National Library of Scotland, where in due course it will be added to the main collection—the Letter-Books. This unpublished residue—and also a small volume of the correspondence in the Library of Edinburgh University—has been made accessible to me for the purpose of this book. Material used from the National Library's collection is indicated by this sign ‡ at the end of each selection. An asterisk \* denotes the few things of which versions are already known.

*Second P.S.*—So wide and great was the popularity of Scott and his works, that nearly everyone, of high or low degree, aspired to the honour of communication with the man who was first the world's darling poet, and afterwards the Great Known Unknown—the Author of *Waverley*. After the publication of my first selection I received so many requests from readers anxious to know whether their ancestors were among his correspondents, that I have given, as an Appendix here, an Alphabetical Record of Persons who corresponded with Sir Walter.

*Third P.S.*—Dr. H. W. Meikle (the Chief Librarian of the National Library of Scotland), Lieut.-Colonel John Murray, D.S.O., Professor H. J. C. Grierson, Dr. Alexander Mitchell, Mr. J. G. Tait, and Mr. F. C. Nicholson (Librarian, Edinburgh University) have at various times given me assistance with a cordiality which I recall with pleasure ; and I also have to thank the Library Committee of Edinburgh University, Mr. George Bushnell (Librarian of St. Andrews University), Mr. Wilson Steel (Sub-Librarian, Glasgow University), the Staff of the National Library of Scotland, and Mr. John Kirkby for their helpful interest. The acknowledgments to the other ladies and gentlemen named in my Preface to *The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott*, for the courtesy of their facilities, apply also to this volume.

WILFRED PARTINGTON.

BIRCHINGTON, KENT, 1931.

The quoted passages printed below the portraits are all from this book with the exception of the extract from a letter by Lady Byron ; and the one under Lord Byron, taken from *The Private Letter-Books*.



## THE FIRST LETTER-BOOK

1796—1806

THE Letter-Books begin in 1796—the year in which Sir Walter Scott's first ballad was published ; and in which, at the age of 25, he wooed the fair Williamina, his first and never-to-be-forgotten love, the only child and heiress of Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn.<sup>1</sup>

The love-making was but an interlude in the ballad-hunting and archæological research which were later to be the foundation of Scott's poems and the Waverley Novels. These were jolly days, despite his lack of success with Williamina, for the researches went on merrily enough. Even kitchen-maids were joined in the hunt. After this tour comes a letter from Mr. J. A. Walker, the worthy minister of Dunnottar, with whom he had explored a vitrified fort, in Kincardineshire, called Lady Finella's Castle. It was on the occasion of which Mr. Walker writes that Scott met Old Mortality ; and the minister's letter also conjures to our elbow dear old Jonathan Oldbuck ; and whispers to us that here is the genesis of some of the scenes in *The Antiquary* and *Old Mortality*.

[Dunnottar, Nov. 5th, 1796.] “ My dear Sir, I have great reason to take shame and confusion of face to myself for not acknowledging your obliging letter written from Kinross. But the plain matter of fact was, that I delayed from time to time in expectation that I might be able to report farther progress in the favourite subject of the Well ; in which I have been disappointed by the Laird notifying to Mr. Logie a wish that it should be no farther explored, from a dread that the Stones might be carried off. I was so hurt by this that I did not like to correspond upon the subject, still hoping that the Proprietor might be enclined to review the matter when he came to the country. . . . With respect to your other great *desideratum*—the Ballads, I have been not more successful,

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 230-233.

though still there is hope. McHardy, the Highland school-master, has never yet got his collection, but promises fairly ; and my servant maid has not yet completed her search for the Baron of Braickly, but has got notice where he is concealed.

“ If the Well has failed us from the jealous fears of the Laird, I much suspect there is more reason still to despair of the renovation of the Castle, and that it will literally be in the Air, like many other buildings. However, there is no harm in our amusing ourselves in this way. And I am happy to think that you and I have no prospect of differing in our interested—any more than in our contemplative—views. My pretention is only humbly to be Chaplain, which is granted. Yours, to be Seneschal, bids fair for success. But I suspect that both must be merely honorary.

“ I have presented your remembrance to Logie and Wood, who received it most gratefully, and offer theirs in return. We recollect with pleasure our *fêtes Champêtres—fronde super viridi*, after the joint labours of the day. . . .”

### *Mystery and Marriage*

It is one of the mysteries of these revealing Letter-Books that there is no correspondence for the following year, 1797. How came it that Scott, preserving all these thousands of intimate and curious writings, did not include the businesslike “ love-letters ” sent to him by Charlotte Charpentier, which were yet accessible to John Gibson Lockhart for use in the *Life* ? It was during the summer of this year that the 26-year-old poet, while on a tour of the English lakes, met the vivacious young French woman, who was eight months his senior ; and from that hour “ his fate was fixed.” There was, indeed, nothing of the passion that was in the wooing of Williamina. It was a brisk and droll affair. Her father had died in the beginning of the Revolution. Madame Charpentier escaped with her two children, Charlotte and Charles, first to Paris, and then to England, where—says Lockhart—they “ found a warm friend and protector in the late Marquis of Downshire, who—in the course of his travels in France—had formed an intimate acquaintance with the family, and spent some time under their roof.” Even in Lady Scott’s lifetime gossip was busy with her

parentage, and, as usual, took various shapes. James Hogg, in his *Domestic Manners of Sir Walter Scott* (1834), confessed that he did not know what to think, but inconsistently added that he had "cogent reasons" for believing that she was the natural daughter of a nobleman (Lord Downshire is meant). Lockhart did not refer to this gossip until all Scott's children were dead. In his abridgment of the *Life* (1848) he dismisses the story as baseless; and this view was substantiated by evidence produced by Professor Grierson in "The Scotsman" (v.d., 1931).

But to return to the origins of the marriage. After some negotiations, Charlotte wrote on December 10th, 1797: "You may depend on me, my dearest friend, for fixing as *early* a day as I possibly can; and if it happens to be not quite so soon as you wish, you must not be angry with me. . . . I hope to have very soon the pleasure of seeing you, and to tell you how much I love you; but I wish the first fortnight was over. With all my love, and those sort of pretty things—adieu. Charlotte." She was as good as her word; and on December 24th (could bride-elect be more compliant?) began the union which brought beyond its shares of joys and sorrows an immortal fame little anticipated by the girl who had written to her poet: "I am very sorry to hear you have such a *bad head*. I hope I shall nurse away all your aches. I think you write too much. When I am *mistress* I shall not allow it."

### *Strange News from Styria*

The first reference<sup>1</sup> in the Letter-Books to the marriage and its coming sequel is a letter, written seven months later, by the Countess Purgstall,<sup>2</sup> now—in her ancient and magnificent Austrian castle—pathetically remote from the gay young brotherhood that was the life of Edinburgh society. Every post: "I am in a fury of impatience to hear the circle of your happiness is enlarged, in the only way it can be enlarged." And then: [Hainfield, July 20th, 1798] ". . . I cannot

<sup>1</sup> The correspondence in the Letter-Books is arranged chronologically; although, owing to undated letters, etc., there are some misplacements.

<sup>2</sup> Formerly Miss Jane Cranstoun, an Edinburgh friend of Scott. She had tried to forward his chances with Williamina by "presenting him in the character of an author," hence the printing by her of his earliest verse.



tell you how happy your little translation and eke your *March* made us. Had they been as weak as the works of Mr. Pye [the Poet Laureate], I am afraid I should have found them excellent. So only conceive the effect their real merit gave them. I was hurried at once into George's room, read them, and trembling re-read them a thousand times ; and when a Priest popp'd his black Cowl against my nose and it flash'd upon me that you was Benedick and I was in Stiria [*i.e.* Styria], I could hardly believe my senses. Yet even from Stiria let my prayers reach you. Write ! Write ! It is a duty you owe your talents. 'Wherefore are these things hid, wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them.' I will not, dare not suffer it. . . . I can not chuse but smile at your notion of a *Liberal system of improvement* here ; it sounds so well and looks so natural I dare hardly speak on the subject. But so great is the horror for the slightest innovation that a man would rather change his eyes with his neighbour as submit to the disgrace of changing his least custom. . . . I asked for a Rice pudding, and I got a rice pudding, apparently the same as ours. But on tasting I found they had used Chicken blood instead of milk, and minced ham instead of sugar. I have generally in every thing found myself equally—I do not say disappointed, but deceived. . . . I trust all of you converse as usual with my dear Child. If his lovely mind be allow'd to open in such society what a perfect being he will be. Heaven only knows how many anxious thoughts and foolish tears he costs me. You, I think, will guess it when your Boy is the same age. I long most ardently indeed for the accounts of his safe arrival. Present my fondest wishes to his Honour ; and don't, we pray, give him a name out of the List of Round Table Knights, but some simple Xian appellation from the House of Harden. . . ."

*Lord Downshire to Charlotte*

The Countess's guess was right. Soon comes a letter, October 17th, 1798, from Lord Downshire, rejoicing very sincerely on the safety of Mrs. Scott, and congratulating Scott on the birth and safety of his son. "I shall with great pleasure take upon me the office of Godfather when the little infidel is

made a Christian. . . . Allow me to request you to say everything kind and affectionate to Charlotte. Do not let her get up too soon, and keep her quiet till the 9th. day." But three days later Lord Downshire was in the necessity of writing to his Ward on the loss of her babe :

[London, Oct. 19th.] " My Dear Charlotte, Man proposes, but God disposes. I was preparing to write you a congratulatory letter ; but an event has happened that makes me change my purpose, and I now call upon you to exercise all your principles of Religion to support a loss that no human prudence could foresee, or care or knowledge prevent. It is a trial put upon you : bear with it with fortitude, resignation, and Christian piety. Remember that affliction cannot recall what is gone, will retard your recovery, and prevent your being a comfort to the worthy good man you are so fortunate as to call your Husband. Be comforted, and be thankful that you are so well. *Parlons d'autres choses*. A large fleet from India is arrived. I expect not only Letters from Charles [her brother, who had succeeded in the East India Company's service, through the influence of Lord D.], but also a bale of Muslins, &c., &c., which he announced that he had sent me in his last dispatches and which had not yet arrived. We have the good news from the Mediterranean that the two frigates that escaped from [? Naples] are taken or destroyed. The enemy have also been defeated off the N. West Coast of Ireland, where they meditated a descent. I beg of you, my dear Charlotte, not to see Company or to read or write too soon. Any exertion of that sort may retard your cure. Young Ladies in your situation are apt to attempt too much, and to think they are recovered before they really are. I desire you will not think of writing to me, but I hope Mr. Scott will let me know that you are going on as well as He or I could wish you ; and that you submit with cheerfulness to the will of God. I am, my Dear, be assured, yours most faithfully, Downshire."

" Monk " Lewis sees it through

From bairns to ballad-making was the order of the day ; and so with the Letter-Books. Matthew Gregory Lewis was said by Scott to have been the first to set him upon trying his

talents with poetry ; and to have had “ the finest ear for rhythm I have ever known.” This tribute of the younger poet arose from the recollection of the correspondence which now ensued, in which “ Monk ” Lewis freely criticised Scott’s early verse and conducted a sort of poetry-by-post course of instruction. He had been negotiating with a London bookseller, Bell, on behalf of his new friend, and so he writes :

[London, Dec. 15th.] “ As everybody knows (in Edinburgh, at least) that you are going to publish a German Play, I cannot see any objection to your putting your name to it. However, if you are decided against it, it shall not be done. But *I* see no reason to the contrary, and Bell is very anxious to have it. He is to send your five and twenty Guineas to Edinburgh immediately, so that *Goetz* will at least furnish Mrs. Scott with the price of a Pad-Nag, and his iron hand may be turned into Horse-shoes. I have ordered your Play to be put in the Press immediately ; and have promised (which from my indolent disposition is no small compliment, I can tell you) to overlook the Proofs. Bell will get it published as fast as he can, in order that it may not clash with another German work, which is coming out at Drury Lane, and on which a great many Cooks are employed—so many that it will be high luck if the Broth be not spoiled. It is Kotzebue’s *Spaniards in Peru*. . . . Drury Lane needs something as strong as this union, for at present they are playing to Empty Benches. . . .”

### *Humours of Parnassus*

There was trouble, however, before this version by Scott of Goethe’s tragedy (*Goetz Von Berlichingen*) was ushered into an unappreciative world. First of all, the foppish and diminutive Lewis had to call and give Bell “ a dressing ” for not getting on faster with the first part. And then, while the remainder was preparing for the press, a gust of wind ran away with some part of the MS., and one leaf was lost irrecoverably. Lewis was not slow in the emergency. He tells his friend that he managed to procure the German, and retranslated the passages which had made their exit by the window. There was never such an age as this for the popularity of Parnassus. The published mass of verse, with the Master poets at the head of it, bears

eloquent witness. The unpublished stream was enough to swamp the mountain and all its climbers : successful authors were particularly liable to the deluge. Lewis leaves off another sheet to write to a man who had sent him a play for his opinion ; and Scott is told :

[n.d. 1799.] “ . . . And such a Play ! Conceive Aladdin, or the wonderful Lamp, taken incident by incident without one deviation, and put into dialogue ! One Act begins with a Princess saying to her slave—‘ Who was the young man who lay with me last night ? ’ To which question, not receiving a satisfactory answer, she sings—

‘ Oh ! how wretched is my fate,  
Thus to love, and not know whom !  
Sure none can be in such a state  
Without repining at their doom ! ’

“ With which truism,” the “ Monk ” bids his friend farewell.

### *The Countess Purgstall’s Budget*

We are now in 1799, which brought a generous budget from Scott’s lively countrywoman the Countess Purgstall ; who had just left her magnificent Riegersburg Castle—with its seven-gated entrance and two drawbridges—for another of the family seats, and whose Scottish nerves were “ agonized with the damn’d confusion of tongues I am continually exposed to.” Her notepaper is as extensive as the Count’s domains, and has to be folded even in the large quarto Letter-Books. Its flowing script is now faint and yellow with age ; but the reader warms at the old burning enthusiasm. “ Heaven knows I never questioned your affection or feared you would refuse me new proofs of it,” she begins ; “ yet such is the electric charm of your penmanship, that I declare to God I am such an idiot I can not look at your Letter yet without crying.” She is nearly blind with eye trouble : all the same, follows nearly 3,000 words of love, and pride, and unrivalled news. First comes a wise reproof, appropriately at this stage :

[July 26th.] “ . . . I am looking forward with anxious solicitude for the *Tales of Terror*.<sup>1</sup> If you do not give your name to your part of the Collection I must really say it is

<sup>1</sup> By “ Monk ” Lewis, to which Scott contributed.

very ridiculous and what you know must make me angry, and so doubly wrong. A very pretty thing indeed when a man has real genius to let another get the credit of it, and poor me lose the love of such a friend. Mr. Lewis has great merits, but I have also seen things written by him which were not fit to wipe your worst Poetical Pen withal. . . .

[*The Devil at his Tricks*]

“ Ever since I came here I have been trying to find a story or two for you, but without the shadow of success. There is not a ghost I am sure between this and Turkey but what has play’d all his tricks on Tweed-side. The only difference is, they are still seen here by everybody almost every night. The Count’s great-grandmother was taken away by the Devil while she was Supping in a large Company one night. Her picture is beautiful, and her story perhaps sad enough. Another of the family, with all her Diaments on, was handed by said Gentleman as if to her Carriage ; but the street open’d and swallow’d them up : and no power can hide the opening which is before the house in Gratz even unto this day. As for Earl Walter,<sup>1</sup> he is to be seen continually (would to God I could see mine). Our Chaplain had been visiting not long ago, and coming through the skirt of a forest rather late, he had just time to throw himself [flat] down when the Earl passed—which is always done, for the wind that carries him is so strong that unless you lie down (*remember*) you are carried away, and hunt with the rest Eternally. . . . [Letter torn.]

“ The Public Taste at this moment is a little extraordinary. I left London applauding a new play (I forget its name) which I really think might almost have been the production of Mr. White. At Paris we found 19 Theatres in activity, besides the Opera, and were in nearly the whole. It must be allowed the Opera was beautiful, as far before London as London is before a Pantomime at the Circus. To my lugs the music was bad, but as for the rest of the Spectacles—Lord have mercy upon us. Actresses of the first *ton* wore short green silk aprons and

<sup>1</sup> In the first edition of *The Wild Huntsman* (which was called *The Chase* ; published 1796) the huntsman is called “ Earl Walter ”—afterwards altered to “ The Wildgrave.”

their hands stuck in their little Pockets in said apron as obstinately as was once the mode among the Beaux of Princes Street. The rage of the day was for a Comedy exhibit'd in the favourite Theatre, Rue Feydeau. The first scene was a King and all his Court perfectly happy, and all their happiness consisted in Eating. As a mark of their different tastes each wore a sort of Helmet on his head composed, not of the figure, but the animal he liked best. The King had a dead Turkey (with its feathers) on his head ; the Prime Minister, a goose ; and so on. The Plot of the play was an enchanted Ring which made whoever wore it mad. You can easily imagine the Merit of the piece—or rather the Actors—which consisted in doing comical things when they were Mad, leaping over chairs and tables, standing on the shoulders of others, and such like Witticisms which almost burst the House with laughing. . . .

“ O write me about your London journey ; and what you are doing now ; and what sort of a room you write in ; and if you let Mrs. S. sit beside you. I would enjoy every thing, down to the colour of your coat. I hope you feel, my dear Friend, for words can never express, how truly I am yours.”

Something happened after this letter came to hand—something we shall never know for a certainty. There is no more of her remarkable correspondence. This “ romantic creature,” as Lockhart in his superior manner describes her, passes out of the Letter-Books—as many more are to come and go. The rest of the story lacks nothing of the drama of her life. The Count came within the evil orbit of Napoleon ; and died after suffering captivity. Their only son also died prematurely. The Countess would have returned to her dear and distant Edinburgh had she not sworn that her remains should repose beside those of her child. And so she lived on for seventeen years in solitary state in a far country. Her vow was fulfilled ; and with her—if we accept Basil Hall's not improbable theory—passed the original of Scott's greatest heroine—Di Vernon.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It was the Boswellian Captain Basil Hall who first named Jane Cranstoun (*i.e.* the Countess of Purgstall) as the prototype of Di Vernon—on evidence that, despite Lockhart, appears reasonable, if circumstantial. If she was not the original for Di, she was at all events worthy of the honour.

*Richard Heber scours London*

By 1800 things were prospering with Scott. The second babe, Sophia, was thriving ; and his gay young wife, in the new dignity of her matronhood, wanted—"a strong, light, low, handsome, phaeton." There was not such a thing to be had in all Scotland. Still, a strong, light, low, handsome phaeton Charlotte must have. Who was to get it? No less a person than Richard Heber, one of the most famous book-collectors of all time. So Scott wrote to his friend in London ; but it was not to cost more than thirty guineas. Poor Heber ! His books eventually cost him £100,000, and required eight buildings to house them. But surely no *desideratum* ever gave him so much anxiety as that phaeton. He "reports" :

[London, 1800.] "My dear Scott, Some apology undoubtedly seems necessary for suffering so much time to elapse without answering your letter or executing your commission ; and yet I am not conscious, either of losing time or sparing pains in your service. Mrs. Scott, I daresay, has long since given me up as a recreant knight ; and I will be bold to say that never had *preux chevalier* of Arthur's Round Table more difficult service assigned him, or met with obstacles as harassing or adventures as uncouth in the executing. Don Quixote's windmill was nothing compared with a light, low phaeton, *quite sound and tolerably neat*, fit for *one horse*, *price not more than thirty guineas harness included*. Besides, no wizards or necromancers were half so great scoundrels as coachmakers and repository men. Yet wonders to tell, *maugre* all these enemies and many more too tedious to mention, the charm is broken. I have conquered—and am only anxious to reap in the smiles of my fair taskmaster, the reward of these labours and glorious attainments. . . . Having in vain made the tour of nearly every Rhedarium and Coach-shop in and about the great city, I was on the point of resigning my commission in despair—when, by great good fortune, a very worthy and considerate old gentleman started up in the nick of time, ready and willing to sell such a vehicle as we wanted. Thro' the intervention of a coachmaker, I immediately closed with him, the carriage was packed up securely in half-a-day's time, and is now on its voyage to

Leith. . . . All that remains to be told is that your phaeton was built last year at an established house in Long Acre ; that the price is thirty guineas, the maximum of your commission, which I think far from unreasonable, as the harness which is included is well worth six guineas. There is a trifling addition for package, wharfage, &c, the whole of which I will discharge and you may remit me the amount at your leisure. . . .”

### *Indian War Pickings*

While Charlotte was riding triumphantly in her strong, light, low phaeton—astonishing the good natives, for it was the first wheeled carriage that ever penetrated into Liddesdale—her brother Charles, under his punkah in Salem, writes to Scott (August 6th) of his pleasure at the announcement of the safe delivery of his little niece. As befits one who has risen so high in the East India Company as to become Commercial Resident of Salem, he is soon concerned with material news of the Indian war, and the fall of Seringapatam. The picking among the military in the way of prize-money, he says—doubtless referring to the Tippoo Sultan’s treasure—has been nearly in the following proportions : a General, Pags. 27,000 <sup>1</sup> ; Colonel, 10,000 ; Lieut.-Col. 7,000 ; Major, 5,000 ; Captain, 2,200 ; a Subaltern, 1,080—“ every cash of which they fully deserved. We have still an army in the field under Colonel the Hon’ble Arthur Wellesley in pursuit of Dondhiah whom we found in revolt at the taking of Seringapatam.” The Sahib, who had settled an annuity of £500 a year on Charlotte when she married, ends with some concern as to where his own “ picking ” would come in, as “ I was in hopes that I should have been able to have informed you of a considerable improvement in my situation, by the weavers in the conquered districts having been put under my authority. Nothing has yet been done on that subject.”

### *The Lake Poets introduced*

Among much penned discussion about ballads, during the last months of 1800, comes a highly stimulating letter from

<sup>1</sup> Pags. = Pagodas or pagods, the name given to a gold coin bearing a pagoda on the reverse. It appeared in India in the sixteenth century, and was worth at this time 7s. 5d.



Hazlitt's brother-in-law, Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart ; who later, when editor of the "New Times," was to advise Lockhart in the unpleasant affair of the fatal duel.<sup>1</sup> It is a letter remarkable for its early recognition of the Lake Poets ; and because it led to the life-long friendship between Scott and Wordsworth. Stoddart had been making a grand tour. When on reaching Lasswade he enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, it was to talk enthusiastically of the Lakers. When he crossed the Border again and arrived in Cumberland, it was to sing the praises of the Bard of the North. Eventually he writes to Scott :

[Bath, Dec. 26th.] ". . . At Keswick I passed some time with Coleridge ; and at Grasmere with Wordsworth, of whose poetical productions I have, I believe (a more favorable and therefore) a juster notion than ever—of their talents I never doubted. By the bye, if you visit that country do not neglect to call on them. They both assured me that they should be happy in your personal acquaintance, and I promise you no small mental treat in theirs. The 2nd Vol. of *Lyrical Ballads* containing some most exquisite pieces of poetry, admirably descriptive of natural feeling, is finish'd, and perhaps while I am writing this, may be publish'd. Coleridge is engaged on a poetical Romance called *Christabel*, of very high merit. I am so busied with various occupations that I know not whether your Border Ballads have yet made their appearance. . . ."

### *The Duke of Roxburghe's Advice*

Stoddart is a little previous, for Scott's hunt for ballads for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802) is yet in full swing. Bishop Percy, whose *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* make him revered in this ballad-loving age, writes lamenting that he is too old for the chase and too full of episcopal cares, besides which "still more unfortunately, I lost a great part of my Black-Letter Collections in the fire that happened at Northumberland House in London in 1780, which almost weaned me from them." But from his palace at Dromore he sends his blessings. Meanwhile, that not less celebrated bookman, the

<sup>1</sup> Fought between Lockhart's second, Christie, and John Scott, Editor of "Baldwin's Magazine" (see p. 153).

Duke of Roxburghe, scours his great library for material ; and tells Scott :

[London, May 5th, 1801.] “ . . . It is my decided opinion, and which opinion is confirmed by that of better judges, that notwithstanding any indelicacy of expression in *Sir Tristrem*, not the least alteration should be made ; but that it should be printed as it is in the MS. I am very sensible of the Compliment which you pay me in purposing to dedicate the work in question to me. But as I have on every occasion declined the having any Book dedicated to me, I hope you will forgive me if I do the same on the present occasion.”

*Ballantyne wants Bulk*

While the romance *Sir Tristrem* is in the press and the delicate question of printing indelicacies is thus being discussed, the first two volumes of the *Minstrelsy* have been finally printed at Kelso. James Ballantyne, flushed with pride at the praises bestowed on his Press, writes his first letter to Scott, saying that he will even think the printing of the book one of the most fortunate circumstances of his life ; and adding, significantly, that Kelso “ cannot be my abiding place for aye.” So much we already knew ; but we had not that other sidelight contained in the original letter. No age could compare with this for the popularity of poetry. Readers preferred it at length. They were willing to pay for it ; and poets and publishers were not behind with the measure. Thus Ballantyne continues :

[Kelso, March 30th, 1802.] “ . . . By tomorrow’s fly I shall send the remaining materials for *Minstrelsy*, together with the first, fourth, and fifth sheets of *Sir Tristrem*. I find that the Fytte, which appears to conclude the work, will be printed off within a week or ten days : to prevent, therefore, my press from standing still, it would oblige me much if you would have the goodness to get forward the glossary and introduction as soon as possible. By the bye, as the poetical part of the work will not exceed 200 pages, I have a strong wish that the Introduction should be very copious, to give a Royal Octavo thickness, corresponding to its other dimensions, and to make it worth one pound one shilling sterling, which I believe is to be the price. . . .”

*Concerning Dr. Johnson and Darwin*

Miss Anna Seward, the 55-year-old "Swan of Lichfield," had already begun to burden the stage-coaches with those fearfully long and affected letters in which she laid down the literary law to her new and awed friend. Shortly after Ballantyne had been concerned to swell out the guinea volume of *Sir Tristrem*, Anna was equally agitated about the young author's position in the balance-sheet. She put her blue-stockinged foot into it badly ; but this extract from her letter is interesting for her comments on Dr. Johnson and Erasmus Darwin, both of whom she had known well. She pontified thus :

[Hoyle Lake, Aug. 26th.] ". . . My persuasion that you meant to publish your 3rd Vol. [of the *Minstrelsy*] by subscription arose from the following words in your former letter : ' That recreant Knight Mackenzie is a *Subscriber* to my 3rd Vol. which will soon see the light.' I *knew* your profession, but professional Gentlemen, even of easy fortune, and much respectability, have published by subscription. . . . I am, however, glad of my mistake, since you pardon it, because it has been the means of ascertaining to me a welcome truth—that the frequent desideratum in the destiny of genius will not be yours. The leisure you have rescued from the grasp of professional business, and devoted to your late Publication, proves that your literary energies have a nobler source than that which surly Doctor Johnson said was the only one which cou'd be depended upon for the labors of authorism ; and which Doctor Darwin took every opportunity of declaring his only stimulus to the composition of Poetry and to the trouble of publishing. But Johnson pronounced of others from his own extreme laziness ; and Darwin said it from vanity that he might have an opportunity of telling, without seeming to boast, that his Bookseller [*i.e.* his publisher] gave him £800 for the first part of the *Botanic Garden* ; the same for the second ; and £1,000 for the *Zoonomia*.

" ' *Fame* is the spur that the *clear* spirit doth raise.'

" By the way, Milton shou'd have said ' doth goad ' to have kept his metaphor accurate, but he sacrificed accuracy to the rhyme ; a common case even with the best Poets. . . ."

Whether or not Scott was impressed by Anna's correction of John Milton, he was not going to have any illusions about "resting on the sunny prospect of poetic ardour." His reply was, as usual, gallant and humorous. But he told her that he had sold the *Minstrelsy* for £500 ; and added : " I only mention this circumstance that you may hold me acquitted of the vile vanity of wishing to hold myself forth as one despising to reap any profit from his literary pursuits, which I should hold to be ineffable conceit and folly in a man much richer than myself."

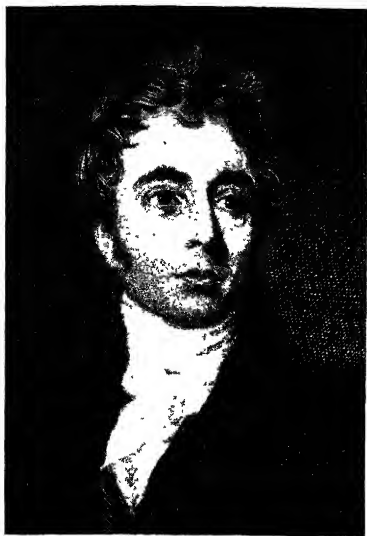
### *Another Genius at India House*

Anna's heart only fluttered the more agreeably on receiving Scott's letter. But we must leave the dame for the moment ; because, after that queer customer Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe and a few less interesting correspondents have intervened, our Letter-Book scene changes dramatically to London. Had Charles Lamb, seated behind his desk at India House in the year 1803, known the lean, uncouth, strange-looking man who entered the forbidding portals of that sombre building, he might have written a sequel to one of his ever-delightful Essays—and headed it " The Indomitableness of True Genius." For he had a proper subject in this early caller—one John Leyden, whose place in the Records of Literature as a poet and Orientalist was to be sealed by the adventure on which he was now embarking. The race of shepherds has bred a marvellous progeny of poets and scholars. Leyden was one of them. His uncanny ability and grim determination had led him from a bare-footed studentship through a university career of unrivalled brilliance at Edinburgh, to attain the friendship of and collaboration with men like Scott, for whom he once tramped over forty miles and back to recover an ancient ballad from the lips of an aged worthy. His masterly command of languages turned his ambitions, when he was 29, to the East, where an appointment was promised him. But he could get there only through an appointment as a surgeon ; and taking less than six months to secure the degree that normally required three or four years' preparation, he is found writing to Scott :

[London, Jan. 13th, 1803.] " My Dear Sir, You will no doubt be surprized at my silence, and indeed I cannot account

for it myself, but I write you now from the Lobby of the East India House to inform you that G. Ellis has saved my life, for without his interference I should certainly this precious day have been snug in Davy's locker. At my arrival in town or rather on my journey I was seized with violent cramps in the stomach the consequence of my excessive exertion before leaving Scotland, a part of which you know, and a greater part you do not know. The Clerks of the India House, who I suppose never had the cramp of the stomach in their life, paid no kind of respect to this whatever, but with the most remorseless *sangfroid* told me either to proceed to the Downs or to vacate the appointment. Neither of the alternatives were much to my taste, especially as I found that getting on board at the Downs would cost me at least £50 or so Sterling—which I imagined like the bread cast upon the waters, would not return even after many days. I however passed the principal forms and was examined by Dr. Hunter on the Diseases of warm climates, with tolerable success but most intolerable anguish till I contrived to aggravate my distemper so much from pure fatigue and chagrin and dodging attendance at the India House from 10 till 4 every day that Dr. Hunter obstinately confined me to my room for two days.

“These cursed Clerks however whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, though I sincerely believe there is not one of them who has the slightest particle of taste for either Arabic or Persian, not to speak of Sanscrit or Tamalic, made out my appointment and order to sail in the Hindostan without the slightest attention to this circumstance, and I daresay they would not have been moved had I written in Sanscrit, even though it had been superior to those of the sublime Jayadeva. Heber was in Paris, and every person with whom I had the slightest influence out of town, and Ellis even in the distressed state of his family . . . was my only resource. That resource however succeeded, and I have just got permission to go to Madras on the *Hugh Inglis*. At the same time I was informed that the *Hindostan*, which I ought to have joined yesterday morning, was wrecked last night going down the river ; and one of the Clerks whispered me, a great many passengers have been drowned. About 50 persons have perished. So you see,



ROBERT SOUTHEY

" . . . but for an Oh-be-joyful I would have been your man."



ANNA SEWARD

"What caterpillars in the bright roses of Poetry ! . . ."



THOMAS CAMPBELL

"Getting books is like getting babies . . ."



"MONK" LEWIS

"I cannot see any objection to your putting your name to it. . . ."



there is some virtue in the old proverb ‘He that is born to be hanged, &c.’<sup>1</sup> I feel a strange mixture of solemnity and satisfaction, and begin to trust my fortune more than ever. But do thank Ellis on the receipt of this, for without his influence with Lord Castlereagh, I should at this moment have been in a most confounded pickle—pickled and salted by all that’s gracious. . . .”

*Leyden girds up his Loins*

While he is waiting for the next ship, a few more letters pass ; and Leyden becomes more tolerant about the famous Clerks : [Jan. 25th] “. . . Such astonishing tardiness is exhibited in everything connected with India House that a person who is present in the character of a spectator is quite amazed. But if we consider it as the centre of a vast commercial concern, in comparison of which Tyre and Sidon and the great Carthage of antiquity itself must inevitably dwindle into the character of petty hucksters, we are induced to think of them with more patience, even though afflicted with the cramp in the stomach. . . .” At any rate, India House had no intention of giving their new recruit much scope for tardiness. He was going out under the ægis of Lord William Bentinck, who had been appointed Governor of Madras—“I fear he will not be a little of a despot.” A few days later : “. . . Greville sent for me in urgent haste, as we are to have little time, to inform me of the station for which my Sovereign Lord the Governor has destined me ; and to desire me to gird up my loins for it. . . . I am to be appointed Surgeon to the Detachment, and am expected to conjoin with it not only the different positions of Antiquarian, Naturalist and Linguist ; but his Lordship states that my assistance in methodizing the observations and drawing up the report will also be looked for. . . .” There is an endorsement in Scott’s hand on one of these letters : “Dr. Leyden’s total debt to me is £150 with interest from 1st. Feby. preceding his departure. He also owes my Uncle £50.” The last letter appoints Scott unofficial trustee of his money concerns—“Money may be paid, but kindness never”—and ends

<sup>1</sup> “If a man is doomed to be hanged, he will never be drowned.”—Heywood’s *Collection* (1546).



on a deeply affectionate note. So Leyden sailed to the East in search of fame. Seven years of wonderful scholarship—and then Scott had to lament that—

Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,  
That loved the light of song to pour ;  
A deadly and a distant shore  
Has Leyden's cold remains !

*The Ettrick Shepherd*

A shepherd of another breed—one who never left his mountains and his flocks for the larger world—follows hard upon the track of Leyden. James Hogg would forget his carousals and the companionship of “brutal noisy servants” when alone with the sheep and the fairies of Ettrick’s hills and vales. In exquisite pastorals he could write poetry more inspired than Leyden’s. But his was an even more difficult case. When he was not the gentle poet and dreamer, he was the “rude Boar of the Forest.” After a convivial evening at Scott’s house, at the close of 1803, James had written to apologise for being “at least half-seas over,” and to thank his new-found patron for the parting caution against being ensnared by the loose women of Edinburgh. The good advice was apparently reiterated in a letter from Scott, for on Good Resolution Day there is this reply and curious specimen request for aid :

[Ettrick-house. Jan. 1, 1804.] “Dear Sir, I received yours of the 24 Decr, and cannot express my gratitude for the deep interest you take in all the concerns of your poor Shepherd. You talk of sins against prudence; but I am afraid you sin against the dictates of your own conscience in thus patronizing me, for notwithstanding my large stock of vanity I cannot discover my deserts to be nearly equal to the repute you are endeavouring to raise me to. . . . I have no intention of waiting for such a distant prospect as that of becoming manager of your farm although I have no doubt of our joint efforts proving successful, nor yet of your willingness to employ me in that capacity. I am still on the look out for a residence, being somewhat anxious on my parents’ account—for my own part I can do almost anything that is to do in the country, being brought up in very hard service. His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch hath a farm vacant

in Eskdale at present. I have been much importuned by sundry friends to come and get a letter from you and apply for it. But I could never be perswaded to it for fear of suffering the mortification of receiving a denial to the petition of such a worthy friend. If you thought it could have any good effect you might write a letter to him or any of the family with which you are best acquainted, stating that such and such a character was going to leave his native country for want of a residence in the farming line. I hope I shall not much disgrace the character you give me, nor yet prove ungratefull for any benefit that shall accrue to me or mine in and through you. I have nothing to bestow save my hearty thanks ; and as Hamlet says, sure my thanks are too dear at a halfpenny. . . .”<sup>1</sup>

*His “ Wild-Boar ” Pedigree*

A Scotsman is nothing if not pedigreed ; and in a later letter the Ettrick Shepherd has “ likewise to inform you of a circumstance which I never was acquainted with until this winter. Namely, that my ancestors farmed the lands of Tauldshope &c. under the Scotts of Harden or Oakwood even so early as the time of their residence at Kirkhope ; and for several ages even until the family lost their lands. They were noted for strength, hardiness, and a turbulent disposition ; and one of them named William was Harden’s chief champion, and from his great strength and ferocity was nick-named the Wild Boar. My father adds that the said William was greatly in favour with Harden until at last by his temerity he led him into a jeopardy that had nearly cost him his life. I readily concluded what the jeopardy was. . . .” These family characteristics, as described by Hogg senior, were certainly well brought out in Hogg junior. Almost the last letter in this volume announces that the Shepherd has embarked—unwisely as it proved—on farming for himself ; prefaced in this typical way : “ Dear Sir, Although it is certainly no great mark of gratitude in me, yet I have for a long time past been much longer in answering your letters than you have been in answering mine, which have been done with a punctuality which no man could

<sup>1</sup> In due time, at Scott’s behest, the Shepherd was made happy with a small farm from the Buccleuch family.

have expected who was sensible of the multiplicity of your literary engagements. And if it had not been for the constant encouragement I received from [you], I had of late years sunk into an apathy which would soon have, and was very near, engendered contempt. But if my hope and vanity can be kept alive there are very few things that I will not attempt and do my utmost to accomplish. . . .”

*Sir John Riddell goes back a Long Way*

After the unburdenings of poets about themselves, their work, and each other—for Wordsworth and Southey have also entered the Letter-Books by this time—comes a new kind of letter about old, very old, mysteries. Scott wanted information about the family history of the Riddells ; and Sir John Buchanan Riddell writes :

[Riddell. June 22nd.] “. . . Fable is silent as to the first Establishment of the Family of Riddell—or Ryedale, at Riddell (antiently called the Ryedales, and of which parts still bear that name). There are two places of Interment belonging to it, the one built in the yr. 1110 in the Church-yard : the other in the Park, beneath the ruins of a chapel, and near to the walls of what was once the Castle of Riddell. From the latter were taken two Stone Coffins bearing legible inscriptions, from which it was inferr'd that they had enclosed the remains of ancestors of the family. The one was dated 727, and contained an earthen pot filled with ashes and some broken pieces of arms. The other was dated 936 and was filled with the bones of a man of prodigious stature. These coffins were immediately deposited in the Burial place now made use of. . . .”

Three Bulls of Pope Adrian IV (dated 1155), of Alexander III (1160), and Alexander IV (1180), concerning wills of various members of the family, are described ; and the correspondent continues : “ It is perhaps a remarkable circumstance that from the date of the first Charter until now the succession has never once passed to a collateral relative. The House of Riddell is so old that no idea can be formed as to the period of its construction. It appears to have been built with a liquid cement, and without any method of ascertaining the perpen-

dicularity of the walls. It stands on a high knoll, backed by a hill covered with trees. In front runs the little limpid River Ale, remarkable for the fertilizing quality of its waters and for the excellence of its trouts. . . .

"The arms now borne by the family af Riddell are Three Ears of Rye : their motto—I hope to share. One of the Family fables relates to these decorations. At the Battles of Alnwick when William King of Scots was about to be taken prisoner, Sir Walter de Ridale, seeing his danger, rallied his Clan, and cried out : 'The King is in danger : I hope to share it.' He accordingly endeavoured his rescue, but succeeded only in partaking his captivity ; and was afterwards left as his Hostage. When the King heard the speech of Sir Walter, he said : 'Thou hast shared my danger, brave Sir, and nobly' ; and ordered that the motto now used should be woven on a Banner which he gave on his return to Scotland. . . ."

### *Thomas Campbell's Battles*

In my previous selection I devoted a section to "The Troubles and Triumphs of Poets" who were friends and correspondents of Scott. Their letters were very frequent at this time. In March 1805 Thomas Campbell wrote from his home at Sydenham, Kent : "I am stagnated by the cares of this World. I have only fought one other battle—it is Copenhagen. I wonder how you will like it. I fear (rather I should say) that you will not like it—in its incorrect state." He then sends the first draft of one of his most famous sea poems, *The Battle of the Baltic*, but here titled *Ballad on the Battle of Copenhagen*. Almost the next mail-coach back to London carried Scott's reply to the worried Bard ; and Campbell sends his grateful acknowledgments for "a letter so valuable in every respect . . . especially for the encouragement you give me respecting the sea-song. . . . I was always a dead bad hand a[t] telling a story, and if your own poetry be excepted I know no one of Scotland born who has the narrative faculty." But the poet is soon back to his worldly cares, with an angry denouncement of a fellow-countryman :

[Sydenham, April 10th, 1805.] "My dear Scott, . . . In return to such a letter as yours I feel considerable embarrass-

ment in sending you another request of a nature more indelicate and troublesome than the last I sent you. . . . The case is this. I have connexion at present with two booksellers. Constable & Co, on whom I am drawing and have drawn liberally for the compilation [*? Annals of Great Britain*] on which I subsist at present with comfort. Constable's conduct to me has been very friendly. With Doig<sup>1</sup> I have an account open, but his usage is uncivil and his poverty and hard-fistedness so truly Scotch that I really feel more hurt in asking my own from him than I should feel in asking advances of a liberal Dealer. The time will soon arrive, however, when I shall be able to say—not pay me if you please, but pay me and be damn'd. I shall be rid of the reptile very soon. In the meantime, having some debts to discharge in London I have no other way of settling my affairs than in requesting a temporary accommodation where I can apply on the score of friendship and where I have reason to think there is a full reliance in my principles being honorable. The advance of £50 at present is a serious favour to ask of you, but I hope the disagreeable impression of my conduct will be effaced when I say, as I can say with safety, that the money with which I can repay it is at this moment my legal due ; and in a very short time (although Doig can put me off at present) the little Jew will be either obliged to honor the draft on him which you shall have from me or go to . . .”

### *Books and Babies*

So Scott promptly sent fifty guineas to Campbell, who seems to have been as proficient in Billingsgate language as his contemporary Byron and our Swinburne. In the end the confident hopes of the author of *The Pleasures of Hope* were fully justified, for a Government pension and a subsequent legacy of £5,000 paid up the debts, cleared out the duns, and made “little Tommy” happy for life. But before these blessed windfalls there was hectic correspondence over the complete edition of British Poets which, it was proposed, should be done

<sup>1</sup> Doig, the Edinburgh publisher, who was also described by Scott, on another occasion, as “hard & slippery.” Later Campbell discovered Constable as “a deep draw-well” and “a piece of most fallacious fat meat that ever was packed into a human skin !”

jointly by Scott and Campbell. The publishers were obstinate and chary; and Campbell was insistent: "The time also alarmed them," he writes, "for I demanded not to be bound to finish my part under 18 months—getting books is like getting children, a thing not to be promised on by the calendar."

Later, November 4th, 1806: "A very excellent and gentlemanlike man, albeit a bookseller [*i.e.* publisher] Murray of Fleet-street is willing to give for our joint lives of the Poets on the plan we proposed to the Trade a twelvemonth ago—A Thousand Pounds . . . Murray is the only gentleman except Constable in the Trade. I may perhaps also except Hood. I have seldom seen a pleasanter man to deal with. . . . Now my dear Scott, as to the laborious part of it I will traverse the island to get information and books, and promise to devote myself to make ample amends by *my* industry for the superior stock of knowledge which you must be confessed to be able to contribute. I shall endeavour to remove every obstacle to its being a laborious work to you or taking that time from your numerous avocations which on your part had better be employed in lending celebrity and talents than mere fagging to the undertaking. . . . The fallen prices of literature, which is getting worse by the horrible complexion of the times, makes me often rather gloomy at the life I am likely to lead. . . ." The proposal fell through, by no fault of Scott. But Thomas Campbell's next missive—and his last of this Letter-Book—has the glad postscript: "His Majesty has been pleased to confer a pension of £200 on me—

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

### *A Hint from Warren Hastings*

Shortly after this proposal came another of a less perturbing kind. It was from no other than Warren Hastings, now a vigorous old man, happy at last in his restored honour and fortune. The direct correspondent is David Anderson:—

[St. Germain, Christmas Day] ". . . There is a suggestion in Mr. Hastings' letter which, to whatever it may lead, I do not think myself at liberty entirely to suppress. I

am therefore induced to send you the paragraph ; and I shall copy it exactly in his own words :—

“ ‘ Have you read a poem written by a Countryman of yours (I know not why I should not call him mine), Mr. Walter Scott, called *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. But I am sure you must. I have read it twice, once to myself, and a second time to Mrs. Hastings, who can repeat parts of it by heart. We both felt ourselves inspired, as we read it, with the wish that Mr. Scott would compose a poem of the nature of the old Minstrelsy [*sic*], and make our gallant Nelson the Subject of it. He would interweave in it, by Episode and Digression, all our naval Atchievements of this and the late War ; and make it not only the most interesting but if set to appropriate Airs adapted to common Capacities, the most useful Incentive to national Ardor. I am sure that if it possessed the Spirit which this Gentleman, and he only, could give it—in a word, the spirit which animates the Specimen which he has already given us—it would be sung with Enthusiasm by all Classes of the people, our Seamen especially, who are particularly fond of Songs which have for their subjects instances of naval prowess, but for want of better are obliged to content themselves with the most miserable Ditties that ever pretended to Music or Poetry. If you know Mr. Scott, let me entreat you to urge him to this Work ; and if you do not, do get acquainted with him on purpose : and contrive that I may see his first Lay before I die.’ . . . ”

As it happened, however, a month later Southey, from Greta Hall, was sending the latest Grasmere news—which may have deterred Scott : “ Wordsworth was with me last week. He has of late been more employed in correcting his poems, than in writing others. But one piece <sup>1</sup> he has written upon the ideal character of a soldier, than which I have never seen any thing more full of meaning and sound thought. The Subject was suggested by Nelson’s most glorious death, tho’ having no reference to it.” Southey himself wrote a *Life* of the hero ; and the Nelson touch came out in Campbell’s ballad. The

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *The Happy Warrior*.

verse and prose were admirable incentives to that "national Ardor" desired by the great Sahib. But on the whole the lower-deck stuck to their ditties.

*No Castrating of Dryden*

What had concerned the Duke of Roxburghe in one case now agitated the Anti-Jacobin George Ellis in another. There was much ado about the grossness in Dryden. Here is a new example of the fairly general contemporary view as voiced by Ellis :

[Sunning Hall. May 13th, 1806.] "... Whatever the Bishop of London & all the corps of Methodists may say, I am clearly of opinion that, having undertaken a complete edition of Dryden, you are not at liberty to leave out the obnoxious passages to which you have directed me, though I admit that it might have been better for Dryden's reputation that such lines had never been written ; or perhaps, to speak more correctly, it would have been much better if the general taste and manner of the times in which he lived had not been so gross as to induce him to search among the classical poets for such passages as were calculated to please the frequenters of a brothel, and to bestow on his translation of them all the ornaments of his diction. Perhaps therefore you would have rendered a better service to *morality* by taking up the office of censor ; by dooming to oblivion (as far as one man's authority could insure the execution of the sentence) every passage, however poetical, which was repugnant to decorum ; in short, by treating Dryden much in the same way as Hurd has treated Cowley. But such is not your undertaking, nor the compact which you make with your readers. You mean, I suppose, to give, in a uniform edition, *all* that Dryden wrote, rejecting (I hope) the trash of his contemporaries of which he was only the editor ; and you will, I also suppose, lay claim to the sole merit of having correctly preserved the text, and having done away as much of the obscurity which time has thrown over his allusions as it was in your power to remove. This is serving the *Literature* of the country : its morality is in other hands. Those who buy your edition may not wish (nor is it probable that they will wish) to possess it merely because it contains, in



common with all former editions, a certain number of prurient poems printed on finer paper than that of the old copies ; but they will expect and will be justified in expecting, to find every passage to which they may chuse to refer. . . . In short, since Dr. Warton's edition of Pope, *you*, a poor layman, can have no ecclesiastical censures to dread from an uncastrated edition of Dryden. And so I think you may safely persevere. . . .”

Scott's decision was that he would not castrate John Dryden. “ I would as soon castrate my own father, as I believe Jupiter did of yore. . . . I don't say but that it may be very proper to select correct passages for the use of boarding-schools & colleges. . . . Are not the pages of Swift, & even of Pope, larded with indecency, & often of the most disgusting kind, and do we not see them upon all shelves and dressing-tables and in all boudoirs ? ” So he plunges into Dryden, the while a few more correspondents write to him. Their letters are not of moment ; and we come to the end of the first Letter-Book.

## THE SECOND LETTER-BOOK

1807—1808

AN early letter is from a Yorkshire squire, Mr. J. C. Mellish, of Hodsock Lodge, near Bawtry. As he is writing it, he says, there reach him in his library the strains of sweet music : someone is singing “ Attwood’s beautiful composition of your ‘ In Peace Love tunes the Shepherd’s reed.’ ” But a dark shadow comes across the sylvan scene :

[Feb. 9th, 1807.] “ . . . I trust in God that some Stop will shortly be put to the incredible progress of the modern Attila. The following trifle occur’d to me a day or two ago, which, *qualecunque sit*, I offer you—

### “ THE LEGION OF HONOUR

“ Napoleon Nero once collected  
A band of knights, for crimes selected,  
And further to secure their fame  
Sought for them an appropriate name ;  
Yet thought that it would be but civil  
To take the opinion of the Devil.  
Quoth he, ‘ Tho’ ’tis no easy call  
To find a name will suit you all,  
I think I’ve found the best of any—  
Legion’s your name, for ye are many.’ ”

### *Wordsworth on Nottingham*

But Wordsworth is unperturbed except when it comes to writing names, when Edinburgh becomes Edinborough ; and his friend’s house Ashy-steel (for Ashestiel). From the Farm-House of Coleorton, which has been lent to him by Sir George and Lady Beaumont, comes this assuring news, followed by its reminiscence of one of his excursions :

[March 2nd.] “ . . . We are all exceedingly happy in your promise of visiting us in your Road to town. Coleridge talks of leaving us in a fortnight, but as he is of a procrastinating habit, there is great probability of meeting him here. He

desires me to give his best respects, and to say how happy he will be to see you. . . . I am very glad to hear that Flodden Field is to be celebrated by you [*i.e.* in *Marmion*]. As you say you think of publishing, your Poem is probably in a state of great forwardness—I mean as to composition, for which I am still more glad. As your memory is so excellent we all hope to be gratified with the recitation of some of it when you come hither.

“The day before yesterday I made an excursion of 20 miles from this place as far as Nottingham, which is an interesting town and neighbourhood; and even would be something more so to a Scotchman as its appearance and situation are something like Sterling or Edinborough. A Castle (but unfortunately the old one is demolished, and a new modern edifice with Corinthian pillars built upon its site) perched upon a Rock, a lofty bare rock, with the Town sloping down from it on the same ridge, and below a vast extent of fertile meadow at this time ‘green as emerald,’ a magnificent savanna, with the Trent—one of the grandest, if not the grandest of our English rivers—winding through it. By the bye, speaking of Nottingham, have you read Mrs. Hutchinson’s *Life of Colonel Hutchinson*, her Husband: he was Governor of Nottingham Town and Castle in the time of the Civil Wars. It is a most delightful Book.

“I have not yet received your Vol: of Ballads. We are here in a bye place; and the means which I took to have them conveyed safely have been the very cause of my not having yet received them at all. My Printer seems to have added one more to the number of the Seven Sleepers. I have not had a Sheet these thirteen days. Farewell, I am to see you so soon. Affectionately yours, Wm Wordsworth.”

### *The Original David Gellatley*

A few more letters; and then comes one from an old crony with a characteristic story of William Stewart Rose’s famous manservant David Hinves, who was so esteemed as to be regarded a friend by his master and many of the celebrities who visited him. Scott invariably enquired for the latest sayings of the “sapient Hinves,” who may be seen in the character of

David Gellatley in *Waverley*. Writing from Hollyfort, Christchurch [June], Rose—who had evidently been pulling his retainer's leg à propos some rare book for Scott—says : “. . . I still hold to my Northern project, and will bring the prayer-book ; tho' I believe Hives will think it very ill-bestowed. It was but yesterday that he address'd me thus : ‘ Lord ! Sir, who would have thought of Mr. Scott's being an elder ? Why, I don't suppose he's much religion in *un*. I mind he never went to Church while he was here.’—You see, you are not here in odour of sanctity.”

### *A Poetess and her Hair*

It was thirty years since Anna Seward had helped to fill Boswell's note-books about Dr. Johnson. She was now 60 years of age ; and, feeling the effects of her strenuous maiden life, she set about making a will to dispose of the mass of her writings for posthumous publication. She had kept copies of her Gargantuan correspondence, now a curiosity in the literature of Letters ; and a selection of it in *twelve volumes* (“ it does not include a twelfth part of my epistolary writing ”) was bequeathed to the guiltless and embarrassed publisher Constable. On the broad shoulders of the equally guiltless and embarrassed Scott was to fall, with a heavy thud, her piled-up poems, sermons, dissertations, etc., etc. (all in manuscript and mostly unpublished <sup>1</sup>), together with a legacy of £200. Anna had had her portrait painted by Romney (among others) ; and, doubtless visualising her posthumous glory, the poetess was not without the feminine anxiety to look her best. So she wrote to Scott :

[Lichfield. July 17th.] “ Dear Sir, In my last and lately executed will, I have bequeathed to you the exclusive copyright of those compositions in verse and prose which I mean shall constitute a miscellaneous Edition of my Works. This bequest consists of my writings in verse which have passed the Press, together with those that are yet unpublished. Also a collection of Juvenile Letters, from the year 1762 to June 1768, together with five Sermons and a Critical

<sup>1</sup> I have looked over these MSS. as they were preserved at Abbotsford. Scott revelled in papers ; but he must have wilted when Anna's were laid on his desk.

Dissertation. . . . I wish them to be printed in small Octavo, with an Engraving prefixed, taken by one of our best London Artists from Romney's Picture of me drawn in 1786 and bequeathed to my Friend and Executor Charles Simpson, Esq., of Lichfield ; and which, I doubt not, he will have the goodness to lend for that purpose. I cou'd wish that the heavy disposition of the hair, which the fashion of that period dictated, might in the engraving be altered to a more light and picturesque form such as is now worn and which never can appear over-charged or ungraceful. . . . And now, dear Sir, a long and last Adieu, Anna Seward."

*Critics of the Dreaded Critic*

But this letter was not to reach Scott until two years later when Miss Seward died. Meanwhile the "epistolary writing" went on unabated ; and here is an example of the criticism, carried by the mail-coaches, of the dreaded reviewer Judge Jeffrey, of the "Edinburgh" :

[Lichfield. Aug. 24th.] " . . . Two letters from Southey, kind and with literary confidence, have gratified me extremely. My reported sense of *Madoc's* poetic excellence prompted him thus to commence our correspondence. He excites my concern and indignation by telling me that the profits on one year's sale of that glorious Poem was £3/13/2½, a deep disgrace to the National sensibility and judgement. Its Author imputes, and I question not very justly, this mildew on it's emerging fame to your Judge Jeffrey, who so *early* stepped forward to *teach* the Public to neglect and scorn it—'a gentleman,' Mr. Southey observes in his letter, 'who is up to my elbow in stature, and in intellectual stature, as far as regards all matters of taste, up to my ancle.' That such a man, 'calling imperfect what he fancies such,' shou'd have it in his power to arrest the circulation of so admirable a Poem must excite the generous resentment of all who have the capacity and the will to appreciate the powers of Genius, and to judge for themselves. Critics who are either impotent to perceive poetic beauty when they meet it, or fraudulent to withhold its just praise, are alike the foes of individual Genius and of the National credit, when thus they labour to rob a first-rate Poet at once of fortune and

early celebrity. What caterpillars in the bright roses of Poetry! What wasps and hornets on the feet of Colossal Literature are such Deciders ! . . .”

*Lord Minto seeks a Great Seal*

At this time the Lochaber axe had long been buried and lost somewhere on the Border ; and of the old racial antagonism between the Scottish and English there was but a faint and dying echo. The changed spirit is in a generous letter which one Scotsman could write to another. Scott's heart leapt to this new correspondent who could write, as a friend, the magic name of Robert Burns—a friend also of one who was to prove Viceroy of India. The correspondent is Patrick Brydone, now living in retirement in Berwickshire, after travels which brought him some fame. Mentioning a ford below Coldstream, at the confluence of the Tweed and Leet, he says :

[Lennel House. Jan. 4th, 1808.] “. . . Our Girls have gathered a very large collection of pebbles, some of them very beautiful. When Lord Minto was here, he generally went with them every forenoon, and was exceedingly anxious to find one large enough to make the Great Seal of India. I have seen him from the opposite high bank lying on his face, gathering with as great keenness as the youngest of them. A friend of mine going past as I was looking at them, I asked him if ever he had seen a Governor-General ? He said No ! but he would like to see one. Well, look at these figures lying amongst the sand, and see if you can pick him out. He did so, but could hardly believe me when I told him that one of these *Tweed stones* was soon going to issue orders to the greatest Empire on Earth. That was on the precise spot of the Broomy Ana which gave its name to the Ford.

*[Robert Burns and an Englishman]*

“ There is another Gentleman here besides Askew with whom I should wish to make you acquainted—Sir Francis Blake, a man of noble and opulent fortune (not less than 12 or 13,000 a year), but [with] a mind superior to every fortune. The whole S. side of the River from the Broomy Ana to within two or three miles of Berwick belongs to him ; and it is a fact

that in the space of a very few years he has planted (and that in the most liberal manner) almost the whole of it. All this ground (which you are now going to make *classic*) is, I may say, entirely his property ; and here I cannot help mentioning a circumstance which happened a good many years ago. Burns, our truly great Poet, made us a visit ; and walking out with him, I could not help expatiating on the great taste and liberality of our worthy friend and neighbour who, though only an *English Baronet*, had done much more to adorn our most celebrated Pastoral Stream than all our *Scotch* Lairds and Lords put together—for I have often said (and I have had occasion to see many of both Nations, insulated from all party views or political connections) ‘ O ! Sawney, Sawney ! thou art but a paltry Packman at best ; but thy Brother John is a generous blunt honest fellow.’—But I have lost myself.—I was going to say that my praises of Blake and the view of his beautiful plantations drew a promise from Burns that he would immediately write something on the Tweed and celebrate its liberal protector. But alas ! he died in less than a year after ; and though I have often made enquiry, I do not find that anything has ever appeared on the subject. . . .”

The old Pilgrim, as Brydone frequently calls himself, is very solicitous for the young Bard. There is a premonitory note in a subsequent letter : “ For God’s sake take care of your health, and don’t labour too much. Consider ! you are almost the only poet on the face of the Earth that is worth mentioning at present ; for there are none, I am told, either in France or Italy, and the Germans have wonderfully sunk in their reputation of late. You are now only at the age when Burns died by his own folly and imprudence. *That* death I know you never can die. But there are many kinds of imprudence ; and I am afraid you may be sometimes tempted to study too hard. If you find your sleep affected, make little jaunts. Come to the Pilgrim’s ; but leave your cases and your papers behind you.”

### *Rival Views of Queen Bess*

Queen Elizabeth was naturally no favourite in Scotland ; and, considering the lapse of time, extraordinary antipathy

was expressed. Did someone come across a derogatory legend or reference or print, it promptly went the round of appreciative correspondents, Scott included. One of the most active at the game was the whimsical Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe—the “sharp-tongued dandy,” whose satirical bent found an outlet in many a writing, drawing, or etching, circulated among his friends; who were enraptured by his cruel but amusing sketch of Elizabeth which is the subject of this note:

[Hoddam Castle. Jan. 9th.] “. . . I must express my pleasure at the favour which Queen Bess hath found in your eyes—tho’ her face may appear a caricature, I can assure you that it is fair and lovely when compared with one, done in sober sadness from the life, which I once saw in an old house which had belonged to the Devereux family, near Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire. Ye gods of Greece, what a gorgon it was—a million of hideous wrinkles—a thousand lines of wickedness—a nose like a rusty cutlass—a mouth like the wound it had inflicted—verily, it was no wonder that the Queen in her old age could not abide the fidelity of her portrait painters. . . .”

Sharpe was a good antiquary; and this note of the contemporary painting is valuable, and prompts a query as to the whereabouts of the picture that inspired his own version. Despite all the national prejudice, when it came to writing *Kenilworth*, Scott did not “design any scandal about Queen Bess, whom I admire, altho’ like an old *true blue*, I have malice against her on Queen Mary’s account. But I think I shall be very fair” (letter to Lady Louisa Stuart). Much too fair for some of his intimate friends; who, when the novel appeared, reproached him gently—as did Maria Edgeworth: “I never could bear her in history, but she has been white-washed by an able hand.”

### *Sarah Siddons*

About this time, Edinburgh, although so brilliant a rival of London, was dissatisfied with her theatre; and efforts were being made to get Mr. Henry Siddons to undertake the lease and management—an arrangement, it was hoped, which



would more frequently bring his mother and his uncle John Kemble from the southern to the northern capital. At first the terms offered were insufficient ; and, being declined by young Siddons, drew this letter, with its characteristically tragic note, from the “ Divine Sarah ” :

[Westbourne Farm, near Paddington. April 15th.] “ My dear Mr. Scott, Accept my most grateful acknowledgements for the kind and friendly interest you have honoured me with, and let me assure you from the bottom of my heart, that whatever may eventually happen, I shall most gratefully remember your goodness to the end of my days. I own I had (perhaps too presumptuously) flattered myself that an event was more likely to take place which would have insur’d to me the honour and happiness of being often in the enlightened Society of Edinburgh ; a happiness which (if it be not arrogant to say so) no one was more capable of appreciating ; but this bright prospect, alas ! as is the fate of almost every prospect of the same nature here below (to lead our minds, perhaps, beyond all earthly views) seems fading away into blank disappointment. My son’s letter seems dictated by prudence and experience, and I cannot but agree with him. When you have read it I flatter myself you will see the reasonableness of his apprehensions, and rather applaud than disapprove his declining an honor and happiness (upon the terms proposed) which was so flattering to *him* and so near to his mother’s heart. . . . Had the Lease been longer I verily believe I should have turned Manager myself, seeing that my son declines it : perhaps ’tis better as it is, for I am but a poor nervous Subject for such an undertaking, although I am wonderfully well considering all the shocks my nervous system has endured. Do make haste hither, and let me read the rest of *Marmion* to you. I have done it to some of my friends here, and I think the effect of it has been equalled only by my reading of the Closet scene in *Hamlet*. . . .”

#### *Marmion in Palace and Cot*

When Mrs. Siddons was reading *Marmion* aloud to an admiring circle, she was only emulating the pleasure of thousands, high and low, in palace and cot. There follow scores of letters

from known and unknown correspondents who could tell the dear author how they wept over it, or sat up all night with it ; and who would write analytical criticisms at least as intelligent as the pontifications of the mighty reviewers. The Marchioness of Abercorn tells him " that Lawrence the painter bought three sets of it at once, he was so charmed with it." Southey went punctually to Richard Heber's for breakfast, but his host was so long dressing that he had time to devour half the poem. All the adulation fell upon Scott with as much effect as rain on a duck ; although, of course, it would be good to hear from James Ballantyne (while on a business trip in London) that £2,000 worth of his patron's books had been sold in one day, besides £1,500 in country orders. But there was one letter which must have been as amusing to him as it is to us now. This concert in the Senate House, Cambridge, is described, in all seriousness, by the composer Dr. John Clarke (afterwards Clarke-Whitfeld), writing from Emmanuel Close :

*Unrehearsed Effects*

[Cambridge, May 22nd.] " Sir, I take the liberty of respectfully begging your acceptance of my last publications. I waited with much anxiety for your *noble* Poem *Marmion*, and was fortunate enough to procure the first copy that arrived in Cambridge, from which I have selected Lady Heron's song and the song of Fitz-Eustace ; and highly shall I be gratified if they afford you pleasure. " Fitz-Eustace " was performed on the 5th of May at one of my concerts in the Senate House, and rapturously encored. It was likewise loudly called for the next night, though not announced in the bills. Miss Seward suggested the introduction of a distant bell during the performance of it ; but as it was impossible to procure one large enough, or in the proper key, I substituted a Gong which was not introduced till the third stanza ' Where shall the Traitor rest.' The design was good, but the effect did not exactly answer my expectation, owing to there having been no Rehearsal ; and the Person striking it too loud. It should barely have been audible. . . . The little Symphonies were played by two Oboes and two Bassoons in imitation of Bagpipes, which had a novel effect, and, I humbly conceive,

corresponded with the Poem, as the scene lays in Scotland. 'The Goblin Page' is a favourite, and likewise 'Lochinvar.' But I am truly conscious that the public applause bestowed on them is not owing to *my* music, but to your beautiful Poetry. . . ."

### *An Interrupted Operation*

Another worthy correspondent was the antiquary Octavius Graham Gilchrist, who was the first scholar to vindicate the character of Ben Jonson. In this letter-loving age the quarto sheets had to be filled, especially for Scott, no matter under what infirmities the correspondents suffered. One writes "while his nose is more like the fountain at Linlithgow than anything human"; another while he has a smart fit of the gout from high-living. One day Gilchrist wrote "in haste and in pain," stating that while under the knife of the surgeon that morning he received a request from John Murray, of Fleet Street, asking him to undertake the editing of Beaumont and Fletcher. As the surgeon was waiting to get on with his job, and as Scott had to be consulted, the reply was brief and non-committal. But the proposal for an edition of his beloved dramatists Beaumont and Fletcher accounted for many quarto sheets of notepaper. The age was remarkably zealous, if it was not always efficient. As an instance, Gilchrist writes :

[Stamford. Aug. 27th.] ". . . By the way, Gifford [who in the following year was to be the first Editor of the 'Quarterly Review'] shewed me, when in town, two or three sheets of notes on B. & F. sent him by the Rev : Mr. Sheepshanks (what a name to go to bed with !), the Rector of Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, under an impression that he was about to publish those poets. He seems to know but little of the matter ; and from what I gather in his neighbourhood, I suspect he is better skilled in old port than in early poets. . . ." Apparently the Rev. Mr. Sheepshanks went no farther with B. & F., but deeper into O. P. Be that as it may, Octavius Gilchrist had sent Scott a copy of his impressively titled *Examination of the Charges maintained by Malone, Chambers, and others, of Ben Jonson's Enmity towards Shakespeare*, which he had

just published ; and he adds : “ . . . I feel greatly pleased that I have generated a willingness in your mind to think that Ben is not so bad as he has been represented. It would have been indeed impossible that he should have seen with indifference Shakespeare outstripping him in the race of fame ; but of that waspishness which is generated by envy I really cannot find any traces—and Ben was not of a nature to conceal his resentments.” Here, in a nutshell, was a scholar’s admirable research which latter-day investigation has accepted.

*Enters J. B. S. Morritt*

There now enters the Letter-Books, for the first time, one of their raciest contributors, a man typical of the age—John Bacon Sawrey Morritt, traveller and classical scholar, a wealthy Yorkshire squire, who was to become “ arch-master ” of the Dilettanti Society, and a founder of the club in Pall Mall that is still the *pied-à-terre* of Travellers. Morritt had been paying his first visit to Scott and Scotland, during which he had been shown at Meigle and Glamis some curious stone carvings of which there were extraordinary legends. But when, travelling south, he reached Carlisle, and found there similar carvings, he made a discovery which threw light on the age of the Scottish antiquities and led to the following somewhat shattering conclusion :

[Sept. 1.] “ . . . There is an old tomb in the Choir of Carlisle Cathedral of Richard Bell, Bishop of Carlisle, who died in 1496 ; and his monument is a large flagstone with brazen ornaments let into the stone and engraved with the inscription of his name and date, &c., and with a number of animals amongst which are a Salmon, an Eel, Greyhound coursing, a creature not unlike a hippopotamus, and an imaginary monster with four legs and two heads, one at each end, which I fancy represented an Amphisbæna—a creature not forgotten in legends of old time. Now all these, with others of the same description, are found on the carved Stones at Meigle ; and, as in the case of Bishop Bell, they are neither very old nor very descriptive of the bishop’s Ecclesiastical functions, it is really more than probable that the carvings so much wondered at are no more than fanciful ornaments

about the same date ; and instead of representing Kenneth's hunting, Queen Guenever's punishment, or Malcolm's murderers in the lake, they have only marked the place of deposit of some fat abbot or prior : and the animals, if they meant anything, might allude to the variety of his bills of fare, rather than to his exploits in the field. The Salmon and Eels would be old acquaintances ; and though perhaps he never actually ate an amphispæna, yet the popular belief rendering the Exploit not impossible must have been of great comfort to the Convent. . . .”

*Wordsworth and Southey at Home*

So much for legends. Joanna Baillie, the Scottish dramatist and poetess, also enters the Letter-Books in this volume. She has, hereabouts, been on a tour in the Lake District ; and here are her first-hand impressions of Wordsworth and Southey :

[Hampstead. Oct. 22nd.] “. . . My sister and I were delighted with the Lakes tho' the weather was not favourable ; and we did see two of the Poets you mention—*viz.* Wordsworth and Southey, who were both very civil and attentive to us. Wordsworth came over to Ambleside, which was our headquarters for a little time, and spent a compleat day with us there at our Inn ; and took us to see many of his favourite spots in the neighbourhood. He is a Man with good strong abilities and a great power of words ; but I fear there is that soreness in regard to the World and severity in his notions of Mankind growing upon him that will prevent him from being so happy as he deserves to be, for he is—I understand—a very worthy man. We saw his sister, too, whom you have probably heard of ; and were very much pleased indeed with the sweetness and modesty of her appearance, the shortness of our visit at his house not permitting us to become better acquainted with her. We drank tea with Southey and his wife at Keswick in a magnificent Library with as many gold-lettered books glancing on us from the shelves as would have honoured the Library of a Peer. He is an animated, agreeable man, with a certain degree of the Beau or fine Gentleman in his appearance that amused without displeasing us. . . .”

A few more letters in varied scripts from poets, publishers, and "public"; then another personal sidelight is given in one of the many long and well-informed communications of George Ellis, anti-Jacobin and intimate friend of Canning, Scott, and John Murray. Ellis, in his neat and stylish letters, is deep in the "plot" to found the "Quarterly Review" in opposition to the powerful "Edinburgh Review"; and his hint to Scott to favour the first number with a paper on the statesman Charles James Fox induces this notably impartial commentary by one who had known him :

*Charles James Fox*

[Claremont. Nov. 22nd.] ". . . I have taken it into my head that you *ought* to undertake Fox's fragment, because you are an excellent historian, and because your temper and taste peculiarly fit you for it. I was once in habits of some familiarity with the said C. F. ; and have retained, in spite of my dislike to the principles on which he often acted and not unfrequently professed, a sort of love for his character which I am unable to overcome, as well as a profound respect for his abilities. Don't you think that a latent consciousness of his having acted inconsistently with the opinions which, early in life, he had imbibed from Burke, and which often pressed upon him unpleasantly, must (or rather may) have led him to the choice of his subject, and have induced him to seek in the *History of the Revolution* [of 1688] for some apology and excuse for his conduct? That he was a friend to a strong government, and that had the Coalition Ministry<sup>1</sup> continued in power, he would have been as great a friend as Burke ever professed to be to the King, as a very efficient member of our Constitution, I know from himself; and that circumstance made him, against his inclination, what we call a Democrat, as opposite circumstances overpowered in Pitt's mind a tendency to love reforms of Parliament, &c. But if this digression, the effect of haste, had not come across me, I was going to say that no criticism which I have yet seen on Fox's work [i.e. *The History of the Revolution of 1688*] at all pleases me; and that I am persuaded your opinion would please me. . . ."

<sup>1</sup> i.e. of Pitt and the Grenvilles, from which Fox was excluded by George III, 1804.

*Dr. Johnson and Swift*

After Dryden and the correspondence about castrating him, comes Swift ; and Morritt, anxious to see Scott on the right path, sends this corrective note in a Lilliputian essay :

[Rokeby. Dec. 18th.] “. . . I think when I saw you at Ashestiel you seemed to think of engaging in a similar Edition of Swift. His prose works are such favourites with me that I hope your pen will wash off a little of the dirt which Johnson and the Johnsonian herd of imitators have not unsparingly thrown upon our poor friend, who had he lived would have probably repaid it with considerable interest. I think there was some envy in Johnson’s mind which he himself was hardly conscious of, or certainly he never could seriously say that *Gulliver’s Travels*, after once imagining very great men and very little ones, were an easy work and shewed no force of genius. Surely the masterly Satire contained in them, as for instance in the parallel accounts Gulliver gives the King of Brobdingnag of the theory and practice of the English Constitution, his majesty’s gracious remarks, the consultation of the Brobdingnag philosophers who vote him to be a Relplum Scalcath or a Lusus Naturæ to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge, these alone—contained in language more pure perhaps and certainly more energetic than that of any writer we have—should have led to a very different judgment. It has since that time led many of the modern innovators of language to look on Swift as a slovenly writer, as well as a *dirty* one, which certainly is true enough in some of his lower works of humour. But what are these sweepings of his Study to the real produce of his judgments. The vigorous and lucid stile in which he pours invective against Vice and the pointed and masterly irony that conveys his contempt are such as really will bear no parallel with the heavy cumbrous monotony that destroys in some degree all the effect of Johnson’s brightest thoughts by being continually applied to all indiscriminately. . . .”

*Still the Napoleon Shadow*

We opened this volume’s selection with Napoleon ; and so it is fitting to end it with him by turning back a few yellowed

leaves to a hard-hitting, straight-from-the-shoulder letter of Southey :

[Keswick. Nov. 6th.] “ . . . It gives me great pleasure to hear that you have done with the ‘*Edinburgh Review*.’ Of their base article respecting Spain I heard from Coleridge. That subject is the fair touchstone whether a man has any generous sympathies in his nature. There is not in history such another instance of national regeneration and redemption. I have been a true prophet upon this subject, and am not a little proud of the prophecy. Of the eventual issue I have never felt a moment’s doubt. Such a nation, such a spirit are invincible. But what a cruel business has this curst Convention of Cintra been ! Junot pretty clearly expressed his own feelings of our Commander-in-Chief when he recommended him to take up his quarters at Quintella’s house, as he had done : ‘The man,’ he said, ‘kept a very good table, and he had seldom had reason to find fault with it !’<sup>1</sup> My blood boils to think that there should be an English general to whom the rascal could venture to say that ! In one of the Frenchmen’s knapsacks, among other articles of that property which they bargained to take away with them was a delicate female hand with rings upon the fingers !

“ Our Ministers do not avail themselves as they might do of their strong cause. They should throw away the scabbard and publish a manifesto why this country never will make peace with Bonaparte, and on what plain terms it will at any moment make peace with France under any other ruler. I fully believe that it would be possible to overthrow his government by this means at this time. . . .”

Possibly, but seven years were to pass before the scabbard was thrown away. But we must not anticipate when only at the close of 1808—and the second Letter-Book.

<sup>1</sup> Andoche Junot (1771–1813), Duke of Abrantès, Marshal of France. He was defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley (Duke of Wellington) at Vimiera, August 21st, 1808. Sir Arthur was immediately afterwards superseded by Sir Henry Burrard, who countermanded his pursuit of Junot. Burrard was then superseded by Sir Hew Dalrymple, who was obliged to agree to the Convention of Cintra (August 30th). All three Generals were recalled, subjected to an enquiry, and exonerated. Sir Arthur and Sir Hew seem to have been blameless. Burrard was afraid the French had a reserve—which they had not.



## THE THIRD LETTER-BOOK

1809-1810

THIS dusty-edged volume contains about as many letters as each of its predecessors ; but it is much fatter. A pregnant sign ! Scott's circle of friends has swollen delightfully. Visits have been exchanged . . . there have been jolly times . . . the warmth of the ingle-nooks has bred confidences . . . the ensuing letters fill so many more of the large quarto sheets, with so much to remember, to ask, and to tell ; while adorers—like Lady Hood, Lady Abercorn, and Joanna Baillie—write to him fast and furiously, sometimes more from the heart than the head ; correspondents—like George Ellis, Southey, Gifford, and the racy Morritt—in confidential epistles mixing gay and grave, betray a concern for the destiny of the nation. For Edinburgh's rivalry with London is now at its keenest. There are few political moves in the southern capital which were not the subject of counter-plotting (if they had not been anticipated) by the northern metropolis.

One day, when Leigh Hunt was in prison for his “ libel ” on the Prince Regent, his jailer took him to an upper ward to show him a gallows being erected. “ Something prevented his showing me this,” says Hunt ; “ but the spectacle he did show me I shall never forget. It was a stout country girl, sitting in an absorbed manner, her eyes fixed on the fire. She was handsome, and had a little hectic spot in either cheek, the effect of some gnawing emotion. He told me in a whisper, that she was there for the murder of her bastard child. . . . She heeded us not. . . . The gallows, on which she was executed, must have been brought out within her hearing.”

### *From a Condemned Cell*

To open this Letter-Book is to feel something of the agitation experienced by Leigh Hunt. There are two letters from a young man, the poetical tailor, who, having been convicted

of house-breaking, is lying within the shadow of the gallows, waiting for the dread moment. Before that awful end, Andrew Stewart braces himself up to write as "a truly unfortunate follower of the Muses" to an author of works "which I have read and admired, and which will be continued to be read and admired as long as there remains a taste for true excellence." The faded script betrays the effort and the agitation as it tells of his humble birth; of how he became a poet through browsing with delight in the books that came to the shop of his father, a bookbinder; of his irreproachable character; of his marriage to a young woman for whom he "formed a strong attachment"; of the unemployment that led to want, association with loose companions, and the crime for which he received the "dreadful sentence." Scott also is agitated as he reads the tale. He writes a letter of comfort to the doomed prisoner in the Tolbooth; and, donning his great-coat, strides through the snow-covered, wind-swept, Canongate to his old friend Bailie Manners (surely another Nicol Jarvie!), whom the poor youth had mentioned for his kindness. The next morning brings this remarkable letter from the condemned cell: the script is fainter with the fading hope:

*Like a Minist'ring Spirit*

"Tolbooth. Sunday Morning.

"Sir, I received your kind letter last night inclosing one pound sterling, for which I have only to request you will accept the return of a grateful heart. My prayers, while on earth, shall be always for your welfare. Your Letter came like a minist'ring spirit to me. The idea of my approaching end darts across my brain; and as our immortal bard, Shakespeare, says: 'harrows up my soul.' Some time ago, when chance threw in my way Sir William Forbes's *Life* of Dr. Beattie, the account of the closing scene of the life of Principal Campbell, as therein mentioned, made a deep impression on my mind. 'At a time,' says he, 'when Dr. Campbell was just expiring, and had told his wife and niece so, a cordial happened unexpectedly to give him relief. As soon as he was able to speak, he said he wondered to see their countenances so melancholy

and covered with tears in the apprehension of his departure. At that instant,' said he, 'I felt my mind in such a state in the thoughts of my immediate dissolution, that I can express my feelings in no other way than by saying I was in a rapture !' There is something awfully satisfactory in the above.

"I mentioned to you that Bailie Manners had been peculiarly kind, and has twice called upon me. He is a gentleman, as it were, 'formed by nature to survey the mansions of sorrow, and to take the dimensions of misery, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken.' Since I wrote you, I have heard that the Jury have applied for Royal mercy on our behalf [Stewart was convicted with his brother and another man]. Alas ! I have but faint hopes of success. I am prepared for the worst. You are the first gentleman I ever sent my poems [to] for inspection, as Mr. Manners only saw the verses I wrote since I received Sentence. I never corrected any of them, my mind has been in such a state. I remain, Sir, your grateful unfortunate humble servant, And<sup>r</sup> Stewart."

"P.S.—I have also to mention, as a dying man, that it was not the greed of money that made me commit the crime I am about to suffer for ; but the extreme pressure of poverty and want."\*

Whether it was the result of the jury's application or of the exertions of Scott and the worthy bailie, or both, the sentence on the poet was commuted to one of transportation for life. Shortly after his departure for Botany Bay, to serve this hardly less cruel sentence, the manuscript verse which he had sent to the greater poet was published under the title : *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, by Andrew Stewart ; printed for the benefit of the Author's Father (1809).

#### *News of Mrs. Southey*

A few days later comes news from Southey, anxiously waiting for the loan of some books. "Our Carlisle carrier arrives only once a week, and the snow has now delayed him beyond his usual time." But at last the coach rumbles into the market-square of Keswick (still cobble-stoned). Southey's boy-of-all-work ceases to throw snowballs at the kitchen wench of the Hare and Hounds opposite ; and, seizing his parcel

from the postboy, sets off down the street and up the hill to Greta Hall. That evening, in his cheerful library, the serious Southey (only 35 at this time !) sat him down in his comfortable old robe, to acknowledge the safe arrival :

[Keswick. Jan. 27th, 1809.] “. . . I thank you very heartily, and hope to show you early in the summer that the books have not been sent in vain ; but will have brought forth good fruit in their season. I thank you also for your friendly invitation, and should you be in Edinburgh towards the beginning of April, and that chamber in the wall be at that time unoccupied, I am then going to Durham, and will very cheerfully make for Edinburgh first. Mrs. Southey, who begs to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Scott, with many thanks, will be at that time, by God’s blessing, occupying a double bed when I am out of it. Meantime I shall be much obliged for the French Guerilla, and for that volume which relates to America. . . .”

The news as thus imparted would amuse Scott. When, years later, he came to write *The Pirate*, he had his joke about the usual circumlocution of such intimations when he wrote : “ This eminent success reconciled Jasper to the dominion which his wife began to assume over him, and which was much confirmed by her proving to be—let me see, what is the prettiest mode of expressing it?—in the family way.” But, what with the buying of books and the coming of more babies, and the smallness of the profits on his poetry, the domestic accounts at Greta Hall were worrying, despite a Government pension of £140 net.

### *Filling Dying Men’s Shoes*

There was, in consequence, much correspondence about the possibility of securing the office of Royal Historiographer of England at—say—£278 net or alternatively the Stewardship for the Derwentwater Estates at about £700, “ now held by a Mr. Walton, and expected soon to be vacated by his death.” There was no waiting to fill dying men’s shoes in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries ; although incumbents were often inconsiderate enough to prolong the waiting game—as

Scott himself found when he for twelve years acted as unpaid Clerk of Session in consideration of obtaining the reversion of the office. In Southey's case neither office was secured. Meanwhile, the "Quarterly Review," the new rival to "Judge" Jeffrey's powerful and much-hated "Edinburgh Review," offered a side-line that proved to be a considerable source of income for many years. But when it first appeared, honest Southey, although Scott was the "father" of it, was not afraid to speak his mind. Thus :

[Keswick. March 11th.] "... The 'Quarterly' is a little too much in the temper of the 'Edinburgh' to please me. No man dips his pen deeper in the very gall of bitterness than I can do—witness the Reviews in the 'Annual' of Malthus, of the Methodists, of the Suppression Society, and of Moore's poems. But I do not like to see scorn and indignation wasted on trivial objects. They should be reserved, like the arrows of Hercules, for occasions worthy of such weapons. I recognise you with great pleasure in [the papers on] Burns, in Swift, and I think, by that parallel with Scotland in the days of Edward I, in the Spanish article. So also in Sir John Carr—an article in the best spirit of raillery. . . ."

### *Royal Love Letters*

Although high politics and news of the "Quarterly" slaughtering are the order of the moment in this Letter-Book, there are other matters. The scandals of the palaces were the concern of mansions and cots, the inmates of which were "shocked" in proportion to their curiosity or emulation. There was the Prince of Wales (his Caroline abandoned) with his heavy butterfly flittings between the charms of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lady Jersey, and other Georgian flowers ; and now that amusing light o' love, Mary Anne Clarke, was being tried for libel as a consequence of her too profitable association with the Duke of York. A typical and illuminating example of the contemporary view of these Royal occupations is provided in a letter of the school-mistress, an interesting and somewhat mysterious correspondent of Scott, who had evidently known him and his family in earlier years. She is discussing education ; and it is her criticism of "modern" mothers (how

familiar it sounds in these "modern" days) that leads to her commentary on the Royal love adventures :

[Fortrose. March 13th.] ". . . Among the young people I have had to do with, I have met with the grossest ignorance—on subjects you would be astonished at. Not three days since, I discovered that a fine sensible girl, the daughter of a *West Indian planter*, neither knew how sugar or rum were made, or that Tea came from China. This girl dances, draws, and plays well on the piano. Modern mothers make a point of nothing but the showey and *attractive* accomplishments requisite to catch a Lover, forgetting the rational and more endearing requisites that are to retain a Husband.

"I have just finished reading the trial of the delectable Mrs. Clerk [*i.e.* Clarke] and her Royal Keeper. It is dreadful. The Royal letters are a poor edition of a *Royal mind*. Every little schoolgirl laughs at 'yours, and yours, and yours alone'; and a workman was heard to say: 'God! I cud write a better love-letter than that mysel'.'

"It is deeply to be lamented that people in an elevated rank should do anything wrong. The commonalty, dazzled by their rank and splendour, look up to them, just thinking their conduct should correspond with their exalted station. But alas! they too often find (as in the present mortifying case) that neither rank nor riches can light that ambient spark of *true nobility* of soul that is *inherent* to a favored few.—With best wishes to Mrs. Scott and family, I am, my dear Sir, your affectionate and obliged humble servant, E. Bond."

### *Princess Caroline*

Although Scott was later to be the honoured supporter of the Prince of Wales (as Prince Regent and George IV), he was at this time a champion of the indiscreet Princess, who called him her troubadour. Lady Abercorn, and Caroline's lady-in-waiting Mrs. Hayman, tell us—through the Letter-Books—rather more than does Lockhart. For instance, the former, writing later in the same year, informs him: "The Princess of Wales wrote me word she had seen a great deal of you; and that you told a great many ghost stories. She enclosed me one of hers, put into verse by M[onk] Lewis. She said 'He

had taken so many poetical licences that the person to whom it happened will never suppose that it was their [*sic*] own awful event.' I think her both clever and entertaining."

Meanwhile other correspondents reveal disturbing domestic events. Burra-sahib Carpenter informs his brother-in-law that in the last four years he has experienced losses amounting to little less than 60,000 Pagodas [£22,500], which he has severely felt, being anxious to return home to join Walter and Charlotte. And several intimate friends speak of the loss of one of Scott's favourite dogs, Camp.

### *Perils of Highland Friendship*

About this time there was much corresponding between Edinburgh and London concerning Joanna Baillie's play *The Family Legend*, shortly to be produced in Edinburgh, the scene of which was the castle of the once warlike and powerful sept of Macleans. But first, a budget of twelve large pages tells its own family legends according to the version of the Maclean Clephanes of Torloisk ; and had a piquant interest on account of the Clephanes' neighbour, Staffa-Macdonald. Both were great friends of Scott, who, whenever he visited the Island of Mull, was not a little embarrassed by the need for apportioning the honours of his attention between them, since (as he said) there still subsisted some aching scars of the old wounds which were in former times inflicted upon each other by the rival tribes of Macleans and Macdonalds ; and " my very good friends the Laird of Staffa and Mrs. Maclean Clephane are both too true Highlanders to be without the characteristic prejudices of their clans, which, in their case, divide two highly accomplished and most estimable families." Thus the visiting of Highland friends was a ticklish business even in the early nineteenth century. It will not be surprising to find that, among the family legends written for Scott by Mrs. and Miss Maclean Clephane, the Macdonalds cut a poorish figure compared with the Macleans. Risking the claymores of all the brave Macdonalds, I select this (from Mrs. Clephane) as an interesting example of the tales that

were to pour into the Letter-Books—although I suspect that the licence with which poets and novelists treated old legends was probably not greater than the family bias that heightened them :

*A Maclean Legend*

[Torloisk, Sept. 1st.] “. . . Lauchlan More, chief of Maclean, son of Hector Maclean and Lady Janet Campbell of Argyll, and great-grandson of him who put Lady Elizabeth on the rock, was left a ward to James the sixth, about the middle of the 16th century. He returned to his own country with all the accomplishments that the Court of Scotland could then give ; and was immediately surrounded by some people of the family of Lochbuy and his uncle, the ancestor of Kinlochaline, who pretended great attachment to him, but carefully excluded all others from his confidence, and were sure to take revenge on those who aspired to it. Allan Maclean, of the Ardgour family, was a very deserving young man ; and the Chief seem'd inclined to favor him. But his false friends took pains to prevent it, as much as possible. They could not, however, blind the gallant chief to the conspicuous valour of Allan ; and he became, in spite of their endeavours, a principal favourite. One of them then took an opportunity of throwing out an hint that Allan was not quite so steady as Maclean imagined, and advised him to prove him, when he attended Mass at Iona, by leaving his dirk on the High Altar, and sending Allan for it at midnight.

“ When the hour of midnight came, Maclean pretended to miss his dirk ; and, appearing to recollect that he had left it on the Altar, carelessly bade Allan of Ardgour go for it. But black John of Kinlochaline, resolving to make sure of this troublesome favorite, had shut up a wild bull in the church. Allan heard the noise as he approach'd, and drew his claymore. He threw open the door of the cathedral. The furious bull rush'd towards the light ; and with one stroke was cut down. Then, going in, Allan took up the dirk ; and, returning to the Chieftain, gave it him without comment. Morning light, however, disclosed the whole, as the slaughter'd bull still lay on the threshold of the cathedral. . . .”



*Second-hand Bravery*

As the stage is preparing for her play, the first to be produced in Edinburgh's new theatre, Joanna Baillie, like a true Scottish woman, becomes anxious lest Mrs. Siddons's son should be extravagant ; and, while on the subject, deals a shrewd rebuke to her admirer Scott in particular and to his fellow-citizens in general :

[Hampstead. Oct. 21st.] “. . . I hope Mr. Siddons will be at no great expense in getting it up, for that is a risk he ought not to run ; and if it will not do without this, it is not worth bringing forward. Let no scenes be painted for it that will not do for other plays ; nay, I would even have the Laird of Maclean's philabegg made up in such wise that it may afterwards serve if need be, for Banquo or the Thane of Fife. I recognised some years ago, part of Retzenvelt's attire, in my poor *De Montfort*, on the Bastard Falconberg's back ; and it gave me great comfort to think that all the money laid out on that unfortunate play was not entirely lost. I am very prudent and economical myself, and I am always ready to recommend the same virtues to every-body in whom I am at all interested. You will not suppose after this that I have any praise to bestow on your magnificent proposal of building a Theatre that will cost £20,000. Large theatres are a bane and pest to the Drama ; and if the enlightened Society of Edinburgh has not good taste enough to prevent itself from falling into this vulgarity, we are in a hopeless state indeed ! ”

*Mrs. Apreece goes Lion-hunting*

It was too late : the theatre was being built. Meantime, the dilettante Morritt had been rummaging among his manuscripts for contributions for one of Scott's journals, after a tour in the Lake District. There he met that merry lion-catcher, Mrs. Apreece, who was to marry—but we must not anticipate. “She is partly in quest of you as a poet. She was much abroad ; and her bosom friend is Madame de Staël. She is very much of a French sçavante, and appears a most complete original. You will be much entertained therewith, so to you I recommend her. She married a brute, the son of Foote's

Cadwallader and Becky ; and her husband abandoned her for more unnatural amusements." Scott was much entertained with this vivacious Blue-stocking—knowing her better than Morritt guessed, for she was a distant relative of his. But before she arrived to storm Edinburgh, he was also entertained by Morritt's account, in the fun of which is an interesting—if partly satirical—commentary on an age, unrivalled perhaps for its enthusiasm over poetry—good, bad, and indifferent :

[Rokeby. Nov. ] “ . . . I have long been meditating on the offer I made you rashly to send you the translation of Metastasio according to contract ; but my heart failed me. I have seen in half-a-dozen different magazines as many different translations of these very poems by Alcander, Sylvio, Philander, and Erastus, besides those of A. B., X. Y., and P. Q. Z. ; and I am fearful of belonging to so respectable a confraternity. These sins of my youth are not worth publishing in fact ; and I do not like to seem as if I thot them of more consequence than they really are. Besides, I am satisfied with the renown they have got of pleasing you and the friends I care about pleasing by the fireside at Rokeby ; and I believe that is the scene in which they will shine to the most advantage. Besides, if I live to be as old as Mr. Cumberland I may possibly, like him, write an Epic poem or two on David and Bathsheba, or the tenth chapter of Nehemiah ; and then, when I have gotten myself a Name these Poemata Minora will become so valuable that a few manuscript copies will be worth more money than the whole catalogue would now fetch. I have not yet collected materials for my Epic : but when I begin the character of Bathsheba will be furnished by Mrs. Fitzherbert ; and the bathing scene will be taken from the divorce trial of Sir Richard and Lady Worsley.

[*Poets and Nymphs of the Lakes*]

“ I heard a good deal in Cumberland of the fraternity of gentle poets who live at the lakes ; and I am sorry to say that Skiddaw and Lodore are not quite so successful in the day-dreams they inspire as Helicon and Aganippe are said to have been in former ages. From the specimens I have heard of their verses

and conversation, they appear to me to be simply and substantially mad. But their madness is quite to the taste of the Nymphs of the Lakes, who delight in an author, and go sentimentally there with the same ideas they would have at Harrogate or Tunbridge. The present inhabitants of the Lakes are very good fun to a stranger, for their stile is quite changed since I first remember the country ; and the mixture of pedantry, finery, and affectation, with sentiment, romance, and picturesque jargon, is at its highest, besides a large body, who have retired from their creditors, in one sex ; and a still greater number of the other who have run away from their husbands, and whore and drink most pathetically. . . .”<sup>1</sup>

### *An Irish Wedding*

Another lively picture of the times comes a few days later from Miss Lydia White, a much deeper-dyed Blue-stocking even than Mrs Apreece. She writes, after what must have been adventurous journeyings by coach “ through the wilds of Kerry, committed ourselves to the bosom of the Shannon, and toiled three weeks amid the riotous districts of Tipperary and Tralee.” It is at Limerick we pause, with her, at the strange sounds of horns and howls :

[Dublin. Dec. 14th.] “. . . There we had the advantage of assisting at an *Irish Wedding*, which pretty nearly equalled the Scotch one described in a song beginning : ‘ Oh fie, let’s go to the Bridal.’ Tho’ perfect strangers to all the parties, we found an invitation to the Feast waiting our arrival. A large party of friends assembled in the morning, and escorted the happy pair to Church, the ladies in hack carriages and chairs, some with the bottoms out, and some wanting tops ; and all truly Irish in their appearance. This troupe (to the number of thirty) were preceded both to and from Church by four Mail Coach *horns in full blow*. The Bride told me the streets were not more lined with spectators for the Vice Roy himself. The

<sup>1</sup> If this commentary refers to the Lake Poets as we know them—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey—it is somewhat surprising from the pen of Morritt who, generally, was an excellent judge of literature. But it is certain that at the time of writing he did not know Southey. On the other hand, he may have been one of those people who, while enjoying the romantic poetry of Scott, could not bear the Lake School. Byron was one of them.

day was spent in festivities—breakfast and dinner for about forty ; and the evening continued with a ball. . . . There I found a large assembly in full motion. The bride and bridegroom danced every dance, so did the parents of each ; and this was the etiquette of the night. I was much press'd to stay to supper and for a *rich Pot of Tea* (in the bride's phrase) at 6 o'clock in the morning. But I contented myself with one hour and a morning visit the next day, when I found nearly as many people collected and the feasting still going on. I am told it is very common to continue these jubilees for a whole week. The Bride seemed to have seen sweet twenty-one twice over, so you may be sure her mother made a very respectable [? figure] in the dance. But Irish people seem to know no impediment whether moral or physical ; and both Persons and things are apt to do many more parts than those for which they seem by nature to have been originally intended.

“ Here we took leave of all our Kerry friends with great regret. It is the most interesting district I have visited in Ireland, not only from the romantic beauties of the country, but from the state of manners and society there which still retain some vestiges of feudal and chivalrous times. There alone I have found any traces of the Scottish custom of distinguishing men by the name of the possessions rather than plain family names. But this applies only to the descendants of their ancient princes and to but three families that I heard of in Kerry. There is Macgillicuddy of the Reeks (the highest mountain in Ireland), or Donoghue of the Glens, and O'Sullivan of the Caskades. The last of these, and I am sorry to say the last male of his race, died by a fall from his horse whilst we were at Killarney ; and the crowds which followed his funeral (in full Howl) covered the road to Kenmare to the extent of eight miles. The coffin was highly exalted on scaffolding in a cart ; and on it sat an old Sybil drest in white, her forehead bound with fillets ; and a loose drapery falling nearly over her whole figure. She recited the original Howl in the ancient Irish language in verse ; and these recitations had been carried on the whole night, and sometimes are continued for a week if the person who died was young and of high rank. I am told this custom is derived from the

[? Romans], and that Horace speaks of men whose tears were as false as those hired to weep at funerals. . . .”

### *The Men behind Canning*

About this time there are echoes of howlings in another Key. The political situation was the devil, as usual—“ The ministers squabbling and playing the fool so grossly, they deserve to be hanged if it were not for fear of their successors. I have some thoughts of eating a frog or two now and then, that I may not be at a loss for a dinner after Bonaparte’s arrival.” Thus one correspondent. Canning, the statesman who was the hope of steady and discerning men like Scott, had just fought his duel with Lord Castlereagh, and was now temporarily on the political shelf. He writes, a very poor letter, from Gloucester Lodge ; which, although “ not in quite so romantic a scene of seclusions and tranquillity as that which you describe,” is nevertheless “ very tranquil and secluded, near Chelsea, at a mile-and-a-half’s distance from Hyde Park corner.” He is “ very sensibly gratified by your kind expressions, whether of condolence or congratulation ; and I acknowledge, if not (with your Highland writer) the synonymousness of the two terms, at least the union of the two sentiments as applied to my present circumstances. I am not so heroically fond of being *out*, quâtenis *out*, as not to consider that as matter of condolence. But I am at the same time sufficiently convinced of the desirableness of not being *in*, when one should be *in* to no purpose either of publick advantage or personal credit, to be satisfied that on that ground I am entitled to your ‘ congratulation.’ ” It is, however, our Political Correspondent, George Ellis, who—writing about a month later—reveals the part Scott played in the counsels of Canning :

[Claremont. Dec. 22nd.] “ My dear Scott, As Heaven has blessed you with a strong memory, you may possibly recollect that so long ago as the 3rd of November, being then at Ashes-tiel, you wrote me a long and interesting letter ; and why have I returned evil for good, and neglected to answer the said letter till the 22nd of December ? First and foremost because, as that letter (the contents of which, notwithstanding your excellent memory, you may have forgotten) related principally

to Canning, and to objects in which he was particularly interested, I—having duly weighed your opinion, and having gradually become a convert to it, felt a strong zeal to convert him also ; and with this in view, instead of answering you, sat down to my desk, and taking what you had written for my text, wrote him a long preachment upon the same subject, inclosing to him the said text, and strongly recommending it to his patient consideration. He did so ; and if he had sent me a written reply I should have transmitted it to you. But he came to me at S[unning] Hill, and talked the matter over with me ; and the ultimate result is that on the main point we are all agreed. . . .”

*The Prime Minister's Place*

Ellis proceeded to play a hand at the game of government-making ; but this we can well cut out, since the cards have long since and so often been shuffled and re-shuffled. There is, however, one new convention introduced : it is worthy of note, for it was to become, as it remains, almost a rule of the game—namely, that the Prime Minister of England should be a member of the House of Commons. Ellis adds : “. . . His [Canning's] own conviction is so strong that the affairs of the country can not go on so well unless the first Minister be in the House of Commons, that until he should see the experiment tried with success, he would certainly be unwilling to take a share of responsibility under *any* peer ; and I do not know any, at all qualified for the task, who would be contented to share the power of a premier with a colleague in the House of Commons. So that I do not expect to see him speedily removed from Opposition. But if his influence on that House should continue to increase, as it did increase during the two last years of his Parliamentary life, I do hope, as much from his temper and powers of conciliation as from his genius, that he will, in the course of a Session or two, rise to what I think his just level in the esteem of the country. . . .”

*Scott gets a Scolding*

Because Scott was thus engaged with high politics, in the intervals of writing an immortal literature and helping to run the creaking machinery of Scottish Judicature, he happened

to miss a turn or two in his good-natured correspondence with some of his delightful, though exacting, lady friends. So the Marchioness of Abercorn and Lady Hood send scolding letters. Here is the latter's—chosen because she has one or two other little things to get in :

[Bath. Jan. 22nd, 1810.] “Now shall I give the last Minstrel a good *scolding*, and mingle the notes of discord with the songs of other times. If you did not mean to fulfil your promise, why did you make it? And why do you tantalize me with promises of *extracts* and all sorts of fine things, when it is now three months since you have condescended to write me a line. I hear from report that you have written a most beautiful poem called *The Lady of the Lake*, and that it is to be forthwith published. But from you I have looked in vain for the samples I was promised. I am sure you will be for throwing all the blame upon poor *Charlotte*; but I am too well acquainted with her to believe she is to blame. So you must believe that you are the sole subject of my wrath. Your friend *Frances* has spurred me up to this invective, for her impatience to see these long-promised extracts is very great; and so pray, dear Mr. Scott, do send us them by return of post under cover to my father here. . . . You may send as many Franks full as you please. I hope you detest *Wallace* [a poem by Miss Holford, one of the many contemporary imitations of Scott]. Think of the assurance of a Miss throwing six Cantos at your head, and prefacing it with an apology for *immortalizing* Scotland instead of England. We are greatly obliged to you, I am sure, *Madam*. She thinks she apes “Marmion”; but I think she *Marmosets* it. She has been here quaffing the incense of the Bath pedants and lauding her own poem aloud at Lady Isabella King's from six till eleven. This is a pitch of refinement that I fear you, my good friend, will never attain to.

“Pray tell me something of Mrs. Apreece who is gone to enlighten and illuminate our dull ungenial north. I hear she resembles *Corinne*: I should have pictured *Corinne* possessing more *poetical* attractions than Mrs. A. . . .”

This was a plain hint. Nevertheless, Scott was very fond of Lady Hood; who was the daughter of Lord Seaforth, and who,

after the tragic death of her four brothers, succeeded to the title. "She has the spirit of a chieftainess in every drop of her blood," was Scott's tribute to her ; and it lends colour to a theory of Morritt's suggested when he wrote, about this time : "By the by, we all think that Ellen Douglas [vide *The Lady of the Lake*] is akin to Lady Hood ; and that you certainly drew some of the features from nature." Here is a new candidate for the long gallery of prototypes of Scott's characters.

*Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke*

All this time Morritt has been in London, meeting there all the influential people. He has news of that "attractive baggage," Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, who, having finished with the Duke of York, has been dictating her *Authentic Memoirs*. It is curious how the contemporary "celebrated Ladies in a certain line" (as another correspondent delicately describes them) found in literature solace and not a little cash for their lost affections. "Perdita" Robinson wrote poems and plays ; and, with one thing and another, did not do at all badly out of them. The ink was scarcely dry on Mrs. Clarke's *Memoirs*, with its spicings and moralisings ; which, in turn, set the fashion for the more indiscreet *Memoirs* of that saucy hoyden Harriette Wilson, who—according to Lord Montagu's report to Scott—was willing to omit any gentleman's name for 100 guineas. So Morritt writes playfully :

[Rokeby. July 9th.] "... After all, you as well as all modern authors must bow before Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke in the art of book-making. Her two duodecimos at eighteen shillings, printed for the author, have all been disposed of to the number, I understand, of about 12,000, besides the copies sent to Messrs. Wardle and Co<sup>1</sup> and the Duke of Kent, and Lord Folkstone. Does not this make you feel insignificant as a candidate for public opinion? Her merit is however a justification of the public favour, for certainly never was any character natural or artificial so exquisitely sustained ; and

<sup>1</sup> Gwyllym Lloyd Wardle in Parliament secured the retirement of the Duke of York from his post of Commander-in-Chief, because of the scandals about the Duke and Mrs. Clarke. Later, it came out that he was himself mixed up with Mrs. Clarke. The "Co." may be Pierre McCallum, whose business it was to spy on her.



I am sure you must now be one of the most devoted of her admirers. . . .”

*Gifford's Loud Guffaws*

The war of the “Quarterlies” is going on briskly ; with the London periodical, thanks to Scott, gaining much ground from the Edinburgh. William Gifford, the Editor, had written to the poet expressing the hope that he would receive “very extensive assistance and support from me, without which he is pleased to say he would utterly despair of success.” Scott was alarmed at this, naturally enough. In this volume there is much corresponding about the new “Quarterly” ; and Gifford seems to have spent no small part of his time petitioning and repetitioning for the continued light of Scott’s countenance upon the great project, together with as much “copy” as the poet could honour them with. From the first he had thirsted for his rival’s editorial blood—despite the advice of Scott and John Murray, who counselled dignity and restraint. Shortly afterwards he sent word of what must have been the current joke in the literary circles of London and Edinburgh, whose guffaws we can almost hear :

“ . . . You are the most unfortunate of men—to be slack now, when riches are pouring in upon us in broad-wheel’d waggons. On Monday I received from Bath a letter announcing a new publication called *The Daughters of Isenberg* [by Miss Alicia T. Palmer] as about to be sent, and enclosing three one-pound notes !!! I had not laughed before since poor Hoppner’s death ; but this was irresistible. In *strict justice* I ought to take a lion’s part, and pocket the whole ! But I am the very soul of generosity ; and was born to enrich my friends—*ergo*, I shall set apart ninepence for you and fifteen pence halfpenny for G[eorge] E[llis], to whom I have announced this miraculous piece of good fortune. But seriously, this is too good a thing to be lost. How shall we contrive to squeeze a little fun out of it. . . .” Of course, the “Quarterly” had its little bit of fun. *The Daughters of Isenberg* were soundly smacked in Gifford’s review ; and poor Miss Palmer—who, perhaps, had only hoped to put the brute in a good temper—received the Editor’s gentle intimation that “Our avocations

leave us but little leisure for extra-official employment ; and in the present case she has inadvertently added to our difficulties by forbearing to specify the precise objects of her bounty. We hesitated for some time between the Foundling and Lying-in Hospitals : in finally determining for the latter, we humbly trust that we have not disappointed her expectations nor misapplied her charity."

*Scott also Lucky*

Still, not all the plums were falling into Gifford's lap. A few weeks later, Scott received a letter from the Rev. Robert Rennie, who solemnly writes :

[The Manse, Kilsyth.] " . . . The exquisite Polish and Pathos of genius appears in every Page that proceeds from your Pen. And amid the varied Productions of the ' Quarterley Review ' it requires no great acumen to distinguish the delicate touches of your hand. This is not the language of flattery—it is what I feel. Too proud to fawn on any fellow creature, and too upright to flatter, and too independent in spirit to be servile, I pay only the tribute of an honest man when I say that thro' every Page of that Journal the criticisms are candid, the sentiments just, and on Religious subjects suitably serious and solemn. As a Small Testimony of the Respect I feel for *you* and the *contributors*, I request you to accept of a Copy of my Essays on *The Natural History of Peat-Moss*. . . ." Scott endorsed this letter with the cryptic comment—"Sketch of a Female Character."

*The Way they had with Reviews*

Despite the testimony of the reverend author of *The Natural History of Peat-Moss*, it is abundantly proved (from evidence within—and without—these Letter-Books) that the reviews published by the dreaded Quarterlies were much-manipulated affairs. The extent to which they were cut, cobbled, and altered, is something to marvel at. It was a unique review that knew its own father. And even Southey once had difficulty in recognising one of his articles. Here is an example of Gifford's method and manner (I have had to

use his correspondence a few months out of chronological order) :

[James-street. April 30th.] "I have taken the liberty of sending you a review of Sir R. Sadler [*i.e.* Scott's *Life, Letters, & State Papers of Sir Ralph Sadler*] by Lodge<sup>1</sup> : if you will have the goodness to look at it, you will oblige me very much. A touch or two from your hand (for I am not conversant with the subject) will be of most use to the article. I shall not be sorry to oblige Lodge, who will, I think, do better with practice. Make what alterations you think fit ; all is at your mercy. . . . Your *Lady* is very anxiously expected, and all the town is on tip-toe for her. I hope you will not put on 'yellow breeches,' and think I mean Mrs. Scott. You speak of the poem in a way worthy of yourself. I can add nothing to what you say, in all of it I perfectly agree. Poor Rogers<sup>2</sup> is in labour ; and it is lamentable to witness his throes. He visits me, he asks folks to dine with him, he bows to the Irish cousins of criticks—the babe, therefore, is at hand. Sotheby has just given us a long poem : it is like *Wallace*, rather too near you for your reviewing. God help the wicked ! as Jack Falstaff says—for you have a world of sin to answer for. . . . We are all quiet here. But for that mad idiot in the Tower,<sup>3</sup> I think the Ministry must have called in some assistance : now they may go on for some months. A riot is always of service to a weak administration. I remember when it gave a twelve months' respite to Lord North. Cumberland died for want of breath—he went off without a groan, having no strength left. God bless you, my dear Scott : your ever faithful friend and servant, William Gifford."

### *Dibdin's Pretty Letter*

Letters about Scott's poems and novels came in proportion to their unrivalled popularity. For the most part I leave them

<sup>1</sup> Doubtless Edmund Lodge, of the College of Arms ; and a biographical writer.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Francis Burdett, against whom a Speaker's warrant had been issued for breach of privilege in printing one of his own Parliamentary speeches (on the imprisonment of a man for discussing the exclusion of strangers from the House), refused to surrender ; and his house, garrisoned by a Westminster mob, was carried by assault. He was conveyed to the Tower.

where they lie—as did their imperturbable recipient. This further reference, however, is too delightfully neat and typical to omit : it also serves to introduce a story. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the now rather discounted bibliographer, writes gleefully to say that his just-published book *Bibliomania* “ sells pretty bobbishly,” and that the large-paper copies are already at a premium of three guineas each. And then :

[Kensington. May 9th.] “. . . We are all here panting ‘ like the Hart after the water brooks ’ for your *Lady of the Lake*. I have just caught a glance of the *hem* of *her garment*, which seems studded with a profusion of gems. I doubt not her visage will be eminently beautiful. A buz prevails the literary and fashionable circles—some affect to have seen and read it ; blear-eyed criticks are preparing their scalping knives ; but the οἱ πολλοί are strongly disposed to shout, and throw their caps i’ th’ air in commendation of her Ladyship. Miller, one of the publishers, keeps his copy buttoned up in his cabinet ; but soon, I trust, all form and secrecy will be dispelled, and we shall all have the felicity, though not rowed in my Lord Mayor’s barge, of dancing about the Lake in our wherries, and shaking hands with this popular fair one. May she live to be a comfort and credit to you.”

### *A Story of Handel*

The story is told by our old correspondent, Dr. John Clarke, who is sending copies of his compositions for songs from *The Lady of the Lake*, and who writes from Emmanuel Close, Cambridge : “. . . I wish you could hear my daughter Marianne sing the songs, which she does in a simple, unaffected style without interlarding them with professional quirks and cadenzas. Those ornaments may do very well for the stage, or orchestra, or for an audience that *must* have them. But my Idea is that the singer (like the composer) should first well study the Scene in the Poem ; and then endeavour to personate the Character as nearly as may be without burlesquing it. But such is the depravity of the present day that there *must* be a *trill* in this place ; and a cadence in *that*, however irrelative with the sense. Who, on reading your concluding lines in the Coronach, ‘ He’s gone, and for ever ! ’ would make a cadence

and a shako? This is for your private ear. For the singers must not be offended. Not so, in the days of Handel, who, when Signora ——— came in, before the proper time, in *Saul*, with the words : ‘ I am an Amalekite,’ he vociferated : ‘ No, you are a dam bishe, Py Got !’ . . .”

*Why Miller fled from Edinburgh*

Closely following the composer came two rival publishers, with their own characteristic trills and cadences. The letters of one of them, John Murray (whose Scottish father dropped the Mac), are remarkable alike for their sound sense and their beautiful, neat script. In an early (and subsequently so familiar) estimate of young Leigh Hunt, he asks : “ Have you got or seen Hunt’s critical essays prefixed to a few novels which he edited? Lest you should not, by the way, I send them. Hunt is most vilely wrongheaded in politics which he has allowed to turn him away from the path of elegant criticism which might have led him to eminence and respectability.” The other publisher, Miller (who was later to be absorbed by Murray) is an Englishman enjoying the delightful ordeal of Scottish hospitality ; and he writes in a sloping anyhow hand : [Edinbro. Macgregor’s Hotel. Sept. 9th.] “. . . Just before I left London I had the honor of being *coach’d* with Lady Abercorn for half-an-hour. I told her that you were gone to the Western Isles ; and offered to bet her ladyship a trifle that I could guess where the scenery of your next poem would lay. She gave me a significant look which told me she was in the secret ; but she did not allow the bet to be made. . . . I have been here a few days, and the hospitality of the place is almost too much for the poor constitution of an Englishman . . .” A few afternoons in Jamie Ballantyne’s printing office and a few evenings with Constable & Co—it was no wonder that the young publisher hurried over to Dublin. It would be all in the day’s work to Ballantyne ; who just now had something else to think of, something of great portent—something in which his fame, his fortune, his whole life, was to be inextricably wrapped. *He was reading the first part of the manuscript of Waverley* ; and while Miller was getting his head clear again, James wrote to say that what Scott had sent of the novel had

amused him very much ; but that considering “ Sixty years since ” only went back to the period when “ our fathers were alive and merry,” the air of antiquity did not harmonise with the time and that the account of the studies of *Waverley* seemed unnecessarily minute. “ Should you go on ? My opinion is, clearly, *certainly*. I have no doubt of success.”

So in the hope of the good things to come J. B. fills another bumper. And I fill another pipe ; close the volume ; and turn to the Fourth Letter-Book.

## THE FOURTH LETTER-BOOK

1811

THIS, like the succeeding volume, is very personal ; and like most of its grey-and-green-backed fellows, is limited to one year. Scott had now reached his zenith as a poet : not yet was his greater glory. But as Byron had hardly begun his meteoric sweep across the literary sky, the Scottish Bard was still the world's darling poet, as Wordsworth—generously, but perhaps a little enviously—had described him. No author has ever had such adoration from fair and noble ladies as Scott ; nor has any other author been less proud of perfectly genuine adulation. Lady Abercorn, in the fourth letter of this Book, early reflects the popular voice in her amusingly affectionate scolding :

[n.d.] “ . . . I am seriously angry with you because you are not sincere with me. I am assured you are writing again, and that some people have seen some of what is done. I *swore* you was not ; and was laughed at for believing you. And to convince me I was not in y<sup>r</sup> confidence, I was assured the *Lady of the Lake* had been begun two years before it came out. If this is so, I have no longer any dependence on you. . . . When am I to see you ? I wish you would come to this part of the world to make y<sup>r</sup> peace with me. Most affectionately yours, my dear friend, A. Abercorn.”<sup>1</sup>

Scott was certainly writing again. Meanwhile, so popular was his *Lady of the Lake*, barely one year old, that someone had put her (under an altogether different name) on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre and (strange though it now seems) without sending a bawbee or even a word to the author. The faithful Joanna Baillie writes the news to Edinburgh :

<sup>1</sup> Of Scott's own letters to Lady Abercorn, Professor Saintsbury has made the curious note that they provide some of the best examples “ in which the actual amatory element is present but as it were under-current, like blood that flushes a cheek but does not show outside it.” But having read all Lady Abercorn's letters, which were not accessible to the Professor, my own opinion is that the comment is more applicable to the lady's part of the correspondence.



MRS. SIDDONS AS LADY MACBETH

*"Do make haste hither, and let me read the rest of Marmion to you. . . ."*



JOHN BACON SAWREY MORRITT

*"The world is very amusing just now. I have several more refined anecdotes. . . ."*



GEORGE CRABBE

*"I . . . determined to withdraw myself as One of the Old Race. . . ."*



WILLIAM HAYLEY

*"I promised you some particulars of a mysterious nature. . . ."*





[Hampstead. Feb. 7th.] “My dear Sir, I am going to write to you on a subject which I really believe you care very little about : nevertheless as you are made of flesh and blood like the rest of us, it must needs be that you have some little curiosity regarding it ; and so I shall make no apology for troubling you. The day before yesterday, my sister and I went with a large party to see the first representation of *The Knight of Snowdown* at Covent Garden Theatre ; and had the satisfaction of seeing it received by a very crowded house, which was filled throughout with most respectable-looking people. Our box was a side box in the lowest circle, so that we had an excellent view of what the Pit contained ; and I never saw so many well-dressed Gentlemen-like men there in my life. And now I would fain give you some idea of the dish that has been hashed up from your provisions if I could ; but I fear I shall scarcely be able. I cannot say that on this occasion anything has been done to falsify the old proverb that ‘ God sends us meat, and the Devil sends us Cooks.’ Let this, however, be between ourselves ; for I have some goodwill to Morton, the Master of the Kitchen in this case. And I believe he has miscooked his dish as little as anybody was likely to have done who might have been put in his place. The piece opens with a view of Loch Katrine, with the boat scene ; the Gallant Grey lying dead and his Master lamenting him. The story has been somewhat altered to make it (as they think) more dramatic. Graeme the Lover is entirely left out ; and Roderick Dhu, whisk’d up into a compleat stage Hero, is both the favoured lover and Champion of Helen. . . . The Court Scene was splendid, but the Knight of Snowdown [played by Kemble] led in Helen with his hat off ; and when she asked to see the King, he very cleverly—while she turned her head aside—sat himself down on a throne, put the robe on his shoulders, and was a King in all his formalities in a trice. She then knelt in a very orderly manner at the foot of the throne ; and made in this posture a long speech which he did not interrupt. This, to be sure, is not very like your Knight of Snowdown ; but perhaps it might be necessary in so large a Theatre to make those at a distance understand the story. There were two things in the course of the play which raised a very hearty clap. The first is when a soldier

asks Norman if he can write : the other says No, but he can comment on what other people write. The soldier then says something I did not distinctly hear about Northern Critics, which the audience did not fail to apply. The second is at the end of the last act when the King prophesies that some future Poet will in 'deathless rime record the gallant feats of Snowdown's Knight.' This last is all the notice taken of your Worship from beginning to end."

*Anna Seward Vindicated*

In March this year Anna Seward's legacy to Scott was due to be paid ; and Charles Simpson, as her executor, in sending the intimation, took the opportunity to inform her biographer about the Romance in the life of the "Swan of Lichfield." There was much contemporary scandal talked about Miss Seward's friendship with John Saville, the Vicar-choral of Lichfield Cathedral ; and the "shocking" story was to survive long after the poetess wrote one of the world's worst epitaphs. The lines carved on Saville's tombstone in the cathedral included these—

". . . Now from that graceful form and beaming face,  
Insatiate worms the lingering likeness chase ;  
But thy pure spirit fled, from pains and fears  
To sinless—changeless—everlasting spheres . . ."

lines which are the warning of the awful consequences of incurring the passion of minor poetesses. When, in due course, Anna also removed to "sinless spheres," Scott was called upon for the inevitable epitaph ; and Simpson writes :

[Birmingham. March 30th.] ". . . The Epitaph you have so kindly furnished is much approved and admired ; and the work in the hands of Bacon for completion. It is of more consequence to be well done than hastily. Perhaps some malicious person would have defaced it as they did Saville's which is more likely to be avoided by the delay. The friendship between her and Saville created her many Enemies among the Vulgar who could not comprehend the possibility of any strong friendship between persons of different sexes and nearly the same age without the existence of an improper intercourse.

I think if there had been any proof of it, I should have heard of it at some period of my life—which I never have done. About a year before she died she told me her affection for Saville was unbounded but without passion. The declaration was voluntary, and certainly not intended for the purpose of vindication, as she knew I was not likely [to mention] it to those who believed otherwise. . . .”

“ *Making an Inn of Abbotsford* ”

Scott, about this time, began to be concerned with what was to be one of the joys of his life—the building of Abbotsford, for the original lands of which (they were later much increased) he paid £4,000. It began as a cottage ; and, when finished, it stood as “ the Castle ” in that pretty bend of the Tweed. To-day it attracts, next to Shakespeare’s Birthplace, more sight-seers than any other place of literary association. But it was an ominous prophecy which Joanna Baillie made when she wrote :

[Hampstead. July 9th.] “ . . . So you have become the Laird of Abbotsford. A respectable-sounding name this ; and would become a large estate fully as well as a little farm ; and I hope it will be the name of a good estate with a good house upon it too, in which your prosperous descendants—ages after this—will proudly point out the picture of the first Laird. I like the thoughts of your Cottage and your plantations and your stream exceedingly. . . . Many happy days may you and Mrs. Scott and the children have in your new habitation ! But don’t let all the idle Travellers, who come to visit the country and the ruins which you have made famous, make an Inn of your house for their own convenience and that they may boast in their stupid Tours afterwards of the great attentions they received from their *friend* Mr. Scott. . . . ”

The Duke and Duchess of Wellington were to be included in the wide circle of Scott’s friends. The Duke, following his victorious career in India, Spain, and Portugal, was marching rapidly to his greatest triumph. The poem *Don Roderick* had been written that its profits might aid the Portuguese sufferers ; and it brings this first letter from the Duchess. But none of her

subsequent letters was to echo this one's affectionate reference to the conquering hero, for between him and the Duchess there developed a mysterious estrangement :

*The Best of Men*

[Tunbridge Wells. July 18th.] "Sir, Having been absent from home and without any fixed residence for the last three weeks, your most flattering letter and *The Vision of Don Roderick*, which have followed me from place to place, did not reach me till last night. I lose no time in expressing my thanks : to express how deeply the Poem in itself, the benevolent purpose of it, have interested me is quite beyond my power. It must be needless for me to say how highly such praise from such a pen gratifies me when bestowed on my husband. It is the pride, the happiness of my life, to know that he deserves it all ; and each expression of approbation speaks to my heart. Indeed, my greatest consolation in this long and anxious separation is from feeling that had this first, the Best of Men, remained at home, half his talents, half his Virtues, had been yet unknown, or been possessed in vain. . . ."

*Canning's Brass for Gold*

Of course a copy of the poem went to George Canning. He welcomed its change of metre—largely to "the majestick march of Dryden (to my ear the perfection of poetical harmony)." And then the statesman becomes whimsical and significant by turn when adding :

[Hinckley. July 26th.] "... Your Poem has been met on my part by an exchange something like that of Diomed's armour against Glaucus's—brass for gold—by a heavy Speech upon Bullion, which I directed my Bookseller to send you if he could contrive to do so without making it chargeable to you. If you have never thought upon the subject, as to my great contentment I never had a twelvemonth ago, let me counsel you to keep clear of it ; and forthwith to throw my speech into the fire, unread.<sup>1</sup> It has not one merit but that of sincerity. I formed my opinion most reluctantly. Having formed it, I could not but maintain it. Having maintained it in Parlia-

<sup>1</sup> Canning was in theory a bullionist ; but he took a middle course, arguing that cash payments could not be resumed till the restoration of peace.

ment, I wished to record it intelligibly. But it is one which so far from cherishing and wishing to make proselytes to it, I would much rather renounce, if I could find a person to convince me that it is erroneous. This at least is an unusual state of mind in controversy. It is such as I do not generally profess on all subjects : such as you will give me credit for not being able to maintain, for instance, when either exploits which you celebrated in your last poem, or your manner of celebrating them, are disputed or disparaged. . . .” \*

*How “ Old Q.” won £20,000*

Another sort of gamble in bullion is the subject of a story which may be interpolated here. It was sent to Scott by an indefatigable gatherer of stories and antiquarian notes, Robert Malcolmson of Kirkcudbright, who vouches that it came from a confidant of the Duke of Queensberry :

“ The Duke and his friend, the Duke de Chartres, sat down to play a game at Brag, in a Coffee house in London. The stake was £20,000. The cards having been divided, the Duke of Queensberry, seeing that he must lose the game if he did not find means to get rid of it, told his friend that he would not commence playing till after he had eaten something, as he was very hungry. Accordingly he called for some bread and butter, which were brought to him ; and he dexterously contrived to slip one of his cards into a cut which he had made in the loaf. Having cut out the slice containing the card, he buttered it well over, and swallowed it. The game commenced ; but it was soon discovered that a card was a-wanting. A new pack was procured, the cards were again divided ; and Queensberry gained £20,000.” ‡

*Acorns rain on Scott*

About this time Scott was almost overwhelmed with—acorns. It is true that he asked for them ; and he got them. He wanted to surround Abbotsford with noble English oaks, like those among which Robin Hood and his merry men spent their merry life. So he intimated his wishes to his friends ; and for months acorns were delivered by cart, by coach, and by ship—from, among many, Lady Stafford, the Earl of Clarendon,

Lord Glenbervie, Morritt, George Ellis, and Hartstonge. They were selected with such loving care and in such profusion that all Scotland might have become one giant forest of oaks. The Earl of Clarendon's letter may be chosen as a pretty example of the great acorn correspondence :

[The Grove, near Watford, Herts. Sept. 5th.] "... I shall be quite pleased to supply you with the acorns which you wish to have ; and if I had any magic at once to make them into a Grove, I need not say that it should be such a one as I thought the Muses would be most likely to haunt. The Poet, we are told, '*secreta petit loca*' ; and within the deep recesses of *my own Oaks* to have these poetical plans, which you say are revolving in your mind, brought to perfection would be doubly gratifying. I must, however, acknowledge that my eagerness and expectation is of that description that I would not wait *an hour* for the growth of these oaks if it was to retard the pleasure which I like to think may shortly be within my reach. . . . Pray give me directions for sending the acorns. . . ."

*Wm. Hayley's Secret History*

There are some people who are peculiarly liable to be the repository of the most intimate confidences. Scott was one of these ; and an example occurs in the " Private and Confidential " letter of William Hayley, the friend and biographer of Cowper and Romney, whose poems had been illustrated by William Blake, with whom he lived for a time. Here is his extraordinary communication, with its revelation of medical science of the time :

[Felpham. Sept. 15th.] "... I promised you some particulars of a *mysterious nature* concerning the cruelty and ingratitude of our unhappy and vindictive Anna Seward towards the memory of my piteous Eliza. . . . The manner in which Seward indulged her vanity and spleen by writing a very indecent and injurious character of that hapless and in some points angelic Lady has appeared to me more reprehensible because Seward was confidentially acquainted with a *Secret History* relating to the marvellous Organisation and Infelicities of that singular Personage which ought to have filled our intelligent Poetess with a tender and delicate Respect for her

Memory, especially as the Poetess had received from Mrs. H. many proofs of the kindest hospitality at Eartham. The *Secret History* alluded to is *so extraordinary* that to give you the clearest Idea of it, I will transcribe the following Passage from a private piece of Biography intended for a posthumous Publication :—

“ ‘ Tho’ W[illiam] H[ayley] in the year 1769 had married a young Lady in the Bloom of Health and Beauty, he might justly regard himself in one point of view as having *no* wife. He had married a person to whom Nature not only refused (what indeed she seems to have refused to many) the privilege of producing a child, but even those natural desires which she has wisely and tenderly given to Modesty herself for the preservation of the human Race. The astonishing existence of a beautiful female Form with an affectionate Heart and a very feeling Mind, yet *so organised*, was owing to a circumstance *not less astonishing*. The excellent Mother of this singular, pitiable Female had fallen into a state of Insanity from a Cause that justly excited the most tender compassion. She had the misfortune to lose several children. Her husband, of a very affectionate but irritable Temper, could hardly bear these repeated Losses. In striving to mitigate the excess of his grief she suppressed her own ; and that suppression (as medical men imagined) involved her in the Calamity of absolute distraction. The celebrated Dr. Batty, most eminent at that period *as the Physician of Insanity*, having tried, with no success, to effectuate by Medicine and Regimen the cure of this interesting sufferer, said—with the boldness of desperate Humanity—to her afflicted husband : “ Sir, as your amiable wife lost her senses from the Loss of her children, it is possible that the Birth of another child might restore them.” The most affectionate of Husbands endeavoured to realise an Idea so delightful to his Heart, unrestrained by all that cool Reason and considerate Nature might suggest against it. His Wife conceived, and brought forth a Daughter without any consciousness of conception or childbirth. That daughter, by a series of many surprising Incidents, became the wife of W. H ; and from the marvellous Infelicity of her Frame, tho’ he loved her as a Bosom Friend, he considered himself assingularly exempted



from a strict observance of the nuptial vow. He was fond of repeating to himself a striking passage in Shakespeare—

“Some Sins do bear their privilege on Earth,  
And so doth yours.”

“ ‘Such is the Fallacy of the Passions. I have mentioned these extraordinary Circumstances not to justify but to palliate his Conduct. Violations of Divine Law ought never perhaps to be stated as *innocent* ; but there may be many occasions on which they occur (and this is probably one) where enlightened Humanity will pity, condemn, and forgive.’ ”

“ This is the Extract, my dear Scott, from a manuscript Life (that I wish to be published when I am gone) of my memorable son <sup>1</sup> ; and as they were imparted in confidence to Seward, I think you will sympathise with me in feeling grieved that she could disgrace herself by such very improper mention of a personage whose name ought to have inspired her with delicate compassion and reserve. Our poor Seward was *vindictive* in a furious and deplorable degree. She wished to wound me (notwithstanding our long friendship) because she was *angry with me for two unpardonable offences* : first for remonstrating with her against *her injustice to Cowper* ; and secondly, for having *wished her to alter* two very disgusting lines in her Epitaph on her departed Idol, the gentle Giovanni <sup>2</sup> whom her impetuous passions had delighted and tormented upon Earth. “ But she is also departed. So I look with pity on her malevolence ; and wish to remember only her better Qualities. I endeavour therefore to discipline my own Spirit, and reprove myself for having felt perhaps too much *Indignation* in perusing the odious Letter, <sup>3</sup> in which she presumed to draw a portrait, as she called it, of my hapless Eliza. I am not, however, singular in having felt *such very warm Indignation* ; for the amiable Poet of Needwood Forest, who was reading the letter in question to some Females of his Family, shut the book in the midst of it with a vehement and just exclamation against the Writer. This anecdote I heard from my old Friend and correspondent,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* his illegitimate son (whom his wife adopted).

<sup>2</sup> See page 66.

<sup>3</sup> Printed in *The Letters of Anne Seward*, vol. v, p. 21 (to Mrs. Gell).

his admirable sister, Mrs. Nicholas, of Bowbridge in Derbyshire. But no more of this painful subject ! ”

### *A Minor Poet's Impudence*

But this revelation was nothing compared with that of another poet a month later. True, it was the letter of a minor poet. Richard Polwhele, the Cornish author, wrote better reminiscences and anecdotes than poems or histories. But his correspondence with Scott challenges first place for the world's most impudent letter from a literary man. For some time he had been suggesting that Scott should get his (Polwhele's) poems noticed in the leading reviews ; and now comes this letter with its half-veiled allegation of plagiarism in reference to one of the most frequently quoted lines ever written by a poet. It is needless to say that Scott's famous stanza beginning “ Breathes there a man with soul so dead ” owed nothing to this literary toady. We may perhaps feel some surprise that Scott's urbanity could be stretched enough to continue the correspondence with the man who could write :

[Kenwyn, Truro. Oct. 24th.] “ My dear Sir, Your friendly attentions to me in various instances, particularly the last mark of your kindness (the present of that beautiful poem, *The Vision of Don Roderick*) encourages me to hope that the two petitions I have now to address to you will meet with a gracious audience. *First*, then, as you are so well disposed towards my *Local Attachment*, I have to request the favour of you to *hint*, if possible, your approbation of the poem in some public notice. The slightest intimation of the sort (as coming from you) would give it celebrity. It is certainly better known in Scotland than in England. In a new edition, for instance, of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* your mention, in a little note, that the opening of your Sixth Canto, ‘ Breathes there a man ’ etc. is similar to the opening of my Poem ‘ Breathes there a Spirit ’ etc. would draw to me an attention very favourable to my poetic reputation. You promised to insert some observations on my Poems in the *Scotch Register*. If they should appear (there or in any other periodical work) will you have the goodness to direct me to them ? . . . ”

Patrick Murray of Simprim, an old crony of Scott, is the next correspondent. He is writing a letter to introduce General Oswald ; and it serves to tell a story which is illustrative of the warlike spirit of the age :

*Why he wanted Leave*

[Meigle. Oct. 29th]. “. . . My friend the General is, I think, one of the finest fellows and one of the pleasantest that I have met with for a long time. I knew him when we were boys at St. Andrews. The reason why I wish you to see him, and I told him so, is on account of his acquaintance with the Grecian Islands. He was the first who carried our arms there : he took Zarite &c. He has a Greek regiment, in which there is a company of Spartans who, he says, are like their Sires of old. But he is so very full of Border Greek stories that at every one I heard I grudged your absence. He told me one of his captains, complaining of ennui, asking him for a few weeks leave to go on a Foray against the Turks for the pleasure of cutting off a few ears. . . .”

*Leyden's Stoicism*

Scott had long since heard, to his grief, of the untimely death of his friend Dr. Leyden, who early entered these Letter-Books. Another friend, John Malcolm, sends from India his tribute to the poet and scholar, with some anecdotes of which these two are both remarkable and typical :

[Bombay. Nov. 4th.] “. . . His memory was most tenacious ; and he some times loaded it with lumber. When he was at Mysore, an argument occurred upon a point of English History. It was agreed to refer it to Leyden ; and to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated verbatim the whole of an Act of Parliament in the reign of James the 1st. relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute. On being asked how he came to charge his memory with such extraordinary matter, he said that several years before, when he was writing on the changes that had taken place in the English language, this Act was one of the documents to which he had referred as a speci-

men of the stile of that age ; and that he had retained every word in his memory.

“ He was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr. Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life. He used, when unable to sit upright, to prop himself up with pillows and continue his translations. One day that I was sitting by his bedside the Surgeon came in : ‘ I am glad you are here,’ said Mr. Anderson, addressing himself to me, ‘ you will be able to persuade Leyden to attend to my advice. I have told him before, and I now repeat, that he will die if he does not leave off his studies and remain quiet.’— ‘ Very well, Doctor,’ exclaimed Leyden. ‘ You have done your duty ; but you must now hear me. I cannot be idle ; and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last.’ And he actually continued under the depression of a [?] and a liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.”

### *The Age of the Frank and Free-ling*

This volume is drawing to a close ; and so is the year. Miss Baillie writes a sprightly letter while the children are sliding on the Hampstead ponds, “the sight and sound of which always does me good.” Authors sent out more presentation copies in those days than they do now—doubtless a number of them as a means of making their work known. Joanna Baillie says she is sending sixty of her latest book to friends. One, of course, is going to Abbotsford under the frank (*i.e.* free) by “the aid of Mr. Freeling,” who was for years the Secretary to the General Post Office. “Mr. Freeling,” she adds, “is a good Man to me ; and long may he be at the head of the Post Office I pray sincerely ! for I can scarcely tell you how much satisfaction I have in sending this book to you so cleverly.” Apart from being a postal reformer, Sir Francis Freeling seems to have been a good man to half the letter-writers of the kingdom, judging by the number of letters sent “by his aid” to Scott. In the age of the Frank scandal, he was well named. Miss Baillie’s nationality needs no emphasis. It comes out again amusingly when, referring to certain changes in high offices, she comments : “For promotion in general, whether Whigs or Tories, are favoured, I should hope that Scotchmen will

have their share, since the Regent has sprained his leg teaching his daughter to dance the Highland fling."

*A Lady Guest's Surprise*

In these winter days the country mansions are beginning their rounds of seasonal hospitality. Friend Morritt sends a cheery and bantering letter from his historic seat :

[Rokeby. Dec. 8th.] "My dear Scott, Since our return from the fells of Cumberland we have been on a Protestant mission to our Catholic friends, the Cholmleys, with whom we staid about a fortnight, and returned to Rokeby to receive Mr. & Mrs. Charlton. He is a Northumberland borderer ; and she the sister of Cholmley, who descended from the fastnesses of the North Tyne to taste the good things of Teesdale. While they staid with us, being recently married the time had slipped away, it seems, with such equable rapidity that a month or two had dropped out of their account, in consequence of which the lady, who was thinking of visits and journies, was one night surprised by the unexpected appearance of a young gentleman who came into this wicked world without staying for a regular invitation, and very audaciously vindicated his post in our house already full of company, as several of our friends were here who certainly did not expect to meet him. Being rather prematurely introduced, the poor child did not survive many hours ; and tho' he had all the aids of the church, yet as the whole of his life was passed with heretics like us, I fear his residence in Purgatory will be protracted from the stains he must have imbibed in such company. The lady herself did not suffer from the Exploit except in apologising for taking such a liberty, which however was the means of prolonging an otherwise pleasant visit. Charlton is a man you would like extremely, and has a pretty stock of moss-trooping anecdotes.

"I have settled abt your acorns which are gathered, and will soon be sent by Hull to Leith directed to you in Castle Street. When I know the ship in which they sail, I will send you word that you may enquire for them. The only objection I ever heard to sowing acorns is that if you have many mice in the ground they are very apt to devour them, which I warn you

of that you may prepare against such a calamity, and not think the acorns blameable or capricious if they do not answer all your expectations. I hope they will form a shade for Walter's great grandson to sit under ; and never play any of the family such a trick as one of my trees attempted to play me some weeks ago, when it fell in a high wind very near the head of its owner. We were returning from church in our carriage when one of our large trees fell across the road within a yard or two of the horses ; and had it fallen on us you would not have received this letter. Now see the advantage of being a poet. The same accident befel Horace 1800 years ago ; and all the world have congratulated each other on his escape and blamed the tree for being so ill-advised as to think of killing him. Your privileges are great, you see, notwithstanding the *Edinburgh Review*. . . ."

While the young lady visitor is recovering from her surprise, and while the acorns are sprouting (and the mice are nibbling) during the long December nights, we turn to the New Year—and the Fifth Letter-Book.

## THE FIFTH LETTER-BOOK

1812

THE streets of London and Edinburgh were, about this time, particularly unsafe. Gangs of apprentices were waylaying and robbing pedestrians in the northern capital; and footpads haunted the night in and around London. Scott had told Joanna Baillie that the most dreadful fright he ever had was when he met one of these desperadoes after leaving her house at Hampstead. He had foolishly chosen "to take the short cut through the fields" back to London; and the ruffian dogged him behind hedges. The man disappeared, but "though I was well armed with a stout stick and a very formidable knife, which when opened becomes a sort of skene-dhu or dagger, I confess, my sensations, though those of a man much resolved not to die like a sheep, were vilely short of heroism; so much so, that when I jumped over the stile, a sliver of the wood run a third of an inch between my nail and flesh without my feeling the pain or being sensible such a thing had happened." This glimpse of London life is enlarged by Miss Baillie:

### *London Dangers at Dark*

[Hampstead. Jan. 2nd, 1812.] "... There was a part of your letter that made me feel most uncomfortably till I got to the end of it: I need not tell you what part it was. Little did I think when I last parted with you at Hampstead what a predicament you were to be in so shortly after. I know the place you describe very well; and shall never walk by the side of that hedge again as carelessly as I have done. It makes me shudder to think what might have befallen you. Thoughts of this kind come powerfully upon us poor inhabitants of the environs of London at this time, after the dreadful Murders that have been committed so near us. I assure you we do not sleep so sound as we were wont; and no body knocking at a door

after dark is admitted till he has been questioned thro' the key hole as strictly as a stranger at the barriers of Paris in the reign of Terror. . . ."<sup>1</sup>

*Swift's Way with Women*

After many years of Ballad raids occurs the great Swift hunt. Scott had now begun his task of writing and editing the *Life and Works* of Dean Swift, consequently everybody who could help was searching memory and bureaux for oral tradition and written evidence. Matthew Weld Hartstonge far outdistances everyone ; and his thin, straggling script covers page after page reporting the latest news of the great round-up of Swiftiana. But Lady Louisa Stuart, that brilliant and worthy granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, can bring us very near to Swift and his Stella and the mystery of their marriage, which is still said to be unproven. Her friend Dr. Patrick Delaney, the intimate of Sheridan and Swift, was described by the Dean as "the most eminent preacher we have." So Lady Louisa recalls :

" . . . All I heard of Swift's private life and manners was so little to his credit, I don't wish to repeat it. He had often wish'd to be in the society at my Father's house, but he had so great a dislike to him, and particularly for his manners towards women, that he declined his acquaintance. His having thrown a bottle at Lady Betty Rockford's head and a violent scuffle ensuing with her husband (one amongst a thousand of his winning ways) made my father dread the like. But let his works speak for him ; his wit and wisdom and enchanting ease and freshness of language must make them ever delightful. . . .

" . . . My old friend Dr. Delaney knew him with great intimacy, and loved to talk over him and his works. Yet at this moment I can recollect little worth sending to you. One circumstance I perfectly remember : on pressing him for his opinion as to his marriage with Stella he told me that for some time Swift had been extremely gloomy and agitated, so much so that he went to their common friend A[rch]bishop King to inquire from him the cause of his uncomfortable state of mind ;

<sup>1</sup> The murders in London were committed by John Williams. See De Quincey's *Murder as one of the Fine Arts*.



that as he was going into his library Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking ; that he found the A. B. in tears ; and on asking the cause, he said you have just met the most unhappy man upon earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question. Swift shut himself up for some days ; and Dr. Delaney told me he had not a doubt he was married to Stella, and had found there was too near consanguinity to allow of his living with her, and had been conscientiously stating the whole to the A. B. I have heard my Mother and Mrs. Delaney say she never was visited by any of Swift's female friends, but always went with Mrs. Dingley to Dr. Delaney's Villa on Wednesdays where his men companions dined before he was married to my friend. *She* [*i.e.* Mrs. Delaney] once saw her [*i.e.* Stella] by accident ; and was struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eyes—that she was very pale and looked pensive, but not melancholy ; and had hair as black as a raven. . . .”

### *Scotch Diluted*

An early letter in the year is notable not only for revealing the social niceties of nationality, but for an unusually early enthusiasm for the railway. It was only in the previous year that another Murray had built the first engine to run regularly on a railway between Middleton and Leeds to draw coal wagons :

[Meigle. Jan. 27th.] “. . . I believe I mentioned to you before, my plan of going for three years or so to Bath. My reason for going is to give Susan as much English as her mother and I have had ; and at the same time by bringing her back as long as she is young, to preserve *her Scotch*, as we her parents are. . . .

“ I have forgot to say a word about the rail way. I own my Soul to be so ignoble as to wish for some of the advantages of modern times, since we cannot have the chivalry of former ones ; and I should like to see a rail road near Simprim, even at the risk of seeing a cotton mill profane the Banks of the Tweed. . . .”

But if there were correspondents like Patrick Murray very

ready to anticipate the future, with its railways and its factories, there were others who were always leading Scott back to the past. Listen ! Mrs. Maclean Clephane is telling some more stories : the Macleans and the Macdonalds are at it again. The affair in question began like this : the Macdonalds of Kintyre “ murdered 70 gentlemen of the clan Maclean ” who were their guests (it is Mrs. Maclean Clephane’s account). Whereupon the Macleans took such signal vengeance that the chief Macdonald agreed to part with half his lands for peace. Then the chief of the Macleans, “ along with sixty gentlemen,” visited the Macdonalds for a friendly conference to settle the matter on these terms. But the Macdonalds treacherously attacked the visitors (still Mrs. Maclean Clephane’s account), who, after a brave resistance, were everyone killed. And this is the story that follows, in Mrs. Maclean Clephane’s own words :

*The Widow’s Revenge*

[Torloisk. Feb. 12th.] “. . . The unburied bodies lay in horrible confusion on the shore. The news of Maclean’s death spread instantly through the island of Solay and reached a widow who was of his clan, but had lived most part of her life in the Macdonalds’ territories. She instantly resolved to search for the body of her chief, and making her servant (a man of the soil) make ready her little car, she proceeded to the place where having found him she sought, with his shield pinned to his body by a weapon, she lifted him from the ground and, wrapping him in his own plaid, laid the body on the car. She then asked the bondsman whether he would guide the horse, or support the head of her darling ? The man answered he would guide the horse. Her task, made more difficult by the rough ground they passed over, was too great for her strength ; and in spite of her efforts, the head was shaken in a manner to convulse the features. The servant, being a man of the soil [and a Macdonald], and triumphing in the humiliating situation of the enemy of his master—laughed. The widow made no observation on this piece of brutality at the time ; but went to the Kirk-yard of the Kirk of Kilcornan where she dug a grave and, assisted by the servant, lowered the corpse into it and covered it with earth and turf. When finished, she

desired the man to lay the last clod : and while he stooped she drew her dirk and laid him dead at her feet, saying : ‘ You shall laugh at my darling no more.’ . . .”

Scott did not use all the tales and traditions poured into his post-bag by the Macleans and the Macdonalds ; but he was making his nation and its clans extremely popular. For instance, the Marchioness of Abercorn, wife of an Irish peer, wrote a few days later : “. . . I cannot tell you how much I wish I was of Scotch origin. I would rather belong to, or be the chief of, a clan than a foreign prince. I think the feeling of affection amongst them is stronger and more sublime than in any other part of the world that I know of—and attachment is everything to me. . . .”

### *A Lady Novelist's Dilemma*

Sidney Owenson, the novelist, who had married Dr. Morgan, was now Lady Morgan, thanks to the title which the Marchioness had secured for the Doctor ; and there are these *personalia* in the same letter :

[Newton Stewart. Feb. 7th.] “. . . We have Miss Owenson (now Lady Morgan) living with us. She is too vain or she would be a great acquisition, for she can be very entertaining in one way, when she takes off the Irish. Her sister is here at present, and has a power of representing any kind of character she chooses to perfection. She dressed herself up the other day as an old Irish lady, dined here, breakfasted the next morn ; and so perfectly took in an English officer who was in the House that he could not believe it was her when she came down in her own dress. He was quite sorry to be undeceived for he thought he had seen an old Irish lady in perfection, and thought he should be much amused in describing such a character when he returned to England. Lady Morgan is now writing another novel ; and I hope she will succeed. She has not been reviewed in the ‘ Quarterly Review ’ ; and whether she is most pleased at not being abused or most mortified at not being noticed, I cannot say. But I shou’d think the latter. . . .”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The author of *The Wild Irish Girl* was gratified by being soundly abused by the “ Quarterly Review ” two years later for her patriotic novels *O'Donnel* and *Florence McCarthy*.

James Ellis is the next correspondent to contribute four long folio sheets of beautifully written data. He tells of a curious and probably unrecorded custom, although it came too late for the Border Minstrelsy :

*A Curious Invitation*

[Otterbourne Castle. Feb. 22nd.] “. . . To your remark in the Introduction to ‘ Clerk Saunders ’ respecting the invitation to funerals, I would add that a custom still prevails in some parts of England, particularly at Hexham in this county [Northumberland]. I remember when little more than a boy to have heard the Bellman there, who was also Sexton, deliver the following Invitation :

‘ Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Anthony Lambert is departed. Your company is desired to-morrow evening at five o’clock ; and at six o’clock he is to be buried. For him and all faithful people give God most hearty Thanks.’

“ This man had hanged himself in a wood ; but the Doxology never varied ; and on this occasion its absurdity struck me so much that I have not forgot it. The Invitation was at length altered in words ; but the mode continues. . . .”

*Love Affairs of the Nobility*

Hard on this Northumberland custom comes news from J. B. S. Morritt. It indicates the wealth of the old landed proprietors, that he could flit so lightly from the subject of his loss to the matrimonial experiments of contemporary noblemen :

[London. Feb. 26th.] “. . . The poor talents !! I wish you were here to see the faces that I contemplate with such deep satisfaction. I have as yet seen little to what I expect, for we only arrived on Friday evening ; and I have had a little private business to transact of sufficient importance to interest most men : for my banker Boldero, who is broke to *very small pieces*, has not only deprived me of the sum I had in current cash, but has moreover embezzled securities, lodged in his hands by me, to the amount of £12,000, which being in Exchequer bills I cannot, I fear, recover ; and shall lose the

greater part, as I doubt if they pay 5/- in the pound. Such is the present character of our merchants, if we take it from one of the oldest and most established houses in the City. To think as little as I can on this odious specimen of rascality, pray tell me how your poem goes on ; and whether what I wrote was of any use to you. . . .<sup>1</sup> The world grows very comical. Lord Berwick has, they say, actually married a *common harlot* ; and, with a noble emulation, the Marquis of Worcester has forthwith proposed to her sister in the same profession—in honour, no doubt, of his great progenitrix Catherine Swinford. Wellesley-Pole [3rd Earl of Mornington] and Miss Long are also furnishing the seaside Coteries with a most entertaining romance—of doubts on the Lady's side ; and moralities on the Gentleman's that will last till they are married and miserable, like so many others of the same amiable qualifications. The Duke of Clarence, who abandoned the Jordan<sup>2</sup> to propose himself to Miss Long, is of course inconsolable at her preference of his young Rival. What food for an Epic of modern times ! . . .”

### *A Short Cut to Immortality*

Material for a Swiftian skit or a Popish satire, certainly ; but it was not in Scott's way. The next selected letter, from Philadelphia, would have prompted a few gay lines from Mark Twain could he have seen it. Our Philadelphian heads his letter (it is the only example I recall in all the thousands of pages in the Letter-Books) thus :

“Hugh Henry Brackenridge to Walter Scott, near Edinburgh.”

His first but not chief concern is to send a copy of a poetical effusion of his. He is somewhat uneasy because this involves Scott in payment of postage—a mere matter of anything up to five pounds. “Not that I did suppose you would consider a single postage of much moment, but I reflected that, on the

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Scott's *Rokeby* (see p. 91).

<sup>2</sup> Dorothy Jordan, the actress, who won the high praises of Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt. For many years she was the mistress of the Duke of Clarence (William IV).

same principle, you might have myriads thrown upon you if all who had read and admired the inspirations of your Muse should take the liberty." But "as the momentum of falling bodies is in proportion to the height from whence they fall, so the distance from whence a compliment comes may augment the value of it." The distance, however, hardly augmented the modesty of Mr. Hugh Henry Brackenridge, the chief concern of whose letter is thus revealed :

[Carlisle, near Philadelphia. March 1st.] "... I will not dissemble that such is the strong desire of the human mind for immortality, even in vision, that it would delight me to have my name alluded to in some of your divine verses. But I will acknowledge that I do not well conceive how and in what manner you could bring it in—not that the name itself is so unmusical that it can be said of it '*quod versu dicere non est.*' For I know that it is not among the impossibilities of prosody to make measure with it or rhyme out of it. But I do not well see how it can obtain a place, not being known to tradition or to history . . .

' The ancient but ignoble blood  
Has crept through Scoundrels since the Flood '

—a honest man by times ; but certainly it has not been known to the Poems of Ossian ; nor has it been in the mouths of the Bards of the feudal chieftains. If it could be found at all, it would be in the Border Ballads, of which the collection you have given us is so charming. For I think it more likely that my Ancestors may have distinguished themselves in a foray for cattle, if at all, than in a contest for Castles or Crowns."

### *The Merry Widow's Triumph*

Scott courteously acknowledges the book ; but we may look in vain through his Works for the immortalising reference to Hugh Henry Brackenridge. Still, it has made its way into the Letter-Books where, a few sheets farther on, is to be found an epistle which comes much nearer home to the recipient. For the merry widow Mrs. Jane Apreece has triumphed : the Blue-stockings, in whose trail love lies bleeding in the disappointed hopes of ambitious professors and eligible bachelors,

has made her choice. Her marriage to the scientist, Sir (then Mr.) Humphry Davy has been announced ; and to Scott :

[London. April 1st.] “. . . I am not going to claim an Epithalamium, though *your* fancy might give to even such a subject, with such an object (as poor I myself), something beautiful. But I am going to claim your good wishes in heart and kindness. I am also going to remind you and Mrs. Scott that my mind and my house will always recollect your friendliness ; and receive you both with the welcome of cousinship and Scotchship, and a very agreeable addition will be then there to and in the will of hospitality and to give aid to the pleasures of society. Mr. Davy you would like were he known to you ; and I do ample justice only to his taste in knowing that he does admire the Bard of Fingal's Cave (you remember our visit there !). . . .”

Scott passed on the news to Lord Byron—one of the many who had *not* succumbed to this charmer's eyes : “ The fair, or shall I say the sage, Apreece that was, Lady Davy that is, is soon to show how much science she leads captive in Sir Humphry.” Three years later the scientist invented his safety lamp.

### *Southey and Liberty of the Press*

We have seen how much Southey wanted—and required—a nice fat sinecure. Now he hears that M. Dutens, His Majesty's Historiographer (a Frenchman) is dead ; his mind is consequently exercised as to the succession ; and he is also very much worried about the impending British edition of the French Revolution. He writes to Scott “ being sure that if there be any channel thro' which you can assist me, you will cheerfully use your influence for getting me appointed to that good ship the Historiographer.” But there was a graver matter to tell his friend, a matter which Southey's son and biographer suppressed for some reason :

[Keswick. May 30th.] “. . . You probably heard that the liberal hint in the ‘ Edinburgh Review ’ concerning the last year's ‘ Register ’<sup>1</sup> was taken with serious consideration by

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* the “ Edinburgh Annual Register,” published by Ballantyne, a considerable part of which was written by Southey.

the Party [*i.e.* the Whigs]. I received information from various quarters that I might expect to be summoned to the Bar of the House ; and I know not to whom they are indebted for preventing them from giving this noble proof of their attachment to the liberty of the Press. My appearance there would have been some inconvenience ; but no injury. I am as much indebted to Messrs. Jeffrey & Brougham as if their friendly intentions had taken effect ; and certainly shall not fail to show a proper sense of the obligation at a convenient season. Of criticism, be it fair or foul, I should be the last man in the world to complain. The worst which Jeffrey could say of me as a writer would never have excited any feeling of anger : but the man must be a rascal who holds me up as an object for political prosecution. . . .”

*Mrs. Southey objects to Botany Bay*

It is almost a misfortune that the summons did not come, for the appearance of Southey before the Bar of the House would have been an historic event. But it did not happen—neither did the Historiographership for Southey, the post being filled with remarkable haste. The comedy of the business was that Dr. Stanier Clarke, Librarian to the Prince Regent, accepted the post (as it later transpired) without salary. Whereupon Southey wrote :

[Keswick. June 10th.] “My dear Scott, Thank you for your good offices. You will have seen ere this that they were too late ; and that M. Dutens having fallen asleep, Stanier Clarke reigneth in his stead—an author whose quartos certainly weigh down those of any contemporary. . . . I had a very kind letter from Canning upon this business before it was decided. He hints at other opportunities. For myself, I know but one thing which would strongly tempt me to break up my quarters, and that would be if they would make me Governor of Botany Bay. I have a strong fancy for that situation ; but unluckily Mrs. Southey has as strong an objection to it ; and as her objection is sufficiently reasonable, the inhabitants of that choice colony are never likely to be benefitted by my good intentions ; and the honour of crossing the Blue Mountains must be reserved for some more fortunate



person. Unless, indeed, I should find my way there in some deportation under the Revolution, which so many unhappy causes are now co-operating to hasten on.<sup>1</sup>

"None of our political men are sufficiently aware of the danger. They live in such a cloud of their own dust, that they cannot see the signs of the tempest gathering round them. A sense of this danger, however, is spreading ; and I will do my best to extend it. It might be crushed—but the more I consider how deeply the causes are laid, how widely they are spread, and how long they have been maturing, the worse does the evil appear ; and the end which I deprecate seems so necessary a consequence of the causes that I confess my fears very far outweigh my hopes. When I was last in Portugal it was that year when the Yellow Fever first broke out at Cadiz ; and we were in daily apprehension of it at Lisbon. Every person who thought at all upon the matter expected that the disease must be communicated to us ; and I had in my own mind looked about for a place of retreat. Yet we all lived as usual—ate, drank, and slept ; took our evening rides ; and went to our evening parties as gaily as if there were no pestilence threatening us at the door. So it is now ; and God grant that the issue may be as fortunate. . . ."

From the dangerous excitement of the political situation (for Southey's letter does not exaggerate its fearful gravity) this Letter-Book transports us to another scene of human emotion. This occurred in a London auction-room—an unlikely place, perhaps, for an historic scene ; for an event which set all Europe talking, and which is always being recalled. It was the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's Library, the wonderful treasures of which included the celebrated Valdarfer Boccaccio—the only perfect copy of the first edition of the *Decameron*. The room was daily crowded to excess with notable people ; and there was present, strangely enough, an agent of Bonaparte. This letter of Thomas Park, the Hampstead antiquary, gives a glimpse that even Dibdin's memorable account fails to supply. To appreciate the result of the contest for the

<sup>1</sup> The statesman Spencer Perceval had lately been assassinated in the Lobby of the House of Commons ; and the Burdettites, influenced by the French Revolution, were responsible for the grave agitation of the time.

Boccaccio, it may be explained that the Duke's magnificent First Folio Shakespeare sold for what was then the high price of £100 (comparable with its present-day record of £10,000). Says Park :

[Hampstead. June 23rd.] "... In your last obliging favour you conjecture, and very naturally, that I was likely to be a regular attendant on the Roxburgh sale. But it will surprise you to hear that one day has been the amount of my attendance out of 32 that have taken place. The secession however has not been altogether voluntary. A crippling lumbago confined me within doors for the space of three weeks ; and the enormous and fantastical prices which have been given for articles of all description, left me little desire to attend. I was there at the time of the desperate contention between Lords Spencer and Blandford for the Boccaccio, which was bought by the latter at the sum of £2,260 ; and it was painful to observe the agitated feelings of the noble combatants. The arena was crowded to excess. Heber<sup>1</sup> tells me he has been almost beaten out of the circle by the pugilistic force of heavier purses. The Pearson ballads sold for 455 guineas—as a printing speculation of the London booksellers. The liberal Duke, to whose condescending kindness I owed much, and should have owed more had he survived longer, is said to have bought his library for £4,000. It is likely to sell for £30,000. This will pay the claimants well for 'the law's delay.' . . ."

### *The Lure of the Lake*

A recent recruit to the correspondence is Miss Maria Edgeworth, then inclining to rest content with the fame of her *Castle Rackrent* and other tales. She sent a piece of news, which is the more interesting because now, over a hundred years later, hundreds of thousands of people are seeing, with curious interest, the cinema's pictures of the celebrated Lake—based on the poem which immortalised it. Says Miss Edgeworth :

[Edgeworth Town. June 23rd.] "Your letters, my dear Sir, so free from the affectation or the fear of committing them-

<sup>1</sup> Who himself had a long purse, for he spent over £100,000 on his collections of books.

selves, so common in the letters of celebrated authors, have given us the strongest desire to become acquainted with you, sure that we shall like you for your sake independently of the *Lady of the Lake*, &c. . . . Archdeacon De Lacy made me promise to tell you (and this I do with pleasure) that the year before your *Lady of the Lake* was published the average number of carriages which passed the road near Loch Katrine was from 50 to 60. The year afterwards 270 carriages brought people of taste to the ground which the poet made at once classic and fertile. You have also made a man, and a gentleman, and a scholar—I understand—of a peasant of the name of James Stewart, who lives on the borders of the lake ; and now shews it and his nice library to travellers, and proves his title to taste by having your poems by *heart*—not by rote.<sup>1</sup> You have also built an excellent inn, I am told, in the place of a wretched hovel at Callander. It is seldom that poets can confer celebrity on places during their own life-time. But I hear that the place where the gallant grey died, where the lady of the lake landed, &c. are pointed out with as much enthusiasm as if the fictions of the poet had been realities ; and as if he had been dead these 100 years. . . .”

### *John Galt's Faith in Literature*

The next letter deals with even more satisfactory matters, for John Murray tells of an evening party at Miss Johnson's, where the Prince Regent (George IV), hearing that Lord Byron was present, sent for him and talked in raptures of the writings of Scott. Byron later confirmed the account with generous impartiality ; and within a couple of days an old fellow-traveller of his was also writing to Scott. John Galt, the novelist and biographer, whose *Annals of the Parish* was so popular that old second-hand copies are to be met everywhere to-day, drove commerce and literature in double harness—and boasted of it. Here is an early declaration of his faith :

[London. July 4th.] “. . . Very early in life I was seized with the desire of endeavouring to show that literary

<sup>1</sup> Which is more than can be said to-day for most keepers of and guides to places of famous associations.

recreations were not incompatible with mercantile pursuits ; and the notice which you were pleased to take of a few stanzas in the Newark paper, addressed to yourself on the publication of *Marmion*, emboldened me to persevere. I have thus become a considerable author without having impaired the opinion which my friends entertained of my attention to other affairs. . . .”

Possibly Galt's friends altered their opinion when, seventeen years later, after forming a company in Canada and founding the town of Guelph, he was imprisoned for debt. But he ended strongly with his literary “recreations.”

#### *A Kind Fellow-Automaton*

It is almost a coincidence that the mail-coach soon brings news from John Ballantyne of difficulties in their printing and publishing business ; of the bankers having closed their account until the overdraft had been reduced ; and gently insinuating the necessity for more capital. A few days later a fellow Clerk of Session, David Hume, nephew of the historian, writes from Ninewells, arranging an exchange of “Duty as Automaton” so that Scott could “sit quiet in your Cabbin and employ your Pen on something more various and more agreeable to the Public.” Incidentally, “Mrs. Hume's Breast has been much the better of the free air and exercise and perfect quiet of this place ; but her Stomach still remains rebellious.” The letter-writers of the time were not sparing in the details of family ailments. All this time Scott was writing the new poem—*Rokeby*, and, what with that and with Abbotsford in the building, he had little spare capital for the Ballantynes, who must be helped. So he wrote to the owner of Rokeby, which was being celebrated in verse. Morritt, luckily, had five or six hundred pounds for which he had no immediate use, “so rather than be obliged to spur [your muse] beyond the power of pulling him up when he is going too fast, I wish you would consult your own judgment and set your booksellers at defiance. It is all the same to me whether I have the money now or in February ; and if it was not I would not say so. Therefore be not scrupulous to the disadvantage of your Muse ; and above

all, be not offended with me for a proposal which is meant in the true spirit of friendship." So the Ballantynes were tided over again. The builders hammered at Abbotsford ; Scott hammered at *Rokeby* ; and correspondence continued to pour in for the Letter-Books, which now reveal another problem of a comically serious kind : the naming of a heroine. This is usually a subject on which an author does not canvass opinions. But the Morritts were kept well-informed of the progress of the poem which touched them so nearly ; and they were deeply anxious, especially about the heroine. The Master of Rokeby writes :

*Christening a Heroine*

[Oct. 26th.] “. . . We have had some consultation on the name of your heroine which you said was an undecided point. If you have not irrevocably christened her Alice, Mrs. Morritt begs me to submit that she has a greater predilection for Agnes, which is equally old and she thinks of more agreeable inflection. I think her choice a good one . . . Mabel I think you had rejected—and Mildred ; so I do not recollect any that are likelier to suit your purpose, and Agnes is a good old name and sounds as if it came of a respectable parentage. . .” [And in his following letter] : “. . . Agnes is certainly a’kin to Agag ; but the danger is not so great, as for one who remembers his Bible I could find you ten readers who have perused the German play. I think, however, the controversy on names of very little consequence provided you keep clear of Bridget or Tabitha, or of the opposite extremes of Henriettas and Theodosias. Marian is a pretty name (not Marianne). . .” And after all this corresponding and debating, what did Scott christen the darling ?—*Matilda*.

*Windsor Forest Scandal*

In a later letter of this year Miss Joanna Baillie is indignant about the cutting up of Windsor Forest. She moves in well-informed circles, and here is her brave but vain effort :

[Hampstead. Nov. 7th.] “. . . It would please me to see you a Whig tho’ not such an *outré* one as would do for a Westminster election ; but my chance of seeing you so from

the present Ministers disparking Windsor Forest is not great, for I don't know that they have anything to do with it. Many private individuals, it seems, have certain manorial rights upon the forest, so that the King cannot cut wood, &c. without their consent. It has been proposed, I don't know by whom, that those rights shall be given up for so much of the ground in actual possession—by which ten thousand acres out of 24,000, which the whole forest contains, becomes private property and must soon be disforested : and this by far the finest part of the forest. When this was proposed to the Regent, he felt properly on the occasion ; and would not consent to it. But what signifies feelings without firmness ? I had my information while at Sunning Hill from a gentleman, belonging to the Court, who is one of the Commissioners for settling this business ; and I inveighed against it most bitterly, telling him I believed the country would rather submit to a tax for the preservation of the forest than see it so destroyed. I had the satisfaction of speaking out my mind ; and he smiled at me, as courtiers do. . . .”

### *Portrait of a Squire*

It is fitting that this Letter-Book's chapter should end with another contemporary portrait. It is culled from a letter undated, but evidently written towards the close of the year, immediately after a visit by Scott to Rokeby to secure “local colour” for the poem in progress. The squire and squireen were among the lion-hunters attracted in consequence ; and Morritt's book, with which such amusing play was made, is *A Vindication of Homer & of the ancient Poets and Historians who have recorded the Siege & Fall of Troy* (1798), in which he demonstrated the historical existence of the historic city :

[Rokeby. n.d.] “. . . Scarcely were you arrived on the heights of Stainmore, and scarcely had we sallied to shew Lady Douglas the beauties of Rokeby, when lo ! above, below, around, four several parties of regularly bred lion-hunters beset the woods. One party occupied Mortham Tower ; another was dining on the rocks below Abbey Bridge ; a third was reconnoitring the Abbey ; and a fourth, consisting of a Cumberland Squire with his aide-de-camp in the shape of a

Squireen were pacing in 'Rokeby Wood, Endlang, the Greta side.' All these we maliciously laid to the charge of your advertisement of *Rokeby*. However, on accosting the Cumberland Squire, I found our injustice, for with a low bow he assured me he felt it *quite a treat* to look at the place, and a still greater to look at the person of the learned Vindicator of Homer : 'your book—Sir—oh dear ! I have heard of it—ah !!! I can not presume to detain you ; but your book, Sir ! oh dear !' Now my friend's own person was something of *a treat to look at*. A loose great coat of blue shag with white buttons supplied the place of a common coat ; a waistcoat once black, and a shirt once white, but both blended into harmonious brown by snuff distilled from the nose, bore marks of at least a week's hard service ; a pair of black velvets and striped worsted stockings completed the equipage of my admirer. Such are the conquests that distinguish the severer Muse of classical controversy. *Your* followers, who come to worship here, were white-robed damsels and jemmy sentimentalists ; but mine seems quite unique, and I was very proud of him. . . ."

The last epistle in this Letter-Book concerns Christmas Carols. And so we leave all these interesting people to their nuts and wine ; and pass on to the contributors of the next fat volume—the Sixth Letter-Book.

## THE SIXTH LETTER-BOOK

1813—1814

THE Letter-Books are more revealing—have a wider interest—as they advance with the years. Many of the old correspondents become intimate ; many of the new ones seem aware of what this rivalry demands : there is a bigger proportion of epistolary purpose to style. The passing events cast their shadows across the sanded sheets of these unofficial historians. These were eventful years.

### *Rival Royal Favours*

The correspondents of 1813 open the New Year energetically. "Sunday morning is come ; and still *Rokeby* is not at Rokeby," says the perturbed Morritt, also perturbed because, as a county magistrate (who in those days often had to perform the duties of Scotland Yard), he is investigating the murder of a 21-year-old woman ; and "I have taken up every human being that had been known to be remotely connected with her." A few days later, Lady Charlotte Campbell,<sup>1</sup> from Montague House, Blackheath, is "commanded by my Royal Mistress (in whose presence I am now writing) to inform you that H.R.H. has this moment received your *Rokeby*, and received it with *transport*. She desires me to say every thing that is gracious, every thing that is kind. But what can I say after having told you that Her Royal Highness receives your work *with transport* . . . I anticipate the delight I shall have in reading it this night—this Golden Now—with H.R.H. in whose service I am and with whom I have the honor and pleasure of being *en Tête à Tête*. . . ." As Lady Charlotte Campbell delivered the warm message from the Princess to her old Troubadour in elephantine script an inch-and-a-half big, there could be no mistake in reading the gratifying communication.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lady Charlotte Bury, who writes to another purpose later on see p. 286).



But the Royal breeze is blowing still warmer from the opposing camp, for in a letter of February 5th is the message that "His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, has been pleased to signify to me that Mr. Scott is to have the access to his Library whenever he comes to Town, and His Royal Highness wishes him to be introduced whenever he is able to come"; and later the Prince sends to the poet the gift of a snuff-box. It is an accidental portent that, a week later, Sir Robert Gardiner addresses the latter as "Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," anticipating the Royal favour by seven years. But it is not bouquets all the way, for that staunch admirer George Ellis gives a gentle hint about polishing up "the uninspired parts of your poem, the parts that must necessarily be prosaick"; and that equally adoring correspondent, Papa Edgeworth (who tinkered so much with his daughter's novels), sends no less than five folio pages of tabulated criticisms!

#### *Crabbe's Anecdotes*

George Crabbe, the poet and writer of *Tales*, is now back permanently at Muston Rectory, from which he once absented himself so long that he was peremptorily ordered back by his Bishop. The whimsicality and dry hard style of his rural descriptions come out in an amusing letter:

[Muston, Grantham. March 5th, 1813.] "... Another of my new friends, a Mr. Valpy, has made me, not so much an author-like (still less a poet-like), as a Tradesman-like offer. He desires to have some of my *Works*; and he will give me '12 Numbers of six shillings Journals containing critical and oriental Learning, and making £3. 12., for so many of my Books, &c.' This case (quite new with me) I can happily refer to Mr. Hatchard,<sup>1</sup> intimating, however, my intire wishes to gratify a Gentleman who certainly does me honour when he values my books as his own . . .

"You know Mr. Campbell, I conclude. Somebody, who knew—or affected to know—him, told me of his extreme sensibility; and that in describing the death of his Gertrude [of *Wyoming*], he was affected beyond all common measure of

<sup>1</sup> The bookseller and Crabbe's publisher; and another correspondent of Scott. His bookshop continues to-day in Piccadilly.

feeling. There are Tales of this kind which run thro' a country; and I only wonder they run to me. When I had published my three early productions and begun to be here and there spoken of, I was one night hemmed in at a corner seat at the Chapter Coffee House where reading people assembled; and there I heard some *Clerks* discussing ye merits of the Verses and the fortune &c. of the Man. I sat—no, not upon thorns—upon nails and spikes dipped in aqua-forte, burned and pained in every part, and alike hurt and pained by good and Evil; and so young was I that I could not say 'let me pass,' for I dare not trust my voice; and all my Comfort was that no one chanced to come in who knew me, which at that time was not unlikely. This inquisitorial racking lasted about 12 or 15 minutes; and has not been forgotten. Nay, may be one cause of too much feeling now. And yet (such contradiction is in human nature, and there only) I write—I mean, publish—not for Reputation but profit; and to you I confess this unreservedly. Had I not been somewhat straitened in sending my young men [his sons] to Cambridge, I had been a quiet Reader all my days. Now indeed, the road being entered and the way possible, I tread on—happy in this to have found you in my Journey. . . .”

*Whig London*

After a few more letters comes one which is a curiosity, for it describes the only demonstration against Scott that I have met with. Dr. Clarke, who composed the musical settings to many of the Bard's songs, reveals how theatre audiences of Whig London continued the old hostility between Roundheads and Cavaliers :

[Emanuel Close, Cambridge. March 28th.] “. . . I delayed publishing 'The Cavalier' till Braham had sung at the Oratorios. I happen'd to be in Town the day it was to be perform'd; and attended the Rehearsal. Braham seemed to enter into your feelings and mine; and by his having rehearsed three times, I am sure he liked it. I had every reason to expect it would have proved a second *Marmion*. I was at the Performance in the evening; and the cheering the singer before the song commenced, denoted success. The first verse was

loudly applauded ; but on Braham's giving his accustomed emphasis to the loyal lines ' Her church is his cause ' and ' God strikes,' &c., the disapprobation commenced ; and at the words ' Round-headed rebels,' ' Bold traitor of proud London town,' &c., &c., the Gods, who certainly applied them as a reproach to themselves, burst out. However, the song was encored—which I lamented, as it was repeated in tumult and O.P. uproar. I read a long critique on the Performance, the next morning in the Coach on my return to Cambridge, the skeleton of which was evidently drawn up *before* the Performance, written in the gall of bitterness. But I had my consolation ; for after the miserable scribbler had said ' The Poetry would have disgraced a Bellman of Bermondsey,' what he added in dispraise of my music amounted to eulogy."

*Realism at Sadlers Wells*

While we are at the theatre, here is a sidelight from the Duke of Buccleuch recording the ordeals of actors a century ago in their stern pursuit of realism :

[South Audley Street. May 8th.] "... I went to Sadlers Wells to see *Rokeby* performed. I was much amused. Occasionally they introduce part of your Poem ; in other places they give the sense in their *own* words. I laughed very heartily. The scenery was good ; and the Castle burnt in a capital and even *alarming* style. Bertram kills Oswald according to *History* ; but is not then killed himself : on the contrary, he steals Matilda and carries her on board a Pirate ship. He is attacked by another ship belonging to Mortham ; a famous fight takes place ; and he is slain by Mortham. This is to introduce a water-scene. The whole stage is converted into a Naumachia. The vessels are as big as some Coasters I have seen ; and above a dozen fellows are hurled into the water—to the great amusement of every person but themselves, I should suppose. It really was admirably managed . . . I wish you could have seen it, I am sure you would have been much amused. It went off with unbounded applause from a numerous and *fashionable* audience ; but a sailor in the Gallery criticized the *nautical* orders given."

The next day brought sensational news, reported by the incorrigible Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe in his worst vein :

*Sharpe's "Amusing" News*

[Hoddam Castle. May 10th.] ". . . My other reason for writing is to tell you what has this moment reached my ears respecting that jade who poisoned so many people in this part of the world last year, and concerning whose detection my poor father took so much pains. She lately killed her bastard child, and gave it to the pigs ; and is this morning taken into Dumfries, once more to be tried for murder. Of course it is said that the child was Mr. Jeffrey's.—My dear Scott, you will think me mad to send off such a letter as this. But the carriage actually waits. I thought the anecdote of the child and the pig would amuse you. . . ."

*A Witch's Spell for Scott*

As Queen Victoria observed on hearing a young officer's dinner-table story : "We are *not* amused." Probably Scott was not amused, either. This book's aim, however, is to reproduce and portray these Letter-Books and their contributors. There is more amusement in the jet-black, driving script of Mrs. Maclean Clephane, with its gallipot of magic. Incidentally, her hint about Jacobitical tenderness reveals her as the first correspondent (apart from Scott's printer) to mention the great secret of the forthcoming *Waverley* :

[Torloisk. June 27th.] ". . . The young Laird, whom you was so very kind as to allow me to send to you, would have carried my letter. As his time is not now sure, I will wait for him no longer ; but have given him a small gallipot directed to you in which you will find a witch's spell which once was breathed full of bad wishes and looked into by evil eyes. This ammunition, it seems, hits point blank, for the spell—with three others—made away with no less than six cows. So the one I have sent may be said to have killed a cow and a half to its own share. They were placed above the byre door of the farmer who lost his *beasts* (as he called them) ; and he believes so religiously in their bad consequences that he sent for a famous Tobermory wizard to set matters to rights. He called them

‘ Wicked machines ’ ; and vowed with many oaths needless to mention that if he could discover who did it ‘ he would let them see a bonfire.’ I suppose you understand the meaning of that without a glass.

“ I have been searching for 1745 songs ; and have got scent of two. One seems to me highly poetical ; but it speaks the language of despair as well as of loyalty, although apparently composed before the Prince landed. What do you mean to call him in your book ? Boszy seems to think ‘ the Wanderer ’ a fine *mezzo termine* ; but it sounds to my ear nearly as grating as ‘ the Pretender.’ Will you forgive me if I should say a few words which, at the same time, I feel that the great diffidence with which I venture them can hardly excuse. But you are so indulgent. There is something or other which one is at a loss whether to call loyalty or rebellion which tingles to one’s very fingers’ ends when one enters at all upon the subject of that gallant and unfortunate House, which surely ought to lead a person to regard it as a delicate subject. Now you stand so high and all you write is so much got by heart. To be sure, they are all gone now ; yet they do make the powdered periwigs and muslin cravats look in so poor and mean a light, that it must be rather disagreeable to parties nearly concerned. Yet I will be not a little proud to find gaelic songs for the work ; and translate them with all my heart.”

### *Impossible Papa Edgeworth*

Papa Edgeworth, who went to such pains to teach the world’s most popular poet his business, has already been introduced. Morritt, doing the social round in London, meets him and other well-known people ; and here is his *causerie*, sent after returning home :

[Rokeby. June 29th.] “ . . . London was richer in Quackery than I ever remember it. We had the Edgeworths shewing off and shewn off till all the world was tired. Now Mad. de Staël has arrived—we, however, were at Rokeby before this last importation took place. Miss Edgeworth, we know, has great talents ; and may have many sociable and amiable qualities. But much as I should like to have become acquainted with her, the thing was impossible without taking

her Papa into the bargain. Now of all the brood of philosophers I have yet seen, there is hardly one down to Thelwall and Dr. Busby whom it seems more impossible to tolerate. There is a degree of Irish impudence superadded to philosophical and literary conceit, and a loquacity that prevents anybody being heard but itself which I never met in any creature to the same degree. He fairly talked down and vanquished the curiosity of all the stoutest Lion-fanciers of the Blue-stockings. I have to thank you for Joanna Baillie. I dined in company with her at Lady Milbanke's, introduced myself in your name, was graciously received ; and we 'swore an eternal friendship'—a vow I mean to keep. She is a delightful person ; and I hope she thinks me the same. Besides, her unaffected and unassuming genius was made more piquant in my eyes by the Rev. Dr. Parr and Lord Erskine, who were of the same dinner, and who each puffed the other in alternate compliments, which were naturally accepted and carried to account, till it was almost impossible to refrain from laughing at a scene fully equal to one of Foote's best farces."

*Portrait of "the Old Race"*

To add to our Portrait Gallery comes a contribution from George Crabbe, which supplies its own title—"The Old Race." It is a cynical comment on a phase of Society which—if not yet dead—is dying, and written in the poet's characteristic style :

[Muston, Grantham. June 29th.] ". . . With respect to my delightful situation in the Vale of Belvoir and under the very shade of the Castle, I will not say that your imagination has created its beauties ; but I must confess it has enlarged and adorned them. The Vale of Belvoir is flat and unwooded. . . . The Castle, however, is a noble Place, and stands on one intire Hill and has a fine appearance from the window of my Parsonage at which I now sit, about 1½ mile distant. The Duke also is a Duke-like man ; and the Duchess a very excellent Lady. They have great possessions and great Patronage—but . . . You see this unlucky particle, in one or other of Horne Tooke's senses, will occur. I am one of the *old Race* ! And what then ? I will explain again.

"Thirty years since, I was taken to Belvoir by its late pos-

essor as a domestic chaplain. I read the Service on a Sunday ; and fared sumptuously every day. At that time the Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, gave me a Rectory in Dorsetshire—small, but a Living. This the Duke taught me to disregard as a provision, and promised better things. While I lived with him on this pleasant footing, I observed many persons in the neighbourhood who came occasionally to dine and were civilly received.—‘How do you, Dr. Smith? How is Mrs. Smith?’—‘I thank your Grace, well.’ And so they took their venison and claret.—‘Who are these?’ said I, to a young friend of the Duke’s.—‘Oh! Men of the *old Race*, Sir; people whom the old Duke was in the habit of seeing and for some of them had done something; and had he yet lived, all [would have] had their chance. They now make way for us; but keep up a sort of connection.’

“The Duke and I were of an age to a week; and with the wisdom of a young man, I looked distantly on his death and my own. I went into Suffolk; and married, with decent views and prospects. . . . His Grace went into Ireland, and died. Mrs. Crabbe and I philosophised as well as we could, and after some three or four years, Lord Thurlow once more, at the request of the Duchess Dowager, gave me the Crown Livings I now hold, on my resignation of that in Dorsetshire: they were at that time worth about £70 or £80 a year more than that, and now bring me about £400. New connections were formed; and when, some few years since, I came into this country (after a residence in Suffolk) and expressed a desire of inscribing my Verses to the Duke, I obtained leave indeed—but I almost repented the attempt from the coolness of the reply. Yet recollecting that great men are beset with applicants of all kinds, I acquitted the Duke of Injustice, and determined to withdraw myself as One of the *Old Race*; and left it intirely to the Family whether I should consider myself as a stranger who, having been disappointed in his Expectations by unforeseen events, must take his chance and ought to take it patiently.”

*Lady Caroline Lamb*

Byron’s affairs now begin to run their feverish course through the Letter-Books. Lady Abercorn has given the first hint in

March : " I cannot wish Miss Elphinstone Mercer so ill as to want her to be married to Lord Byron, for I hear everything bad of him except his talent for writing. Besides, he is under the tuition of Lord Oxford. Miss Elphinstone is . . . one of the cleverest women in England ; and I hope and believe, very good. So that I trust she will not unite with such a character as Lord B." But there were others. Thus Morritt :

[Saturday, July 17th.] " . . . Have you heard the delectable London anecdote of Lady Caroline Lamb and Lord Byron. She was waltzing at Lady Heathcote's ball ; and the indignant poet, on observing it, made some dry remark—and passed by with his accustomed gallantry. The wounded feelings [of the] fair dame took the alarm. She rushed to the [? ante-] room for [?] <sup>1</sup> ; and after exclaiming on the perfidy of men, seized a dessert knife and proceeded to stab herself, in doing which she cut two of Lady Ossulstone's fingers, which charitably interposed to prevent her, and pierced herself to the bone which by its resistance alone saved her life. She is now recovering from this piece of sentimental folly ; but Mr. Lamb, I believe, not wishing to become a ram so soon, objects to keeping such a helpmate by him any longer. Surely the cup of sentimentality is now filled to the brim ; and a precious dose it is for its admirers. I am glad that in the days of our youth this energetic mode of love-making was not the fashion. I dare say that now it will be rather admired, so truly does our old friend Pope prophesy when he says :

' The wit of cheats and courage of a whore  
And what ten thousand envy and adore.'

The world is very amusing just now. I have several more refined anecdotes for your private ear when we meet."

The remaining correspondents of the year shall not detain us. But with the new year (1814) we may be well disposed to tarry with Miss Baillie for " your bottle of whisky had the cork drawn yesterday ; and right good whisky it is. I drunk your health in as large a driblet of it as a respectable private gentlewoman may venture upon : it is very potent, as well as very good. Many thanks for so kindly offering to supply me with

<sup>1</sup> Manuscript torn by seal.



this precious beverage ; but one bottle will last a long time, and I must not have it entirely at will—for plenty, like familiarity, breeds contempt.”

*Dean Swift's Joke*

The name of Dean Swift is also one at which to tarry. It comes in the letter of the Rev. Dr. Dealtry, who has this story to send, although Scott's *Life* of Swift is presently in the press :

[Royal Hotel, Dublin. March 8th, 1814.] “. . . Dr. Lyons, with whom I was acquainted, told me that at his first going to live with Swift, the Dean shewed him to a gloomy bed-chamber, from the window of which nothing was to be seen but the cemetery of the Cathedral. Swift led Dr. Lyons to the window, and said : ‘ Now do not be complaining, man, of a confined view ; for I have given you a Prospect beyond the Grave.’ ”

*Southey wants an Oh-be-Joyful*

For a time, however, Scott's correspondents are to cease the anecdotal vein. A great event has happened : it is the one subject of discussion and jubilation. Napoleon has fallen. He is, even now, a captive on his way to Elba. Southey, now the Poet Laureate by the grace of Scott and the Prince Regent, could do with that Canary wine which his predecessors enjoyed as part of their salary, for he is in this mood :

[Keswick. April 27th.] “ My dear Scott, Thank God we have seen the end of this long Tragedy of five and twenty years ! The curtain is fallen ; and tho' there is the afterpiece of the Devil-to-pay to be performed, we have nothing to do with that. It concerns the performers alone. I wish we had been within reach of a meeting upon the occasion. I would not have sung *Nunc Dimittis* with you because I hope we shall neither of us be dismissed yet ; but for an Oh-be-joyful, I would have been your man. . . . Much as I had desired the event and fully as I had expected it, still when it came it brought with it an awful sense of the instability of all earthly things ; and when I remembered that that same newspaper might as probably have brought with it intelligence that peace had been made with Buonaparte, I could not but acknowledge that something

more uniform in its operations than human councils had brought about the event. Well, God be praised for it. There is a spice of revengefulness in my nature which would have been well pleased if the Emperor of Russia had hanged Buonaparte by way of reprisal for the twelve men. I thought he would set his life upon the last throw, and die game. Or that he would kill himself ; or that some of his own men would kill him. And tho' it had long been my conviction that he was a mean-minded villain, still it surprized me that he should live after such a degradation—after the loss, not merely of empire but even of his military character. But let him live. If he will write his own history he will give us all some information ; and if he will read mine, the Devil I think may give him one day's holiday if he pleads that as a set-off. . . .”<sup>1</sup>

In some ways, this is a letter which might also have been written in 1918. Albeit, Napoleon lives ; and Southey's fervent thanks are premature. The final act of the long Tragedy is to be played next year. After that, the Letter-Books will provide their usual share of strange sidelights on the Villain. Meanwhile, Morritt, ever ready as a great traveller is wont to be, hastens over to the centre of the European stage :

*Bonaparte's Reply to a Mother*

[Paris. May 13th.] “ My dear Scott, . . . When the news of Bonaparte's abdication reached London, flesh and blood like mine could no longer resist the temptation, and off I set for Paris with Mr. Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth's son, for my companion ; and there have I been enjoying a scene I believe unparalleled in the annals of history . . . We were presented at the Court of the Tuileries, and to the Emperors Alexander and Francis ; witnessed in Notre Dame the triumphal entry of poor Louis 18th—the most splendid and the most affecting scene ever exhibited ; and attended the next day at the review of the Allied Troops, all the Sovereigns present and 30,000 men of all nations in the finest order, a cavalry superior even to our

<sup>1</sup> This is one of the few letters already published. But the Laureate's son, the Rev. Cuthbert Southey, suppressed the parts about his father's desire to sing an Oh-be-Joyful, and about his revengefulness !

own and looking as if it had not seen a day's service, and 80 pieces of artillery drawn by horses as fine. In the evening at Sir Charles Stewart's Ball, we saw Alexander, the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke de Bern dancing, and all the heroes of the war standing round or joining in the dance—Blücher, Schwartzberg, Wrede, Sacken, Stadion, Czernicheff, Platow, and all the Russian and Prussian Princes, my friend Lord Beresford, and a thousand more I did not know. . . .

"I met at Paris with some friends I had known abroad, who had been there 12 or 14 years, and had means of knowing and indeed of deeply suffering from the character of the tyrant. I am, from their account and his conduct since, rather inclined to believe in his mission, and that instead of a human monster we have suffered under a periodical Avatar of the Devil, who knows better than we do why he appeared in such a shape and country. As a specimen, take the following story. A lady with five young children came to St. Cloud to intercede for the life of her husband, who was under the sentence of a military commission to be shot for corresponding with the chiefs of La Vendée in Georges' rebellion. She threw herself before him with her infants at his knees in the dust, as he went to mount his horse. He heard her petition; and when she appealed to his heart, cried only: 'Madame, je n'ai pas de coeur dans le sein—il est là' (pointing to his head): then trampled across them, and ordered the man to be shot that morning, while he mounted and galloped off. He fornicated largely, and always in the same brutal way—not even abstaining from his sisters, who were indeed pretty common before their elevation."

### *Humours of Irish Life*

In due course the Napoleonic excitement dies away; and the Letter-Book correspondents resume their various ways—anecdotal, gossipy, appealing. But the lengthening evenings of autumn bring the best letters, of which one of eight large pages, packed with spidery script, is from the always welcome Matthew Weld Hartstonge, presently stationed at Cork, where the Port Admiral, he says, "has got a snug berth upon this station, as it is counted a good £10,000 per annum." Hartstonge gives an amusing picture of Irish life; and pro-

ceeds lightly to follow up the gay with the grave in a curious incident :

[Isle of Cove, Cork. Nov. 20th.] “. . . A scene somewhat ludicrous takes place here twice a day. My cousin having been ordered by the faculty to drink asses milk, two asses and their two colts were purchased, and accompanied him for that purpose throughout his journey. We lodge at an Apothecary's ; and here the asses make their entrance and exit through the middle of the shop (there being no other passage to the rear, where they are milked), an old woman in a grotesque habilment helping them onward through the shop, while the phials and gallipots re-echo to the sound of their heels, and the terrified parrot screams and runs behind his cage for protection. All this presents a scene for much curiosity and diversion to a gazing crowd without.

“ The other day, in my perambulations through this isle, I stopped at a very romantic churchyard surrounded with thorns and elms, where are the ivied ruins of a church, the name of which has become extinct and erased from the rolls of time. It is such a scene as would have called forth the muse of Mr. Wordsworth. I was here struck by a very extraordinary and unusual sight—a coffin (in a perfect state) above ground. Upon enquiry, I found that the late occupant had so ordered it, by his dying request, that his remains uncoffined and unshrouded should be committed to mother-earth, and that the empty coffin should be placed above ground immediately over his grave ! He has been some time dead, which the influence of the weather on the coffin shows. But although timber is unusually scarce here, yet has it remained untouched.”

### *A Ghost Story*

And with the dark December comes this fine ghost story, recorded by Joseph Train—and (doubtless) read by Scott round the fireside at Abbotsford :

[Newton Stewart. Dec. 19th.] “ The Castle of Plunton in Galloway is now more remembered for the eccentricities of an invisible ghost that fixed its residence there, than for the achievements of its illustrious inhabitants. At what remote period this ghost became an inmate of the Castle was in latter

times wholly unknown, nor had tradition ever handed down the cause of its frequenting that place. The family of Plunton had, however, no cause to suspect that it was the manes of a person injured by some of their ancestors, as its return to the world seemed rather to be for the purpose of making people happy, than for revenge. It was not like other ghosts forced to depart from the world at cock-crowing and not permitted to return again till the witching time of night. Immediately after sunset, it began to make a noise, in an unoccupied apartment of the Castle, like a Cooper working at his trade. So familiar were the children with this spirit that they would often go to the door of the Ghaist's room, as it was called, and would cry out

‘ Cooper, Cooper, ca’ the girr,  
Your staves were stown ere ye could stir,’

upon which it would fling all kinds of carpenter's and cooper's implements at them, seemingly in great wrath ; but if any of the children offered to lift them, the tools instantly disappeared—which pleased the spirit so well that it always burst out into the most immoderate fits of laughter. But as soon as the supper bell rung below, the hammering ceased ; and when the family was seated, there was always a chair left empty for the ghaist—who, though always invisible, never failed to take a leading part in every conversation. . . .

“ Although the family of Plunton was for many generations one of the most opulent and powerful in Galloway, Kenmore, the last of that ancient race that inhabited the old Baronial Castle, lived in a state of the greatest retirement without even the means of keeping a single servant. One night, as he was lying beside his old wife Fenele, he was awakened by a sudden rap at the gate. Upon looking out of a window, he saw by the light of the moon two gentlemen and a lady on horseback at the outside of the gate. Kenmore, not being in the custom of receiving visitants at such a late hour, positively refused to listen to the urgent solicitations of one of the gentlemen to be admitted into the castle for a single night. But old Fenele, who was now looking over her husband's shoulder, being more tender-hearted, told him that as they were decent-looking

people who she was sure were just come off a long journey, it would be cruel not to let them in. By the time the old man went down, they had all alighted ; and when he unlocked and opened the gate, they passed by, walked up stairs, and entered the Ghaist's room without ever seeming to take the least notice of Kenmore, which surprized him very much.

" Fenele ran with a lighted roughie in her hand to place it before the strangers ; but to her utter astonishment she saw the room already finely illuminated, and a servant-man serving a rich repast on the old oaken table that stood in the centre of the room. At the head of the board sat an old-fashioned looking gentleman completely cased in a panoply ; and at the foot sat the old lady nearly covered with embroidery and jewels. As soon as Fenele opened the door the gentleman rose from his seat, took her by the hand, and placed her beside the old lady. Kenmore was immediately brought in by the servant-man, and seated at the right side of the old gentleman at the head of the table.

" After supper, the venerable old guest put many questions to Kenmore respecting his ancestors, and at last asked him if he had ever heard of Sir Anthony Pauline, his ancestor who was killed while storming the Castle of Turnberry with Robert Bruce. Kenmore answered in the affirmative, upon which the old gentleman started up and said : ' I am he ' ; and pointing to the servant said : ' This is the person called by you the Cooper. I killed him in suspicion of his having betrayed to the English secrets with which I entrusted him. But I afterwards found that I had accused him unjustly. Under the flag [*i.e.* flag-stone] upon which I now stand you will find his bones. Take and bury them in hallowed ground. This old lady was my wife, the whole of whose fortune you will find in gold by digging under ——' But just as he was about to pronounce where, the cock crew ; and the whole disappeared to the inexpressible grief of the old couple, who—in hopes of finding the treasure—afterwards nearly undermined the castle. But without any success."

## THE SEVENTH LETTER-BOOK

1815—1816

LORD BYRON is the most frequently recurring figure in this Letter-Book ; and the Battle of Waterloo, of course, the chief event to excite its contributors. But before coming to them, there is a letter which demands attention because Scott's endorsement on it reads : " Curious story—an unknown correspondent." His endorsements were usually confined to the sender's name, occasionally with some amplification or with a note indicating the nature of his reply. He once received another curious story from a correspondent who was too shy to give name, address, or date. But it afterwards transpired that the sender was a Mrs. Goldie ; and her modest contribution was the origin of an immortal novel, *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*. The communication of this Letter-Book's similarly modest correspondent evidently impressed Scott. As it belongs to the type of story related by Mrs. Goldie, it may have occurred to him that here was the genesis of another novel. No one unacquainted with the history of Mrs. Goldie's letter would dream that it could result in such a work as *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*. And there is no saying what Scott—had he not been evolving *The Antiquary*, *Harold*, and *Rob Roy*—would have made of this " curious story " :

[No place. Postmark, June 18th, 1815.] " To Walter Scott, Esq. . . . About 50 years ago, in the Town of Langholm, a poor woman called Mary Donaldson lived as servant in the house of her brother, who rented a small farm. With strict frugality and eager industry, they contrived to live ; though Mary received no wages for her service. But in length of time, her brother made her a present of a small Scotby calf, which she reared with mickle care, and tended duly till it was grown up a bonny cow ; and she was to sell it at Annan Fair. Never possessing any money except now and then a 4d hardly won in running errands for a neighbour, no doubt the thoughts

of the large sum her Scotby would bring was a source of no common delight and exultation. But here her own simple narrative commences. 'I selt my cow at the Fair for three pund ten. I was hurring hame wi the mony aw i' my pocket, when at Annan Town I saw a great crowd of fowk, and amang them aw, a poor man wringing his hands and greetin' vary sore.<sup>1</sup> I speered what would be the matter ; and he said he had just buried his wife, and they were just taking him awa to put him i' Jail for debt, for he could na pay his Malins.—' An how mickle ist ? ' speered I.—An the poor body said : ' Three pun ten.' Then I was sae wae, sae vary wae for him, to see him greet, an he had just lost his wife, that I een gave him my money—aw that I had by my Scotby, for I said : ' Here poor man, yea's hae it aw.' But the warst was I was sae wae and sae dinted, I never thought on to speer the poor man's name. Sae when I cam hame an tilt aw I'd done—Oh the weary time my brother made me ! ! He was een like to turn me out o' the onset ; and mony, mony a time said I wad never see a pluck o' my money again, an caw'd me many a silly body. But just that day six weeks, a body knocked at the door ; and speered gin a vary wee woman did na live there, caw'd Mary Donaldson. ' It's me, it's me ! ' and rinning to the door, I saw it was een just the poor man his vary sell ; an he paid me aw my money agen—my Three pund ten, and he treated us wi a Bowl of Punch and mony thanks forby.'—Such was the affecting narrative of this simple creature."

### *The Bards on the Battlefield*

The next letter is a reminder that Napoleon, whose capture had made Southey wish for an Oh-be-Joyful, has escaped from Elba ; and that the European stage is again set—this time for the final scene. The Baillies, who have an officer-nephew in the Guards, are " pacing up and down in a most anxious state " in the intervals between the casualty lists arriving from Brussels. After Waterloo there was a general rush to the battlefield. Such a victory was food for Bards, especially in an age that loved its poetry at length ; and in the new invasion of

<sup>1</sup> Greetin' = crying ; speered = asked ; Malins = term's rent ; wae = sad ; dinted = upset ; onset = farmstead ; pluck (plack) = coin ; gin = if.



Belgium, British poets were prominent, among them Scott, Southey, and Byron. What an Oh-be-Joyful would there have been had this Trinity met! But it did not; and returned home to celebrate quietly in verse. But Byron did not leave the battle-field without a little skirmish of his own, as witness this hitherto unrecorded episode. The reporter of it is Matthew Weld Hartstonge, who is "a bit of a poet" himself, and who, in the following year, joined in the continuous stream of sightseers:

[Rue Verte 946, Bruxelles. June 11th, 1816] "... 'The Wellington-Tree' engaged my attention a good deal. . . . This tree, whose fame has spread far and wide, is an Elm; it is but a short distance southward of the village of Mount Saint Jean. Beneath this tree Lord Wellington remained for a considerable time, and sat on the ground beneath its shade, while probably planning his operations for the ever memorable and glorious Victory of Waterloo, which he achieved; and from this circumstance it is called 'The Wellington-Tree.' It has suffered from the conflict. I counted twenty-two perforations in the Bole of this tree from the fire of musquetry. . . .

"Books and paintings are here wonderfully cheap, and with the latter I have nearly broke myself. I think it would be a good speculation for any person who was a competent judge to purchase paintings here and at Antwerp, and freight a vessel with them, and dispose of them in London; the duty on the importation into England is I understand an English pound for every square foot of canvas. There is now living in Bruxelles a descendant of Rubens, his name, Jean Baptiste Rubens, descended in the 6th. degree from the brother of P. D. Rubens. Lord Byron was here about a month ago, and agreed upon the purchase of a Carriage to pursue his travels; and, in order to give it a trial, his Lordship drove out to Waterloo, and it broke down upon the way; he then refused (and it would certainly appear with reason) to pay for the carriage. However, the coachmaker brought the case forward in the law-courts here, and the Judgment given was that Lord Byron should pay for the carriage the price stipulated, which he was compelled to do. . . ."



LADY BYRON

*"I have fixed with mature judgment on the person most calculated to support me in the journey to immortality..."*



LORD BYRON

*"When 'all the world and his wife' (or rather mine) ... were trying to trample upon me..."*



JOHN MURRAY

*"These [privately-printed poems] I do not circulate, as they are painful to Lady Byron; who continues to honour me with her friendship..."*



JOANNA BAILLIE

*"O! Why have you endeavoured to reconcile the world ... with that unhappy man..."*



Later, Miss Joanna Baillie also visits the battle-field of Waterloo—not because she proposes to write the inevitable poem, but because she is on a Continental tour as a honeymoon escort to her niece, who has married a “ brave Dragoon.” Miss Baillie did not like the “ vicious ” Byron ; although he had sent her a set of his works and also endeavoured to get her plays produced at Drury Lane, with the management of which he was for a time connected. But crossing his trail, she is honest enough to correct the rumours of his scandalous life on the Continent—rumours that subsequently found their way as facts into many of the countless books about the “ wicked Don Juan.” Her following account of the Voltaire memorial is so funny as to be almost incredible :

*Concerning Byron and Voltaire*

[Fontainebleau. Sept. 13th.] “. . . At Lucerne we met Mr. Sotheby and his family, and afterwards again at Geneva. He is in high spirits and going very soon to Italy. I learnt from him and from Mr. Pictet a savant of that city, that Lord Byron has shut himself up in a small house on the border of the Lakes and sees nobody. Mr. Pictet said that Byron had been at his (Mr. P.’s) house at a large party soon after he arrived, but that the other English who were there received him very coldly, so that he could not go into company as the Town is full of English. Sotheby says he hears he is very busy writing and has nearly finished the 2<sup>d</sup> part of *Childe Harold*. I suppose in this 2<sup>d</sup> part he will try to justify himself to the world. He is living in a respectable Swiss Family where he boards, and I believe Hobhouse is with him ; but I could not learn for certain. I tell you this more minutely because it was said in England that he was keeping house near Geneva in a very dissipated, disorderly manner. . . .

“ On our way from Lausanne to Geneva we visited Ferney, the Château of Voltaire, more from curiosity than respect for its former Master, and were a good deal amused with some things we saw there and with its present Master, who is somewhat of a French petit Maître, full of taste and sentiment and very polite. He met us in the garden and took us to see the spot which he had dedicated to the memory of the great poet.

There, in a little scrubby grove, was erected a monument of wood, painted to represent black marble, in the form of a small pyramid with tablets of white paper framed and glazed, stuck on its sides, inscribed with verses in praise of the deceased ; and at the top of all was fixed a gilded trumpet, such as one would buy at a fair for a child, representing the trumpet of fame—with one of Voltaire's pens twined into the handle of it. He very modestly said it was not magnificent *mais ça le sentiment*. I was thankful to get away from this place with a grave countenance. . . .”

*Last Moves in the Byron Affair*

Little did Miss Baillie dream that she would be drawn into the Byron scandal as an intermediary. The affair was now the talk of the country ; for in January (1816) his wife had accused him of being insane, and had left him—negotiations being afoot for a separation. It is a curious feature of the Letter-Books that the majority of Scott's most esteemed friends—Lady Abercorn, the Duke of Buccleuch, Miss Baillie, J. B. S. Morritt, and others—were anti-Byron. They reflected the mass of public opinion.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, Scott was not influenced to depart from his broadminded attitude to his brother poet—not even when Miss Baillie is obviously prompted by Lady Byron to write the following letter, which is revealing in many ways :

[London. Feb. 26th, 1818] “ My dear Friend, I have some things to say to you which you may be interested to hear and am at present in the Land of Franks, so I send you this volunteer letter. . . . You must have heard a good while ago reports of Lord and Lady Byron's separation ; and it was generally said that this was occasioned by his improper connection with a beautiful Actress of Drury Lane. It is not, however, believed (by those who have the best opportunity of knowing) that gallantries, as they are called, of any kind had any thing to do with it. Your kind and manly heart will be grieved when I tell you from authority that cannot be doubted,

<sup>1</sup> The general antagonism against Byron—even despite the popularity of his *Don Juan*—continued until after his death ; when public opinion changed dramatically.

that he has used her brutally ; and that no excuse can be pleaded in his behalf but *insanity*. For the credit of human nature, proofs of this are so strong that in any court of justice they would procure a separation ; and I believe a legal separation will soon be settled. When I say *brutally*, I use the word that was made use of to me, not knowing any particulars as to the manner of it, tho' I fear it has been very bad.

“ Symptoms of this nervous disorder began to shew itself the first week after their marriage. His nearest relations declare that Lady Byron behaved throughout in this most trying situation like an Angel ; and from what I know myself of the sweetness and kindness of her nature, and the good sense, calmness, and self possession of her character, I can easily believe that every thing was done on her part to conciliate, not to irritate him. I had good cause to know that her motives for marrying him were of a very generous nature bordering on romantic ; and there is scarcely a man in England who would not have thought himself blessed and honoured in being the husband of such a woman. Her happiness now, at the age of 24, is wrecked for life. There are some who will not allow the excuse of insanity, for he still continues to do business at the Theatre ; but I thoroughly believe there can be no doubt of it. He was very impatient, counting days and hours till she was confined ; and when the child was born seemed delighted with it—as a child is with a new toy. But very soon it ceased to be an object of any interest. Our friend Sotheby sat with him the other day half an hour ; and observed nothing like insanity, except a degree of restlessness.

“ An extraordinary thing has happened to me. I sat down to write this letter with no other idea but to give you the information I had on this sad affair which I thought you would wish to know, when I was called away to see one most deeply interested in the whole and who has informed me of a very unhappy circumstance which I think it possible you may have some influence in alleviating. According to the Marriage Settlements, the whole of Lady Byron's large fortune will go to him after her Mother's death, except three hundred a year which is her pin money. She wishes without bringing any thing into public court to have a regular separation settled

between them, and to have wherewith of her own fortune to live upon respectably, for she is moderate in all her desires. Lord B. wishes most ungenerously to keep everything to himself.

“Now there is nobody whose good opinion he is more anxious to preserve than your own ; and he at the same time piques himself upon his generosity in money matters.<sup>1</sup> Could you not write to him introducing the subject in any way you please, and stir up his pride by telling him that the only way he can justify his character from the suspected meanness of having married from sordid motives will be by settling, of his own free accord, a liberal income on his wife ; that if they should ever come together again at any future time, they would both have the credit of doing so from inclination ; that without this Lady B. could never consent to return to him when it might be supposed that necessity was her reason for so doing ; and that even if her spirit could submit to do this, it would be a very humiliating thing for his Lordship to have it supposed that his wife returned to him again only from such motives ; [and] that it would be very painful to those who admire his genius and have interested themselves in his fate to see him so poorly degraded—with what else your shrewd head and good heart may please to say.

“Pray, my good Friend, if you have any regard for your old friend Joanna Baillie, do not cast this service from you and say ‘How can I meddle in such matters?’ You can and may, with powerful effect ; and punctilios are not to be regarded when so much good may be done. As a sworn Brother Poet, his good name must be dear to you ; and if you knew her as I do, you would go thro’ fire and flood for her sake. I am persuaded Lord B. will shrink more from being thought meanly of by you than any other motive. Manage this matter as you please ; but let it be done and done soon. He has a perfect fiend of an attorney at his ear to advise him to all manner of iniquity. I will now have done with this subject which truly distresses me and weighs upon my heart. . . .

“P.S. . . . I perceive in looking over this letter I seem to be dictating to you what you should urge with Lord B. Do not

<sup>1</sup> Byron *was* generous ; and he did not pride himself on the fact.

believe me such a fool as to mean so. I have told you the point so necessary to be obtained and that he will shrink more from your bad opinion than that of anybody else. This is all I ought to have said. You will move his proud—I should rather say vain—mind in a more effectual way than I could possibly suggest. I am sorry I must add, on better information, that tho' irregularities of a certain kind are not the foundation of Lady B.'s conduct in leaving him, he has been miserably corrupted in this way. . . ."

Scott replies to this proposal very gravely, very emphatically. He will not interfere. A separation was the best course. He thinks that Byron has had execrable advisers ; and that he is the object of anything rather than indignation : " It is a cruelty that such high talents should have been joined to a mind so wayward and incapable of seeking control where alone it is to be found, in the quiet discharge of domestic duties and filling up in peace and affection his station in society."

*Amusing Reply to Scott's Refusal*

Miss Baillie, as Lady Byron's intermediary, quickly answers : [Hampstead. March 17th.] " My dear Friend, Situated as you are with Lord Byron, I confess I do not think you could have written to him on the subject I mentioned ; but had you been with him on the footing I imagined, I should not so easily have acquiesced with your reasons for thinking your writing would have been no use. I am not sorry that I put you to the trouble of considering and writing upon the subject ; since your letter, which I sent to Lady Byron, has been a great satisfaction to her—as the mode of conducting the business pointed out by you is exactly that which she had pursued, tho' without success. . . . Many thanks to you for the consideration you have given it : but pray try to be a little more indignant at bad men who ill-treat their wives, for I do not entirely love you for the tone you take upon this occasion. If you can do us no good, you might at least be angry with us, and that would be some sympathy. You would have been amused some time ago when, after talking of Lord B. my good sister-in-law, tho' she delights in poetry, began to abuse all the men of genius of the



present day for selfishness, excentricity, and affectation—yourself only excepted. I put in a good word for your friend Campbell ; but she unfortunately had heard of his wife sitting up sometimes to prevent his sleep from being disturbed by the barking of their neighbour's dog. So she would give him no quarter any more than the rest.

“ Speaking of Campbell, I must tell you that I was delighted to see him here 10 days ago looking fat, comely and contented ; so I should think the barking of his neighbour's dog does not disturb him so much now as it did before the receipt of that happy legacy [of £5,000] which he well deserved ; and will, I hope, live long to enjoy. There was another circumstance about him too that pleased me much, which I learnt after he was gone. He had a mighty handsome new fashionable greatcoat on, and he was seen walking up the street of Hampstead with the skirts of it turned over his arm to save it from the dirt and rain. Could any thing be more prudent or orderly than this ? It is a perfect example as far as it goes to all poets. . . .” ‡

### *Albemarle Street Chronicles*

John Murray also contributes to the Byroniana of this Letter-Book. Some of the best letters of his long friendship with Scott are written by him during this period. They may be described as the Chronicles of Albemarle Street ; and assuredly would be eagerly read at Abbotsford, for their brief but lively news of the brilliant visitors to Number Fifty. Thus from one Chronicle : “ Southey arrived last week, from his travels, in great health and spirits. He would not go near Paris. He says if Paris is not burnt to the ground, then two Cities that we read of in the Scriptures have been very ill-used. . . . Lord Byron is perfectly well, and is in better dancing spirits than I ever knew him—expecting every day a son and heir.” Costive Samuel Smiles—he of *Self-Help* fame—had access to these Albemarle-Street Chronicles, so that most of them are known.<sup>1</sup> But there is one which he missed—a letter accompanying Murray's gift of two privately printed poems which Byron had just written

<sup>1</sup> Through his 2-volume *Life of John Murray* entitled, *A Publisher and His Friends*—an excellent source-book of this literary period.

(both within a few hours of each other). The one to his wife, beginning—

“ Fare thee well ! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well ”—

is one of the most exquisite of his well-known pieces ; the other, on Mrs. Clermont (Lady Byron's former governess), the bitterest thing he ever wrote, with its portrait—

“ A lip of lies ; a face form'd to conceal,  
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :  
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown—  
A cheek of parchment and an eye of stone.”

John Murray writes :

[London. April 12th.] “ Dear Sir, I send you a few copies of Lord B.'s address to his Lady, written since their unfortunate separation—the only poem he ever wrote to or upon her in his life. The other Verses are upon a person such as described, whom he considers as having influenced Lady B. to her final step of separation. These I do not circulate, as they are painful to Lady Byron ; who continues to honour me with her friendship. To you & to Blackwood only, whose zeal I can reward only by such attentions, have I sent this—though hereafter I dare say it will be published. . . .<sup>1</sup>

“ Our friend Croker<sup>2</sup> has risen very much here indeed in *public* estimation. Tierney said, ‘ If we take another Thousand a year from him, he will be the cleverest fellow in the House [of Commons].’ Frere (whose admirable specimen of a Translation of Aristophanes I enclose) coined a word the other day. Talking of *Ratting* (the cant term, you know, for leaving your Party) he said it was become so common & mischievous that he would not be surprised if people hereafter boasted of their *Ratitude*, as they did of their *Gratitude* or any other virtue. Brougham's last speech was luminous, able and *temperate*, & has done him much service, for he was otherwise gone. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Lieut.-Colonel John Murray, D.S.O., the writer's great-grandson, states that “ only 50 copies were printed originally of each poem ; and there was no intention of publishing the ‘ Sketch.’ But it leaked out somehow ; and got into the Press. Later it was included in Byron's *Collected Works*.” The MSS. and proofs of both poems are in the remarkable collection at No. 50 Albemarle Street.

<sup>2</sup> John Wilson Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty.

“ Our next Number [of the ‘ Quarterly Review ’] will be very good & is nearly ready for publication. I have not *one* Copy left of the last Number, of which I printed 7,000. I am now reprinting it ; and of the next No. [printing] 8,000. We shall have a series, you will see in our number of June, of Articles of extraordinary Power & interest.”

*Our Public-school Hot-beds*

While Byron has been the subject of so much correspondence, Scott—concerned about the choice of a public-school for his son Walter—consults friend Morritt, who promptly replies with these entertaining notes on the difficult problem :

[London. March 6th.] “ Now as to your intentions about Walter, for whom you seem inclined to provide a school in the South. I will make it my business to learn something of the schools in question ; but as far as I know, I should, if the Expence falls within your plan, and also excluding other considerations of distance & inconvenience, I should—I say—have no hesitation in recommending Winchester. The bulk of the school, though it includes sons of men of fortune, is composed of boys whose means and expectancies are not at all superior and many far below those of your son ; yet they have the manners & feelings of gentlemen quite as much (I think more) than the little pampered Epicures & Prigs that are trained in our more fashionable hot-beds. The school was ruined by bad discipline and idleness under Dr. Joseph Warton<sup>1</sup> But on his decease the Trustees & Wardens remodelled it ; and it is, thank Heaven, now an old-fashioned English school, where no more boys are admitted than the master’s house & college will contain, & where the regulations are strictly enforced, & the attention to their progress is unremitting. My own boy [a nephew] has been there two years ; and I am more than satisfied with it. . . .

“ To give you some idea of the Expence, I send you my last account. In this you will see that all the fixed items of Board, Washing, Teaching &c., are 33£ for half-a-year, or 66£ pr

<sup>1</sup> Three times the boys mutinied against this famous Headmaster, and after the third he “ caved in ” and resigned the post.

annum. Books, cloths, journies, &c., form a large remainder which brings the total expence to me about 160£ a year, besides abt 5£ pocket money for the whole year, which is quite sufficient in fact ; and about 5£ more, not in this bill, which provides tea & toast—a luxury usual amongst the bigger boys for breakfast, and which it is not the fashion to be without. I hear a good report of Rugby, which is nearer you than any of our other schools, and will enquire about it. The others are all, I think, liable to objections of expense & habits inconsistent with your views. Let no creature persuade you to try either Eton, Westminster, or the Charterhouse. Harrow is better, but perhaps rather too idle & *gentlemanlike*, according to the modern acceptation of a much-abused word. Adieu, such a letter as this is not very amusing—may it prove instructive at least. . . .

“(P.S.) Stanley tells me there is a very good school at Shrewsbury. The master is a Dr. Butler.<sup>1</sup> The boys from it have lately been much distinguished in the Universities & carried many prizes there. This would I think, be on all accounts your likeliest chance. Butler is a clever man.” ‡

### *On Coleridge and the Banker-poet*

The last selection from this volume includes a glimpse of Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet. He was always a welcome figure among the great authors and the bluest Blue-stockings of his day. To not a few of them his ever-open purse was also welcome, which doubtless explains the little trait that curiously amused the writer—Daniel Terry :

[No. 1, Tenterden-street, Hanover Square. May 8th.]  
 “. . . We have also a new Tragedy announced at our house but from whose pen I am ignorant. Coleridge has, I know, offered one which has been some time in consideration & perhaps it may be that. I should fear for the Result if it be. Opium and mysticism, however fine the poetry may be which accompanies them, I fear will find but little grace at an English playhouse ; & Lady Beaumont says it is characterised by some friend who has read it as containing some 30 lines of exquisite poetry, and all the rest ‘ *glorious absurdity*.’

<sup>1</sup> Father of Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*.

“ The public have an odd story here of a Lady who sent a basket of the choicest & rarest fruits with a note addressed to you as the Author of *Waverley*, & that you carefully selected half of the fruit & tore the note in two, returning the half of each to the fair offerer & thereby confessing yourself half entitled to the reputation of the Authorship. Such are the amusements of our literary Gossips.

“ At Sir George Beaumont’s the other day I saw, for the first time in my life, the poet Rogers. I was curiously amused by his little neatly-shaped sarcasms that he carefully pointed, & polished, & set in a fashionable handle of politeness & good manners ; & with which he somewhat slyly and humourously attacked his companions : also by his peculiarly selfish care to avoid himself as a subject of observation or allusion, so peculiar, that a stronger proof could not be given of the perpetual object of his thoughts. He forms a fine contrast to George Colman, who is continually quoting & talking of himself. . . .”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> George Colman the younger, dramatist and examiner of plays.

## THE EIGHTH LETTER-BOOK

1817—1818

By this time it has become known that the Bard and Novelist of Chivalry is making a collection of objects of chivalry and curiosity ; and some of the letters of this volume are accompanied by such unwieldy packages as must have added to the excitement of travelling by the Abbotsford coach. There were knightly lances, murderous spears twelve feet long, and two-handed swords. But a very small packet would be required by Miss Baillie for a lock of hair, of which there is this account :

[Hampstead. April 28th.<sup>1</sup>] “ My dear Friend, I think I wrote to you some time ago in speaking of your collection of interesting & curious things, that it would go hard with me if I did not some time or other, in some way or other—‘ beg, borrow or steal ’—add something to it ; but little did I think I was to send to you aught of such deep interest as the inclosed—a small portion of the hair of King Charles 1st. It is hair which grew upon his head when it was severed from his body, and which has lain in the grave attached to that head upwards of a hundred & sixty years. As a reward for my gift, how well should I be repayed could I but be present to see your countenance when you open this little paper ! I, who am no Cavalier but a plain sturdy Whig, cannot see it but with a feeling of reverence & awe ; and the first night it was in the room with me (it is three days since I received it) I waked often during the night with a solemnity on my mind as if I had taken up my dwelling with the Dead. I suppose you have read in the papers the account of the body of Charles being found lately at Windsor ; as soon as I understood by Mrs. Baillie that Sir H. Halford had cut off a part of the hair from the head, I charged my Niece not to let her Father have any peace till he should procure from Sir H. a little of it for you. The portion sent is

<sup>1</sup> This letter was sent in 1813 ; but the date was mistaken for 1818, hence its inclusion in this volume.

indeed very small, but we must be content. If we had not been begging for one so worthy to receive it as yourself, I suppose it would have been refused altogether. My Brother told me it was taken from the back part of the head near the neck. He was not at Windsor when the coffin was opened, which I regret; but he saw & had in his hand the bone of the neck which had been divided by the axe. . . .”

*John Murray makes it Plain*

What an age it was when a reviewer could be offered—as Scott was offered by John Murray—a dozen or so original letters of Mary Queen of Scots for use in a critical essay. By another post John Murray sends a quarto volume “on which I am desirous of receiving Fifty Guineas worth of Original & Impartial criticism. It will be egregiously praised by Jeffrey himself.” The most solidly successful of publishers, who is also the proprietor of the “Quarterly Review,” is concerned for impartial criticism. Sending another volume on which Scott is requested “to dash off” a review: “The author is a Miss Waldie—a very respectable and aimiable young Lady; but I beg leave to remind you that its being my publication is not upon any account in the world to influence you, even in the estimation of a hair.” Scott’s desk was always piled with work; but he usually made light of it, as when he replied to some anxious enquiry from Albemarle Street:

“Dear Murray,

“Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,  
I am not dead; but sleepeth here.”

*Hard Words from Dear Joanna*

Correspondence about Byron breaks out afresh in this volume. Scott, much to the dissatisfaction of his friends, proclaims his friendship for and sympathy with Byron in another “Fifty Guineas worth of Original & Impartial criticism” of *Childe Harold* in the “Quarterly.” Miss Baillie, on behalf of Lady Byron, demurs, and sends reports contradicting her previous news of his respectable life on the Continent. “O! Why have you endeavoured to reconcile the world in some degree with that unhappy man at the expense of having

yourself, perhaps, considered as regarding want of all principle and the vilest corruption with an indulgent eye? Indeed, my good, my kind, my unwearied friend, this goes to my heart!" These are hard words for Scott to read from the countrywoman he so greatly esteems. But he is the last man to care about "the expense" of having himself misunderstood by other people. The curious point about the unending talk and correspondence concerning Byron's dissolute life is that his detractors never asked themselves—as they do not ask themselves now—when and how the poet produced such a large body of original poetry, apart from his voluminous and admirable correspondence.

*Beginnings of our Utopia*

J. B. S. Morritt is now a Member of Parliament; and one of his letters discusses the problems of the day. It strikes some familiar notes—even a century and more after:

[Rokeby. n.d.] "... Your strictures on the Scotch poor laws are very just, our Southern boobies lay a stress on education &c. which is quite absurd, & suppose reading the Ten Commandments quite equivalent to the preaching of them. In their Utopia they would have the Nation [turned] into a great day-school, & take the rod out of the hands of the master in order to increase subordination. You will, however, see by our report that we are not blind to the evil; & if Parliament can be brought to view it in the true light, I still think the farther increase of the poor-rate system may be stopped, & even a gradual diminution superinduced, in which case the minor evils & folly, all of which grow out of this prolific source, will gradually give way to sounder principles. The multiplicity of alehouses is one evil out of a thousand; but how to check it is a problem, so long as people can afford to guzzle what ought to be applied to maintain their families. Something may be done in it, but the great object should be, after all, to prevent the parishes from maintaining those who can & ought to maintain themselves. . . ."

But somehow, Scott's correspondents are not in their best vein; this volume is less fruitful; and we turn to the Ninth Letter-Book, which looks promising.



## THE NINTH LETTER-BOOK

1819—1820

THREE pages of Lord Montagu's familiar and sprawling handwriting begin this Letter-Book ; and next comes, in much more orderly script, a treasure of a letter from Joanna Baillie full of social sidelights. She expresses gratitude to her devoted friend through a full display of letter-writing—replying to him with equal zest ; illustrating from her daily experience ; sending the latest London news and wonders :

[Hampstead. Jan. 7th, 1819.] "My dear Friend, We went to Town yesterday to see Twelfth Night acted in Covent Garden ; and dined at my Brother's, where the most honoured and favorite dish was a brace of Ptarmigan. They have arrived at last in most excellent condition ; and I am charged by my Brother and more particularly by his good Wife to thank you heartily for such a dainty, bountiful, and rare present. . . . I have had no occasion to keep prudently, as I proposed, a part of the information contained in your last letter but one, for I have been told by I don't know how many people that you are already made a Baronet, which by the direction of this letter you will perceive I do not yet believe. . . .

"I like much what you tell me of your hogmanae party, particularly the young men who work for their widow Mothers and Brothers and Sisters. I am pleased and proud of my native land when I think how much she excels this country in filial duty. A man very seldom works for anybody but his own wife and children ; and this I believe is the consequence of our Poor Laws. There is a trait of Cuddy in *The Tales of My Landlord* that delighted me : viz, that necessary union with his old Mother (even while he speaks to her with little reverence) which could not in imagination be broken : for 'how can I gang to be a soldier (says he) ye're o'er old to sit cocking on the top o' a baggage-wagon wi' the Corporal's wife, &c.' It is a generous, excellent feeling, and many good consequences

arise from it. But I was pleased and surprised the other day to learn from a Clergyman settled in Northamptonshire, that in his parish there is not a publichouse in which spirits of any kind can be bought : they are only licenced to sell beer. This for the credit of England must be set opposite to the virtue of your Hogmanae guests. Did you meet with Mrs. Fry when she was in Edinburgh ?<sup>1</sup> She seems to act under the commission of an Almighty Master and moves and persuades all who listen to her. We really hope to see great things effected by her means for bettering the morals of the corrupted and miserable culprits of our wicked Metropolis.

“ To return to a very different subject, the play we saw yesterday. I went to it expecting to be greatly entertained, for it is perhaps of all Shakespear’s Comedies, the one that is best fitted for the stage. But excepting Sir Andrew Aguecheek by Farren, the characters were indifferently acted ; the dialogue ill-heard ; and the witty scenes of the Clown with the conceit of Malvolio producing little effect. After this came a pantomime—so splendid and so full of fancy that I could not help saying the fabricator of all this must verily be a man of Genius. The house is lighted with gas from one grand Chandelier in the ceiling ; and it gives a simple distinctness and the unity of effect to the whole Theatre and its audience which is striking—I may say, grand. They go on, however, after their old fashion with the stage, and still depend for light almost entirely on foot-lamps, by which means the actors look like fools and the audience like wise people. But there is no help for it : they will sacrifice the head to the tail ; the human countenance to red buskins and foil petticoats.

“ I was much pleased to-day, before I left Grosvenor House in reading a translation of Mrs. Hunter’s from the Italian of Pindemonte, verses addressed by him many years ago to her daughter. She is 73, and writes with as much elegance and ease as she ever did, and is awake to every affection and innocent amusement like a young person. Perhaps you have read Mr. Hobhouse’s notes to Lord Byron’s last Canto of *Childe Harold*. The lady mentioned there, to whom the Marquis de

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker preacher and prison reformer.

Pindemonte was so much attached while in England, is her daughter, now Lady Campbell—and still very handsome. I remember seeing Pindamonte at Mrs. Hunter's evening parties frequently—a great Beau of those days, with a striped coat and cut steel buttons, and every thing about him so delicate and trim that he looked as if he had come out of a band-box. I little thought to read of him afterwards in a printed book as one of the first writers in Italy. . . .”

### *Cost of a Baronetcy*

Miss Joanna Baillie was, of course, better informed than Rumour about the Baronetcy, which actually was not ceremonially bestowed until March 1820. But the preparations were in hand ; and Scott's friend, John Richardson, a lawyer, is soon writing :

[5 Fludyer-st., Westminster. Jan. 19th.] “. . . On the registration of your arms [at Heralds' College] you produce your pedigree to what extent you chuse. Were I in your situation I would make it as long and clear and well authenticated as possible. It may be nothing to *you* in the meantime ; but after the lapse of years it may be important to your descendants. I concocted as pretty a pedigree as you would wish to see for General Houston, K.C.B., nearly 300 years, from documents almost all private and which, in half a century, would probably have been all lost and destroyed. Recorded, they become imperishable vouchers. Your fees at Heralds' College depend somewhat upon the length of your genealogical Tree ; but they are no great things. The main charge is the deposit at the Secretary of State's office. They will there ask from you £380 of which you will receive back probably £10 to £15. In all, I should think £400 would clear you everywhere. . . .”

### *When Trowsers came on*

During the progress of the delightful task of stretching the Genealogical Tree as far back as possible, “Monk” Lewis's sister, Mrs. S. E. Sedden, is sending (January 24th) some

private biographical material about her brother. But she cannot refrain from adding a trifle or two of her own composing, "which I hope may really merit your approbation, altho I know should it be otherwise, politeness will prevent your expressing it." The trifles have their interest, the first as being a version of the great joke of the day :

" Epigram on the Fashion of Gentlemen wearing  
Trowsers in full dress—1818.

" 'Tis shameful !' cries Crab, 'in Assemblies to view,  
Such display of thick legs and bare shoulders ;  
The ladies would dress themselves more if they knew  
How such nakedness shocks Male Beholders !'

" 'Methinks,' Phillis answers, 'when undress is nam'd,  
Your conscience might give you some twitches ;  
For surely, *we* are not *alone* to be blam'd,  
When the Gentlemen go without Breeches !''

### *Sir William Allan's Pictures*

A few weeks after these lines are received, Southey is telling of "a great event which has happened to me within this fortnight—the birth of a child, after an interval of nearly seven years ; and that child a son." The mail-coach is bringing a lot of interesting news just now ; for, turning some dozen leaves, we come across John Gibson Lockhart's *first* letter to the great man who was to bring him greatness. Lockhart is not yet a son-in-law ; but already he is playing the part. And though Scott and he had had no luck in the lottery for pictures by the artist who was to become President of the Royal Scottish Academy and Limner to the Queen in Scotland, he writes with a generosity which would be like a consolation prize to the senior gambler :

[Edinburgh. April 3rd.] "Dear Sir, A certain very ancient saying received, as many would say (and I confess I am almost of their mind), the most satisfactory confirmation from the result of our little lottery for Allan's pictures. The only two Peers on our list were Lord Wemyss and Lord Fife, the former of whom got the *Circassian Slaves* ; the latter, the next prize—the *Jewish Family*. The third was drawn for a brother of mine—none of the three successful individuals indeed were

present. Mr. Samuel Anderson drew for the two Lords ; and I for my brother. I intended to try my luck for you, but as I understood that the hint you dropped and which I hinted secondhand to the powers (Bridges, etc.) would have been acted upon—I mean the exchanging of the wheel for the dice—I was a little afraid of my inexperienced hand, and asked your son (whom I met by accident close to the scene of action) to be your deputy. I am glad after all of the luck of the two great men, first because the Pictures will be seen to advantage in their possession ; and secondly because I should think both will look on themselves as under some kind of obligation to procure some of the works of the same pencil in a way more exactly suited to the character of their purses. . . .

“ I felt so much the kindness of your letter which I received last week that I should have answered it much sooner had I not been apprehensive of troubling you during a season of illness. Without being fool enough to mistake some things you say for any other than the suggestions of a kind spirit that knows the value of encouragement, I could not be so affected as to deny that even as such they have afforded me much pleasure. I shall unless you countermand me come on Saturday which is I understand one of the days on which the Blucher moves southward ; and bring all my own ears and Dr. Morris’s also to catch what may drop from you concerning things so interesting to all, and so little understood by either of us. . . .”

Not a bad letter this, from “ your faithful and affectionate servant ” who next year was to marry Sir Walter’s daughter, Sophia. Following him, Joseph Train, who figures so largely in these Letter-Books as an antiquarian researcher for Scott, contributes a note about the feminine type of Edie Ochiltree—the Blue-gownsmen or privileged mendicant (immortalised in *The Antiquary*), who wandered about the country carrying news and telling stories. Train writes :

*Midwives as Edie Ochiltrees*

[Newton Stewart. May 1st.] “ . . . The village midwife is invariably a kind of Edie Ochiltree who, as she is carried about in the way of her profession, takes the news of the town into the country, and brings the news of the country into the

town. These women are often very conversant with the affairs of the families in which they are employed, and are inquisitive for no other purpose than that they may have the pleasure of telling what they hear and see again. Those who have been a few weeks in Edinburgh learning mid-wifery assume very great consequence from that circumstance ; and ever after some of them will scarcely admit of any person having either seen or heard of anything more wonderful than they were so fortunate as to witness when in Edinburgh.

“ I know an old lady of this profession, whom we may call Luckie Redpath, alias Mrs. Hugo McKillop, alias Mrs. Ephraim Innerairity, who, while attending her patients or officiating at a blithe-meal or a christening, will endeavour to amuse the gossips, as long as they will listen, with an account of her Journey to Edinburgh and with a very lengthened detail of all the wonderful things which she saw in that city during her residence there of a whole calendar month ; and, as often as opportunities serve, will never miss a single chance of introducing into the conversation something relating to Edinburgh and the College, although she might be well aware that many of her acquaintances had listened to all she could possibly say on these subjects at least a thousand times before.

“ While attending ladies in high life, she recounts to them over and over again her many perilous expeditions into the moorland country ; how often the horse beneath her had been foundered in Moss Haggs or *carried down* swollen rivers while attempting to cross them in the night time by the mischievous delusion of Kelpies, Spunkies, Harpies, &c. While staying with women in the lower ranks of life, or even while employed in dressing a corse, which is likewise a part of a mid-wife’s business in this quarter, she boasts continually of how freely she can speak to My Lord as well as to My Lady ; and when she is in the Castle, in the Mansion, or in the Manse, how she can make them all stand about.”—[E.U.Lib.]

*Love laughs at Locksmiths*

A well-turned letter soon follows from one Gabriel Alexander, who is sending a gift of a pair of Thumbscrews

as a curiosity for the Abbotsford Museum. They extract, pleasantly enough, a pretty story :

[6 George Street, Edin. May 27th.] “. . . My Mother’s family has for time immemorial resided in Ayrshire. During the persecution under Charles II her Great Grandfather Hugh Miller or some still more distant progenitor of that name underwent considerable hardships. He was long a prisoner in Ayr Jail ; and more than once, as it is reported, suffered torture. The Jailer’s daughter was young, lovely, and tender-hearted, and taking compassion on Hugh’s desolate condition, her kindness—which commenced by feeding him through a wicket with bread, unknown to her father—at last terminated in a devoted attachment and love, which was strongly and honorably felt on the part of the hardy prisoner.<sup>1</sup> After about two years confinement, he was somehow liberated. He soon after married her : and here am I, a direct descendant from this philanthropic fair one. My testimony to these facts is oral and traditionary : yet from my knowledge of the habits and character of my forefathers, I have entire confidence in what they have thus related. That Hugh suffered by means of Thumbikins, or that these are the identical instruments, I must not say : yet such is the report, and these Thumbikins have been long, at least, in my Mother’s family. But be that as it may, Thumbikins they certainly are—old, stern, and angry like ; and where enquiry would now be vain, I have just allowed myself to believe them the very instruments which served the thumbs of hardy Hugh and wrung the heart of tender Mary.

“ Thus descended of firm and faithful Covenanters ; educated in their strongest tenets ; taught to revere their memory and their doings ; and even inclined to glory in the efforts which I believe were often prompted and guided by fanaticism—am I false to the memory of my Ancestors in thus parting with what most powerfully serves to suggest their sufferings and their constancy ? Certainly I am not. I have long thought—perhaps with childish solicitude regarding such a trifling relic—how I might without impertinence resign it to its best and most legitimate custodier ; and in proportion as my fancy and my veneration was alive to all associated with this relic, have

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Episode in *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

felt the higher wish to put it into the keeping of one whom I deem the truest representative of all that is national. In short, I wished it in your possession ; and am proud to know you will accept it. . . ." ‡

### *Bargains for Abbotsford*

The affection and reverence of the actor and manager Daniel Terry for Scott was shown in one remarkable way. He came to imitate the author's handwriting to a nicety that would have won the admiration of a professional forger. The growing similarity in the scripts of the two men is very marked in a letter that closely followed Gabriel Alexander's, and like it also concerned additions to the Abbotsford collections of armour and curiosities. The Bard and Novelist of Chivalry must have armour around him in ever-growing Abbotsford ; and Terry, in London, was asked to keep his eyes open. Terry, for his famous friend, would have burgled the Tower of London if requested. Instead, he went to an auction-room :

[34 King Street, Covent Garden. June 7th.] "My dear Sir, I have been doing something for you in the way of Armour with which I hope you will be satisfied. It is true that I have run you a little in debt to Mr. Bulloch ; but for about £40 actually £45—6—6 I have obtained what I consider as very well worth from a £100 to £130 and given you the power of making a very handsome as well as considerable addition to the walls of the Armoury. Indeed it seemed to me as if Bulloch, to whom I mentioned the destination of my purchases, was pleased at the prospect of their becoming yours ; and knocked them down the faster for that purpose. . . ." There follows a detailed list of the purchases, including "two very superb Back & Breastplates and arms of the blue & gold armour worn in the time of Louis 14th . . . for, viz.—£18—13—6 ; and

"Three Breastplates & close Helmets of the time of Henry 7th : very good indeed. One of the Helmets of a most beautiful form ; and one of the Breastplates belonged to a warrior who had fought in the Holy Land as there is the red Maltese Cross engraven on it. They are very perfect . . . for £4—15—0."



*“ Highly Curious ” Curios*

What with Scott's well-filled purse behind him and Mr. Bulloch before him, “ knocking them down fast ”—Terry caught the auction-room fever. His excited nods landed Scott with a handsome East Indian Hookah for £2 10s. ; some magnificent Persian ware—“ this will make a very rare and splendid addition to Mrs. Scott's display upon the old Cabinet ”—for £1 12s. ; a “ highly curious ” curio, a foul-weather jacket of an Esquimaux made out of the intestines of a whale, etc., etc., for 19s. ; two very curious ancient Reading Desks and a Lady's headdress of Queen Elizabeth's time, for £1 4s. ; Addison's velvet slippers and his wig case—“ these I felt a strong itching to retain for professional use ”—for £1 6s. ; two ancient and veritable Leathern Bottles, for £2 11s. All these things, plus adjectives, are set out at length for the Laird of Abbotsford by the faithful Daniel, who evidently had the time of his life at Mr. Bulloch's.

Passing other letters of less interest—here is one to arrest the eye—surely one of Scott's returned through the post ! But no ! Turning over to the signature, it is to find Terry still busy in London with the refurnishing and redecorating of Abbotsford, which is next year to have Royal visitors :

[No place or date.] “ . . . Everything even to the Knobs for your window shutters is in speedy advance, and many things completed. You will have the grates, locks, painted-glass, &c., forthwith with the remainder of your Armour. Your sideboard will be beautiful, and it is very nearly finished ; and the carpets are in hand ; and the curtains for Dining-room & Armoury nearly done. I have been thinking that a nice small bath, warm and cold, might be contrived near your own bedroom. Would you like such a thing ? . . . ”

*Plight of Charles II's Descendants*

An account of the plight of some descendants of the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II, could not have reached more sympathetic eyes than those of the author of *Peveril of the Peak*. It is presented thus :

The History of the orphan Smyth Stuarts,  
the Great Great Grandchildren of

*King Charles the Second*

in a letter to

*Walter Scott Esquire*

from James Bigg, Esq ;

London Aug. 3d. 1819.

“London. No. 27, Southampton St.,

“Covent Garden.

“August 3d. 1819.

“ Sir,

“ Your benevolence will, I am sure, induce you to pardon the liberty taken even by an entire stranger, who has long wished to attract your kind attention to a most peculiar and affecting subject, which I doubt not will excite your sympathy, and probably may incline you to express the interest you feel towards the estimable persons for whose sake I have presumed thus to solicit your notice. . . three amiable orphans (to whom I am Guardian) who are the Great Great Grand-descendants of King Charles the Second. . . . These interesting orphans are the great grand-children of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth and the Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, Baroness of Nettlestead. Their names and ages are :

- (1) Mary Clementina Smyth Stuart, aged 20 years ;
- (2) Constantine Wentworth Smyth Stuart, aged 13 years ;
- (3) Ferdinand Smyth Stuart, aged 7 years.

Their father, the late John Ferdinand Dalziel Smyth Stuart, Esqr., the grandson of the Duke of Monmouth, was run over by a carriage, at night, near Bloomsbury Square ; and expired on the 28th of December, 1814, in his 76th. year. His pension which he received from His Majesty's Treasury, for public services, ceasing with his life, his family were left in total destitution. A great portion of Dr. Stuart's life was spent abroad. He was born in Scotland ; and educated at Glasgow for medicine (I believe under Dr. Gregory) ; and went early to the North American Provinces. He settled in Virginia ; and in that Province and the neighbouring one, Maryland, he

practised his profession with great success ; and in process of time acquired an ample fortune and extensive landed possessions. When the rebellion broke out [1775] Dr. Stuart declared for the King ; and at his private cost raised alone 300 men whom he commanded during the whole of that disastrous conflict. He obtained a Captain's commission ; fought bravely, was often wounded in battle ; and distinguished himself by his ability and loyalty and by the vast sacrifices which he made in the King's cause. At his return to England in 1783 after the Peace, he received a pension of £300 a year as some compensation for his services and losses. He was a Captain in the Queen's Royal Rangers ; and was superannuated at the time of his sudden death.

“His Royal Highness The Prince Regent being humbly informed of this calamitous event was graciously pleased to command the case of these orphans and their Lineage to be investigated at the College of Arms ; and upon the Report from Sir Isaac Heard, the Earl of Liverpool and Lord Sidmouth were benevolently pleased to recommend His Royal Highness to grant the late Mrs. Eunice Smyth Stuart widow, mother of these children, a pension on the Civil List, which this beneficent Prince, with his usual goodness, confirmed. Mrs. Stuart, however, did not long live to enjoy the kindness that had thus been manifested to her ; for it was the will of Infinite Providence that she should die on the 9th of May last year ; and her pension ceasing, her poor bereaved orphans were left a second time totally destitute ! As I had been many years the confidential friend of this worthy Lady, and being present during the whole period of her last fatal illness, she left her children to my personal care and guardianship. I soothed the closing moments of her existence with a promise that I would always regard their welfare with affectionate concern as far as I had, or might have power, to relieve their wants, administer to their comfort, and contribute to place in future in respectable situations in society. I hope I have faithfully endeavoured to discharge this solemn duty. . . . They are children of excellent abilities, fraught with the seeds of every virtue ; they possess mild manners and grateful hearts ; in their features they bear an evident resemblance to the

best portraits of the Stuarts. It is said of their late father that he was in person, the express image of King Charles the Second. . . . ”

It appears, from a further letter of this Samaritan, that the Prince Regent—who refused to put the case into print—placed the younger boy on a Public-school Foundation, and granted a small pension to the girl; while the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch afforded generous relief. Scott himself sent five pounds, expressing the opinion that their support did not rest upon the public at large or upon the charitable James Bigg as an individual; but on the great and wealthy families who derived their nobility and rank from the Stuart Dynasty—and so these Royal descendants in reduced circumstances pass out of the ken of the Letter-Books.

*Gentle Hint from a Quaker*

The next letter of note, addressed “To—the Author of *Waverley*,” is from an anonymous Quaker soliciting Scott to introduce a Friend into one of his novels: “Many I believe, would be pleased to see a *true quaker* portrayed by the pen of so able a writer; and I am inclined to think that the character of a Friend *justly* described would be interesting to candid readers of every class; and though the dress, speech and manners of our community are peculiar and unprepossessing to superficial observers, and a bigoted attachment to their own sect may be inferred from their mingling less in general society than other professors of Christianity, and from their disuniting from their body those members who marry in a manner contrary to the rules of the Society—yet I trust if a writer of discrimination would take the trouble to seek among the worthies who are now no more and even among the living, he would find that liberality of sentiment may exist in a mind zealously attached to its own religious principles; and that what are considered shy and frigid manners are not always connected with cold and austere feelings. . . .” The sentence goes on for another half-quarto page, and the friendly argument for four closely-packed pages. However, Scott remembered the hint when he came to write *Redgauntlet* (1824). Whether or not Joshua Geddes, of Mount Sharon, and his sister Rachel,

satisfied the primmest members of the Society of Friends, they proved to be a very jolly and popular pair of characters ; and doubtless did something towards removal of that “ degree of prejudice ” as to which the solicitous Quaker was so anxious.

*One Thousand Guineas or Nothing*

Another kind of tribute poured into Abbotsford a few days later, in the form of an *Epître en vers* à Sir Walter Scott, Bart., from an admirer in Nouvelle-Orléans (the rumour of the Baronetcy had travelled far). The only point about the communication is that its little poetical tribute ran to some 500 lines in beautiful script. But Scott certainly received more poetical tributes than any other author of his own or any other age : those he stowed away (and forgot) would make a fat volume, not to speak of those he destroyed. Joanna Baillie wrote poetry as well as plays. She was modest enough about her accomplishments : she knew what enormous sums Scott, Byron, and Moore were paid for their poems <sup>1</sup> ; and she was a Scots-woman. So :

[Hampstead. Nov. 12th.] “. . . I bethought myself of what I had rejected, and should have sent it to you (as I now do) by Mr. Freeling a good while since, had I not, on consulting our said friend, learnt that you were more likely to be at leisure to read it on returning to Edinburgh than during your abode at Abbotsford, where as Poet, Host, Country Laird and Sheriff you are like to be torn to pieces by clients and neighbours and travellers from all parts of the Earth and of all degrees . . . I have matter by me for a small volume [of poems] which I would willingly publish provided I receive for it my price—viz, a thousand guineas ; and beg to receive your advice as to how I should set about this momentous traffic. I wish first to offer it to my neighbour Mr. Longman ; but if he should decline it, you must tell me who to offer it to next. If I don't receive my price, I don't publish for two good reasons : first, that my chief object at present is the money ; and secondly, that a volume of poetry for which a Bookseller will not give a thousand pounds in these times ought not to be published . . .”

This sweeping generalisation, even “ in these times,” heavily

<sup>1</sup> Especially compared with prices for poetry to-day.

discounted Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats. Miss Baillie did not get her thousand guineas : all the same, she subsequently published three volumes of her poetry, which include some happy pieces.

*Maturin's True Tale*

The first letters of the new year include one from Charles Robert Maturin, author of *Melmoth*, whose first literary venture was sponsored by both Scott and Byron. It is an instance of revelation to the novelist that truth is stranger than fiction :

[37 York Street. Jan. 5th, 1820.] "My dear Sir, I have often thought in writing my wild tales (whose only merit in my eyes is that they had the good fortune to please you) that life supplied examples of vicissitudes enough to make the romance-writer fling down his pen in despair. Some of these I have experienced and one I have lately witnessed which, if my heart be allowed to be a judge, transcends them all. A friend of mine, who will on the death of his father enjoy a handsome competence, married to displease him, as it was said. But you will hardly credit such depravity in a parent when I assure you that his only objection was to his son's marrying. He is himself a wretch of the most dissolute habits ; and repeatedly declared he could forgive his son's keeping mistresses, but never would forgive his marriage. There is a pride even in profligacy ; and this gray sinner thought his son's early and chaste union the bitterest reproach to his own degradation and sensuality. The poor lad (for he is not nineteen) hoped that the birth of his first son would propitiate this unnatural man—but has never since his marriage received a shilling from him ; and after disposing of a small property he had, whose capital he has lived on till all was gone, is now reduced to starve. . . . His sufferings are aggravated by the contrast between his present and former situation. He had been accustomed to all the comforts of a man born to an independent fortune. Oh ! my dear Sir, it is not the poor, after all, who feel poverty : the climate of their year is all the same—it is the sudden transition from all that is warm and cherishing to all that is chill and bitter that makes man feel the difference of the seasons of life. . . ."

There follows a supplication for help from Maturin, who had been himself helped by the gifts of money from Scott and Byron, when the latter was in such financial straits as to be obliged to sell his library.

*Profligacy now La Mode*

There is, a little later, another witness to the social standard of the time : in Lady Abercorn, writing of the great topic of the moment—the affairs of Queen Caroline ; who—after her much-debated adventures abroad—had just returned to London, amid popular rejoicings and despite the omission of her name (By Order) from the State prayers. Writes Lady Abercorn :

[London. June 10th.] “. . . The London world have thought of nothing but the Q. since her arrival, and certainly there was considerable alarm on all sides as to the consequences. But I believe everything will be arranged to-day without further publicity, which will be a blessing for I fear the discussions which have been of too indelicate a nature not to shock all parties. She is certainly a bold woman to venture here unless she could have stood the test. What terms she is to accept of, I have not yet heard ; but I conclude we shall know to-day. . . . She is quite a fool, and a grasping one ; but that will not have any effect on her *Lover*, for the more objection there is to a connection of that kind, I think the longer it lasts in general. Profligacy is now La Mode ! for all the young men seem to like nothing but Women of a certain kind—the Marquis of Bath's son, Lord Weymouth married the other day a Mrs. Lee, a woman of the Town ; and after the ceremony the clergyman came to Lord Bath to inform him he had just performed the ceremony. Lord Harewood's son did the same thing some months ago ; so did Lord Langford's son—so that virtue is out of fashion. . . .” ‡

*Suppressing the Radicals*

There were other people beside wayward aristocrats who were the cause of perturbation at this time of upheaval. The epistle of Hector Macdonald Buchanan, another old friend, is illustrative :

[Ross. May 3rd.] “. . . We are now perfectly tranquil in this part of the country, thanks to Sir Thomas Bradford and the Lord Advocate, who employed the troops at their disposal in the most efficient manner, as the contents of our Castles and prisons will shew. Radicalism is, I may say, completely put down, at least for the present, tho’ the spirit which induced it is—I fear—too deeply rooted and extensive to be soon eradicated. I hope *awfull* examples will be made which, with a vigilant magistracy and an active police, will I trust keep down this bad spirit, untill by the gradual diminution of the vast numbers of the now worse than useless manufacturing population—to which this vile spirit is chiefly confin’d—the cause of danger shall cease. At our annual County meeting the other day, a great body of cotton spinners and printers petitioned us for Aid to emigrate to North America. This shows their conviction of the futility of their attempts at insurrection ; and perhaps this spirit of Emigration should, under proper regulation, be encouraged. We have a large lot of Radicals in the Castle of Dumbarton, some of whom are very fit objects of punishment, and will I hope be made a tremendous example of. I have made repeated *domiciliary* visits to all the Radicals and those suspected of Radicalism in the districts in this County and in Stirlingshire, where I act as a Deputy-Lieut., and by *admonition* and terror, I believe not above two went to a Radical meeting ; and these two have taken themselves away. . . .” The italics are those of Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchanan.

### *His Grace*

In happier vein is the story of another old correspondent, Mr. L. Fraser, who addresses Scott as “ Illustrious Parent of the Modern Drama ” :

[Seabank House by Inverness. June 20th.] “. . . After a Spontaneous mark of Royal favor advancing you to a rank of Honor beyond that in which I was accustomed to address you—since my respect or admiration could not be enhanced thereby—I cannot help calling to mind the salutation of a facetious relative of mine, Malcolm Fraser of Cauldmill who held his lands as a vassal and was Factor to the Marquis of Huntly when created Duke of Gordon. Having occasion to



wait on the Duke, he met some of his retinue of friends and observed that tho' he used to accost his Lordship with great familiarity as Marquis, he felt quite at a loss how to conduct or express himself in the presence of a Duke. Some of the friends present hinted 'You have only to say *your Grace*' whenever the Duke appeared. Malcolm, without regarding whether it was prayer or Grace, bolted forth : 'Our Father which art in Heaven &c.,' and could not be silenced till he finished it—while the Duke thought him mad, till the joke was explained by saying he thought it best to convert the Grace into a prayer for the Duke's long life and prosperity. . . ."

### *The Snares of Glasgow*

John Gibson Lockhart is now married to Sophia ; and already firmly established in that long and remarkable confidence with Sir Walter. He has been consulted about the choice of a tutor for Scott's second son, Charles, the enquiry calling forth this dubious tribute to Glasgow hospitality :

[Germistoun. July 25th.] ". . . If Charles comes to Glasgow the whole of his progress will depend, exactly as you seem to suspect on his keeping quite out of the way of the gaieties of the place. If he is to *dance* he had better do so anywhere than in Glasgow—but temptations offered by the zealous hospitality of the Citizens and the unwearied vanities of their womankind are such as not many of the young strangers that once give way to them have resolution to resist afterwards in any tolerable measure. You would be surprised with the account I could give you of *Liaisons dangereuses* formed by young gentlemen attending Glasgow College within my own recollection. . . ."

Lockhart himself did well when at Glasgow ; and the fact that he secured the Snell Exhibition to Balliol justifies the belief that he resisted the temptations and vanities of the wicked world—however much he delighted to caricature his professors.

### *Request for Lockhart to thrash Joseph Hume*

Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchanan makes another appearance, in the autumn, in a letter beginning with indigna-

tions against that famous politician Joseph Hume and his Petition :

[New Club Street, Andrew Sq. Sept. 19th.] “. . . Don't you feel enraged at that fellow Joseph Hume, M.P., for presenting a petition to the Queen bearing to be from The Ladies of Edinburgh. Mason, my assistant, with another person went into the Cobbler's shop where the Petition lay for signature ; and the only subscription that was legible was that of the Cloiter-wife (a woman that carries dogs' meat and cats' meat from the Shambles). The Fish-women get a dram for adhibiting their mark X. For the honor of the real Ladies of Edinburgh this fellow should get a drubbing. I wish you would set Lockhart on him. He was a doctor in India<sup>1</sup> ; and let the good people there bleed to the extent of £40,000. On coming home he would be an India Director ; but not having been thought worthy of that situation, he became a discontented man—of course, a patriot or Radical. Do let Lockhart thrash him for insulting our good town. . . .”

But although opposing political parties were concerned, it was not likely that Scott would go out of his way to incite Lockhart to give Joseph Hume a thrashing. The fact was, that about this time Lockhart and his ally Professor Wilson (“ Christopher North ”) were too free with the lash in “ Blackwood's Magazine ” ; and Sir Walter was endeavouring to restrain them both.

### *The Monks of St. Bernard*

The next interesting news is from Lady Abercorn, who is staying in Switzerland where “ living is so very cheap. I really believe no one could contrive to spend more than £1,200 a year ” :

[Lausanne. Oct. 10th.] “. . . Julia has, however, been to the Mont St. Bernard with Lady Hardy ; and she is quite enchanted with what she has seen. She dined with the Monks at their Convent [*i.e.* monastery] and walsed for them ; and they sung and played for her. They are none of them above 30, and quite fine gentlemen. Their Convent is the highest

<sup>1</sup> He went out as an Army Surgeon and Interpreter ; and was a Paymaster during the Mahratta War.

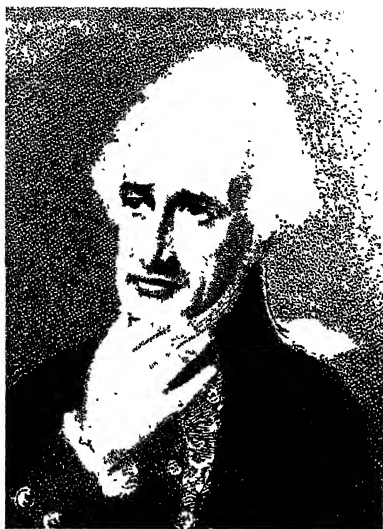
habitation in the Old World. She saw their wonderful dogs which save so many people from being lost in the snow. They are like large Newfoundland dogs. . . .”

*Hazards of a Mail-coach Journey*

Joanna Baillie has been visiting at Abbotsford ; and the following is an account of her tremendous return journey by mail-coach to London, where the populace were wildly celebrating the triumph of the Queen, against whom the Bill of Divorcement—promoted in the House of Lords—had been abandoned for fear of revolution :

[Hampstead. Nov. 27th.] “The friendly face of your Coachman John, as he came to the parlour to take leave of us at Selkirk, was the last *kent*<sup>1</sup> face that smiled on us in Scotland ; and then we felt ourselves set loose amongst entire Strangers to pursue our Southward journey as we might. We travelled on with our fellow-passengers in the Mail in darkness and silence (or nearly so) till we got to Carlisle ; and there we took in a broad, open-faced, talkative middle-aged man, who was very entertaining company for us till we got within two stages of Manchester. He had a self-satisfied look and an air of consequence about him, yet his notions, both on religious and political subjects, seemed to me enlightened and reasonable ; and had it not been for certain misgivings in my own mind, when he began to talk of 19 thousand acres of property in Wales and other great matters, I should have been much pleased with our companion. The other passenger, whom we had likewise taken in at Carlisle, where the Selkirk people left us, was a sleek, rosy, good-natured Englishman, who did not seem quite so liberal in his notions ; and appeared as if he would have gainsaid him now and then had it not been for the fear of getting himself into trouble—an easy poke-pudding, who declared to us that he was no epicure for he would eat any thing if it were good of its kind and well cooked. In going out of Bolton, a stage short of Manchester, the night was so foggy that the coachman took the wrong road, and the wheel going somewhat to one side, he got off the box, and took one of the lights from the carriage with which he looked close along the

<sup>1</sup> = familiar.



DANIEL TERRY AS SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY

*"And here I close my temptation . . . I only beg of you not to dislike the temptor. . . ."*



MRS. HUGHES

*"Do you like real Irish stories? . . ."*



SAMUEL ROGERS

*"I was curiously amused by his little neatly-shaped sarcasms . . . with which he somewhat slyly and humorously attacked his companions" (TERRY).*



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

*"On Saturday I was skating . . . on the margin of our Lake. . . ."*



ground as if he had been in search of something he had dropped, when he discovered that we were close upon the edge of a Marl pit. This was the only danger we were in during our journey, from which, thank God ! we escaped not only unhurt but unfrightened, not knowing of the peril till it was over. . . .

" We have just dined out once since we returned here at Mr. Hoare's the Bankers, where we met Mr. Wordsworth, his wife, and sister just returned from a tour thro Switzerland. I sat next him ; and it would have done you good to have seen with how much pleasure he listened to my account of Abbotsford and the Bard with all his Inmates dwelling there. He is thin, but has got rid of a complaint in his eyes which some months ago threatened him with the loss of sight. He is going home with a mind full stored with Lakes, Clouds and Mountains for the benefit of the next poem he writes, which from what I learnt afterwards from Mr. Hoare will probably be the continuation of the Wanderer.

" My good housewifry was sorely taxed some ten days ago with paying sixteenpence for clay candlesticks to illuminate for the Queen. We were not very zealous here ; but we did not like to have great scores to pay to the Glaziers. However, the boys had a famous bonfire on the Heath in which were burnt a very fat and a very thin figure, called Majocchi and Sacci, after having their heads well soused with a green bag that was afterwards thrown into the fire also. . . ."

Majocchi and Sacci were the two principal witnesses against Caroline ; and the green bag was the notorious receptacle of secret documents which, according to George IV's message to Parliament, related " to her Majesty's conduct after her departure from this country "—particularly, of course, in Italy. London's partiality for the Queen and Bergami (with whom the Bill for Divorce alleged she had committed adultery) is further emphasised in the clever letter of Lady Louisa Stuart. The story of the attack on Abbotsford (whose master had once been such a favourite with Queen Caroline !) was a myth, originated by the " Morning Post," which led to much half-anxious, half-bantering correspondence. Here Lady Louisa uses it as a peg for " information " on the great " Author of

*Waverley* " mystery ; and following are some valuable and caustic notes referring to that other celebrated letter-writer—her grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu :

[Gloucester Place. Dec. 4th.] " Dear Sir Walter, The newspaper says that our gracious Queen's partisans marched from Selkirk to attack Abbotsford as soon as the news of what they are pleased to call her acquittal arrived : also that your son-in-law seized two of the ringleaders, but not till every window in the house was broken. If this be true, I should like to know how the ladies bore the fright : for yourself, I daresay it only roused the border-lion. . . . The Queen is merely an apt weapon in the giant's hands ; were she all, one might trust to her wild caprice and wait patiently till she did something or other to dis-inchant the very rabble. Indeed 'tis said she has sent for Bergami. But that I have long thought she might have risked sooner. Mind if they do not address him, feast him, take the horses from his carriage, and so forth. The frenzy is now so high that she may walk with him arm in arm before the gates of Carlton House, and only be the more applauded. Meanwhile the cool-headed Irish, as my brother—the Primate—tells me, remain wholly unconcerned, not caring about her. Do you recollect the old story of Archbishop Cranmer's bringing a fool's cap for his wedding gift to a newly married couple, on condition they should never both wear it at once ? Some good genius seems to have made this bargain with Great Britain and Ireland. It is not Ireland's turn at present ; so Britain, having got the cap to herself, pulls it on as far as it will go, over eyes and ears.

[*Who wrote the Waverley Novels ?*]

" At the moment you are mobbed for the Queen's enemy ; some wise mortals will have it you wrote *The Abbot* to defend her, and see her pictured in poor Mary—as they would in Robertson's *History of Scotland* if a new book. But I forget—*The Abbot* &c., are not yours ; that point is cleared up. A lady who has taken real pains to get at this truth, assures me your sister-in-law is certainly the author ; a cousin of hers (Mrs. S.) fairly acknowledged it to herself. I begged to know the cousin's precise words : ' Why ; on being asked the question

she smiled, and supposed Time would show. Was not this owning it?'—You may believe I submitted. Perhaps half the positive assertions made in conversation would come to just this much if people were driven to produce chapter and verse in support of them. Whoever wrote *The Abbot* may be satisfied with its success, which was so compleat that it sent its readers back to *The Monastery*, and forced them to see the merits they had denied before. A secret triumph to me. Not that I liked this latter as well as *Waverley* and some of the others ; but I thought it had a full share of what is in my mind the principal charm of them all—masterly touches of character. Mr. Morritt whispers the name of Kenilworth Castle ; and, with Mr. Sneer in the Critic, 'hopes no scandal of Queen Elizabeth?' I hope so too ; she should not be depreciated in these days. With all her faults her strong sense was such a precious quality and (no treason) I do so wish she were on the throne at present whether in petticoats or the other things, that I shall hold it abetting the Radicals to set her in a bad light. Well ! as that fashionble book Miss Aiken's *Memoirs* of her gave history the flimsiness of a novel, I trust Mrs. Thomas Scott will, according to custom, give her novel all the force and truth of History.

"Pray who wrote the article upon Spence's anecdotes in the last 'Quarterly Review' ? Not you, I hope.<sup>1</sup> The writer, it seems, has had opportunities of learning much about Lady Mary Wortley—'the greatest part of whose correspondence was destroyed by her mother . . . that good and gothic lady.' 'Tis a pity he did not add venerable, for the mother died when the daughter was four years old. In anecdote, as in every thing else, if we cannot obtain thorough knowledge we had better rest content with none. I have a distant guess what story is here caught by the tail. On Lady Mary's stealing a marriage her younger sister, afterwards Lady Mar, hastily threw in the fire some of the papers she left behind, not to keep them from the Press but out of the hands of an angry father. A young lady in 1712 would have been greatly astonished to hear that the public had anything to do with the contents of her sister's table-drawer ; and Queen Anne's poor quiet indifferent Public probably still more so. I once had thoughts

<sup>1</sup> It was by Isaac D'Israeli.



of making Mr. Morritt introduce me to Mr. Dallaway and proffering my help, towards an improved edition of Lady Mary's works, free at least from such monstrous blunders as rendering my grandfather's sister, Mrs. Anne Wortley, his mother. But upon examining Mr. Dallaway's publication attentively, I saw such cause to set him down a decided block-head (pardon the unfeminine phrase) that I relinquished the design. As I was seventeen years the only unmarried daughter and my mother's constant companion, you may imagine I picked up more information on the subject than any of my brothers : they did not come to the house to ask questions about *Grandmama*." ‡

*When Pope made Love*

The last letter to be selected from the correspondence of this year is also from Lady Louisa Stuart, reverting to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and giving Scott new light on her historic quarrel with Pope :

[Gloucester Place. Dec. 24th.] "Dear Sir Walter, I have been playing Aunt Tabitha to obey you : here is what I either learned directly from my mother or from such of her mother's papers as she read to me, or let me read, at different times. Knowing an editor's difficulties, you may perhaps think me too hard upon poor Mr. Dallaway ; who was indeed in great measure left to proceed by guess-work, while my brother, his employer, stood in need of further information himself. Yet surely the grave apology at the close of his Memoir, for not having corrected and improved Lady Mary's language, speaks the true dignity of dullness ; which, as an old friend of mine used to say, no other kind of dignity ever can equal. Then would any thing but an owl have gone into that long dissertation upon her quarrel with Pope, and his abuse of her ? The less these were discussed the better : for according to a homely proverb — 'They who play at bowls must look to meet with rubbers.' If a lady will entangle herself in literary squabbles and factions, we all know she is as sure to have the worst of it, as if she engaged in a boxing match. Her own account of the matter, however, was that Pope made passionate love to her ; and never forgave being repulsed. Supposing the first half true, the

second would follow of course ; since vanity was probably the passion chiefly concerned, and such vanity as could make a man so miserably deformed fancy it possible for any woman to like him, would naturally render his resentment bitter when disappointed—worse and worse if he suspected that other addresses might be more patiently received. In short, had Mr. Dallaway written under my inspection, I should have besought him to let all his arguments alone, since I never knew even a piece of recent scandal overthrown (tho' ever so unjust) by a solemn refutation. Nor can I see the least occasion, for taking pains to prove that the infamous lines alluded to were levelled at her if Pope chose to deny it. . . .

“ I have just read an elaborate (between ourselves, a dull) defence of His M[ajesty] put into his own mouth ; where it appears the writer takes his Royal consort to have been the late Queen's niece instead of the King's. Will it be doubly Aunt Tabitha to say that we really did not make these blunders formerly. I grant we knew neither botany, conchology, mineralogy, nor zoology, which are all included in the *prospectus* of a boarding-school now lying before me, ending with ‘Hydraulics and Pneumatics if required.’ It has not the air of a joke, and I would send it you, if not afraid of it making the packet too heavy. . . . Ever yours sincerely, L. Stuart.”

## THE TENTH LETTER-BOOK

1821

“ The dews of summer night did fall ;  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby.

\* \* \* \*

“ Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd  
And pensive, wept the countess' fall,  
As wand'ring onwards they've espied  
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.”

IN the new year of 1821 all Britain was quoting these enchanting lines of Mickle (which Scott has just made famous through *Kenilworth*). But there was one man who must have had “compunctious visitings” every time he heard them. Mrs. Mary Ann Hughes, wife of the Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, tells the story in a letter that will recall to every reader some of the best scenes of *Kenilworth*. She was to be, like many others, indefatigable in her hunting on behalf of Sir Walter ; and her discreet way—at this stage of their friendship—of indirectly addressing the author will be noted :

[Uffington, Faringdon. Feb. 19th.] “My-dear Sir, Pray do not imagine that I am making an attempt to raise the veil of mystery which covers the ‘Great Unknown.’ Be he who he may, the Author of *Waverley* and his delightful younger brethren must be known to you ; and perhaps you may amuse him with the sensation which *Kenilworth* has occasioned in this neighbourhood. In the first place Lord Abingdon is, I hear, undone at having a few years ago pulled down Cumnor Place to build a lodge at Wytham. Nothing remains of the scene of poor Amy's sufferings but a very small part of the ruin and the foundations, by which the ground plan of the house may be easily traced. Every child can show where the staircase stood down which the unhappy lady was thrown. But Cumnor is now the point of attraction to all Oxford and its neigh-

bourhood ; and the Clerk of the Parish is making a fortune by shewing the site of the old mansion and Anthony Foster's tomb in the Church to the hosts of pilgrims who are daily crowding to the shrine.

"Nor is this all : the landlord of the Jolly Ringers has this week put up the sign of 'The Black Bear, by Giles Gosling.' Wayland Smith [*i.e.* Wayland Smith's forge] is in perfect preservation at the distance of not two miles from this place ; and Lord Craven has enclosed it with a plantation. The village children religiously believe the old legend of the visionary Smith ; and often visit the spot to hear the clink of his hammer. The hamlet of Woolstone, which belongs to this Parish, is universally allowed to be the birthplace of Dicky Sludge—the dirty lane still remains as in the days of Tressilian. But though we have many parishioners with as great a love for mischief as Dicky, we have none who resembles him in intellect : the breed of the Sludges is extinct in that respect. How much I should like to see the Author of *Kenilworth* here and walk over this classic ground with him. Perhaps you can find out whether an accurate sketch of Wayland Smith [*i.e.* his forge] would be acceptable to him : if so, my son will be happy to send one to any place you will direct. . . ."

### *Sixty-one Toasts at a Dinner !*

The privileged few who had known that Scott was writing *Kenilworth* were extremely anxious to see how Queen Elizabeth would shape under his pen. The curiosity is illustrated by Morritt, who was writing while Mrs. Hughes was surveying the scene of Amy Robsart's murder :

[Rokeby.] "My dear friend, I feel that I am leaving Rokeby in your debt ; and before I set out for town amongst other things I have to settle I may as well discharge my account by paying you a reasonable and no small return of thanks for *Kenilworth Castle* which was duly delivered, read, re-read, and thumbed with great delight by our fireside. You know when I first heard that Queen Elizabeth was to be brought forward as a heroine of a novel how I trembled for her reputation. Well knowing your not over affectionate regard for that flower of maidenhood, I dreaded lest all her venerable admirers on

this side of the Tweed would have been driven to despair by a portrait of Her Majesty after the manner of Mr. Sharpe's ingenious sketches. The author, however, has been so very fair and has allowed her so many of her real historical merits that I think he really has, like Squire Western, a fair right to demand that we should at least allow her to have been a bitch. I am not sure that I do not like and enjoy *Kenilworth* quite as much as any of its predecessors. . . .

"I am, as I said, setting out for town on Thursday with my whole caravan. I mean to pass a week with Lord Harewood on my way ; and to leave John at Cambridge on the 10th., so I shall hardly be in town till the 12th., as we shall stay a day to show the girls the college, &c., &c. in the University. I shall settle then at Brighton in no long time after I get up ; and then become a London resident till sometime in May—for I am not a great admirer of a London summer, and though I have more than two shirts with me yet, like Sir John Falstaff, I do not mean to sweat extraordinarily. . . . How are you also since the exploit of your Pittite dinner? a list of 62 bumper toasts made us Southerners [?] astonished at the fervour of your festivity. Our tempered effusions of loyalty are quite cast into shade ; and indeed, as a large portion of our loyalists are parsons and I fear we are but thinly supported by any others, the stability of the Church of England might have been endangered by following your example. . . ."

*How Sir Walter gave himself away*

How the author of *Waverley*, for all his efforts of mystification, gave away his identity is revealed by Sir Alexander Boswell, the eldest son of the biographer :

[Auchinleck. Feb. 19th.] "Dear Sir Walter, After having the satisfaction of giving my aid in crushing the hopes and the endeavours of a most anomalous Opposition, I have for the present retired from Parliament to look after my own Estate, which needs a Master's eye. On my return home I have finished the perusal of *Kenilworth* with a degree of satisfaction and astonishment at the powers of the Authour even exceeding what I enjoyed before. If you are not the Authour I congratulate my Country in possessing two individuals capable of such

efforts. But I am not disposed to believe it. In the *Legend of Montrose* there were circumstances introduced which you narrated to me connected with the petty fragment of Clan Alpin in the exact order you narrated them : and the language of *Kenilworth* goes home to my mind. It matters not who is the Authour—it is enough to have the work. . . .”

But not all the hints and baits of the Mary Ann Hugheses and the Boswells could draw Sir Walter.

### *The Duel Lockhart missed*

This Letter-Book is curious for its lack of correspondence from John Gibson Lockhart about this time, when he is involved in an unpleasant affair which also caused Sir Walter much concern. This is a duel—fought, it may almost be said, for Lockhart by his second. Briefly stated, there was a quarrel between John Scott, the Editor of “*Baldwin’s Magazine*,” and Lockhart. It resulted in a confusing exchange of notes, a challenge, and still more notes ; but the two men never drew their weapons.<sup>1</sup> Instead, the quarrel shifted as a consequence of the negotiations between John Scott and Jonathan Christie, Lockhart’s second. Finally, Scott and Christie faced each other’s pistols, as described by the latter, who writes to Sir Walter from his hiding-place :

[No place or date.] “. . . We met accordingly at nine o’clock at night at Chalk Farm. My first shot I fired in the air. But my Second, perceiving that Mr. Scott took a careful aim (I do not mean an unfair one) insisted aloud that I should give myself the usual chances for my life. For self-preservation I did so ; and my shot took effect in the side of the abdomen. Mr. S. [had] brought a surgeon with him who looked at the wound and, making some frivolous excuse about preparing for him in town, went off and returned no more. My second ran to the Inn for assistance, and we carried the wounded man there and waited till a bed was ready for him,

<sup>1</sup> Scott died as the result of the shot he received. Robert Louis Stevenson has charged Lockhart with cowardice in the affair ; but he subsequently modified his criticism. It is certainly a very difficult matter to follow. But Christie’s letter is noteworthy for several sidelights on duelling. In the following April he and Traill, his second, were tried and acquitted. The original of this letter is in the University of Edinburgh’s collection.

into which I saw him conveyed. By this time the constables were about the house. I made my escape as I best could ; but my Second did not leave Scott till his family arrived, when he too made his escape. I remain as quiet as I can, but am to be heard of at No 8 Woburn Place, Russell Square. I lament thus to trouble you with this long account, but I do so both because I wish you to be satisfied that I did everything I properly could to avoid a catastrophe which even now threatens the rest of my life.”—[E.U.Lib.]

*The Guilt of Mary Queen of Scots*

The controversy over Mary Queen of Scots has not lessened with the distance of time. It was acute in Scott's day, when there was more antagonism between the supporters of Mary and Elizabeth. Partisans are frequently in and out of the Letter-Books, as we have seen. Now comes a letter notable not only for its contribution but because of its writer, Charles Butler, historian and biographer, who was the first Roman Catholic barrister since the reign of James II. He writes to Sir Walter through that popular medium John Murray, who forwards the letter :

[Lincoln's Inn. Feb. 24th.] “Dear Sir, I shall be much obliged to you to enquire of Sir Walter Scott whether a copy of the Historical Memoirs of the English Catholics, which Messrs. Longman undertook to present to him from me, has reached him ; and to express to him my thanks for his kindness in answering the Queries with which Mr. Cranstoun, at my request, troubled him.

“Public report says his attention is now directed to Mary Queen of Scots. I have considered that curious subject ; and (notwithstanding an honest Roman Catholic willingness to believe her innocent of the murder of Darnley) one circumstance (which I believe has not yet been noticed) makes me fear her guilty.

“It is—that she did not in her Letter to Elizabeth, or in her will, or on the Scaffold, profess her innocence. Surely the circumstances of her case called upon her for such a profession. To what can her silence be imputed but conscious guilt and the honour [?dishonour] of dying with a lie on her lips.

"She had prepared herself religiously for death ; and permit me to assure you that her religion announced to her that if she were to die protesting innocence but really guilty, she would inevitably plunge herself into an unhappy eternity. The fear of this, in my apprehension, sealed her lips. Her silence, therefore, leads me to fear she had offended.

"If you have an opportunity, I wish you would suggest this remark to Sir Walter Scott. I have not met with it in any writer. I have read much on the subject ; but I suspect it is not exhausted.

"It is remarkable that our James I—who spent a whole winter at Copenhagen—brought no testimony of Bothwell in favour of his mother. I suspect that something—not quite honourable—had passed between him and Elizabeth, even in the life time of Mary. I intend to have some enquiries on this head made at Copenhagen. I have the honour etc. . . ."

*D'Israeli Senr. and James I*

Historians might hint and antiquarians dig for facts ; but Scott was not to be tied down. He had his own conception of the treatment of history in the novel—and refused to depart from that conception. And anyhow, having weighed the matter and taken as his motto, "No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope ?" (from *The Critic*), he was certainly not likely to deliver any cold and austere judgment on her lovely but unfortunate cousin. Moreover, his admiration and pity for Mary had already found expression in a wonderful portrait. Had not Mr. Charles Butler seen *The Abbot*—and read between the lines of its passionate scenes ? But there was always someone trying to influence Scott, most independent of authors. Three days later, it is Isaac D'Israeli putting a better face on James I. The beginning of his letter is noteworthy as coming from a voluminous commentator and novelist and father of so brilliant a son :

[6, Bloomsbury-square. Feb. 27th.] "*My dearest Sir,* Excuse the language of my heart, for when we think of you, and more when we venture to talk to you, courtesy and compliment are miserably cold. You would forgive a youth that idolatry of feeling which his susceptible age experiences for the Man of



Genius of his times : much more ought you the man whose first and earliest emotions the cold experience of life has not settled into Frost. That feeling, which is a sort of devotion for genius, may be pardoned by Genius itself ; for how when young, would you have felt had you ventured—as I am now doing—to address a Dryden or a Pope ? The object of this letter requires no present attention ; let it meet you at some future moment of leisure. The subject is James Ist. . . .”

D’Israeli proceeds, over three quarto pages, to “ set down a few dry memoranda—you cannot require more.” The earlier memoranda consist of now generally accepted facts : his conclusions are worth giving in the light of *The Fortunes of Nigel*, which Scott published the following year.

“ He [James] wished to diffuse the happiness he felt himself. But his bon-hommie was misunderstood—as well as his abstract notions of Kingly power, which Elizabeth practised, and James only preached. From causes open to us, he has had the misfortune to receive libels and invectives for his History. Contemporary writers of private letters do not speak of him as these printed libels—and yet they tattle enough. Whenever historians have closely examined into matters they are startled : they often discover the real, not agree with the apparent Character ; and the discrepancies of opinion among his decriers are quite ludicrous. He has been furiously depreciated ; and we have not yet ascertained how far he may have been calumniated. His idle correspondence with Buckingham has, I am convinced, been misunderstood. I will detain you no longer.

“ Apologies for James might be as voluminous as a statement of his many excellencies. I have confined myself to broad facts which certainly would admit of amplification. Whether he was a Coward from constitutional deficiency is by no means certain. When warned of certain plots of the Catholics, he never increased his Guards, nor put off his hunting, when he was often alone in the forests. Or whether he was tainted by an infamous Vice we have nothing positive, but suspicions. One thing astonishes me, that if Buckingham was the man supposed to be so vile, how came it that he was a constant

companion, and in truth the friend of his heart, of Charles Ist, whose purity is immaculate ?

“ And now will you forgive this intrusion ? from Your most obliged and ever faithful, I. D’Israeli.”

*James Hogg*

In the summer of this year came to pass the Coronation of George IV, which had occasioned much difficulty and divided feeling owing to the affair of Queen Caroline, and which Sir Walter decided to attend. Earlier, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, had been in his usual difficulties ; and Scott, with the intention of forwarding his old protégé at Court, conceived the idea of taking the Shepherd with him. It is an old and familiar story now, how James Hogg wrote to his patron declining the invitation, because “ that great day at London is the next after St. Boswell’s Fair ” ; and, as Scott said, after balancing the matter, the Fair carried it. Here is the letter of Henry Hobhouse, the archivist—at this time Permanent Under-Secretary for the Home Department—in reply to Sir Walter’s efforts on behalf of the Shepherd-poet :

[Whitehall. July 7th.] “ My dear Sir, I duly received your Favour, but Lord Sidmouth has been so fully occupied since its receipt with the arguments going forward before the Privy Council, that I have not been able before this day to speak to him on the subject, certain though I be that it is one to which he always adverts with Pleasure. He desires me to say that he will undertake for your and Lady Scott’s admission into either the Hall or Abbey. And with regard to the Ettrick Shepherd, he will squeeze him also into some sty or other, upon condition that you will promise to dine at Richmond Park on Saturday the 21st., when he will invite the Duke of York, Lord Huntly, and some other Jacobites to meet you. . . .”

*The Crown hired for the Day*

This delayed Coronation was, apparently, an unusually patched-up affair. There is an unexpected sidelight on it in an undated letter from Morritt, then in the capital on his Parliamentary duty :

[London. n.d.] “ . . . The King has had the gout within

this day or two, but is better ; and coronation talked of for the 16th or 17th, Queen Caroline, they say also, has graciously written to assure Ministers that it is not her intention to give any trouble on that occasion. I saw the Crown yesterday at Rundle & Bridges—a blaze of diamonds that dazzles the eyes, which is valued at £65,000 but only hired on job for the day, and worn in the ceremony after coronation, which is performed *more majorum* with the old crown imperial in the Tower. It is on purple velvet ; and, I suppose, coat and breeches to match. Adieu dear Scott ; think what good you have done—first to the King and State ; and then to me by turning me from the Aberdeen plan,<sup>1</sup> and clearing an understanding that vexation and disappointment were muddling. A good friend's sound head and honest opinion is the best consolation in the world next to a good conscience. God bless you. . . .”

From now onward, for the remainder of the year, Sir Walter's correspondence is personal and (for a change) unilluminating. Another Frenchman, Charles Nodier—author of the first *Trilby*—sends a highly flattering eulogy in verse which rouses Scott out of his usual modest disregard, to endorse it : “ French Eloge. Moonshine in water. Three blue beans in a blue bladder.”—Miss Edgeworth reports King George's triumphal visit to Ireland.—Lord Montagu sends a haunch of Venison by the Blucher Coach.—James Hogg—who sometimes forgot himself, and changed his affectionate style to abuse—indulges in a burst of bad language about “ the bibliopole ” (presumably Constable, the publisher).—Bulloch, the auctioneer, reports some more armour ; and Sir Samuel Meyrick, the expert, buys specimens for Abbotsford.

This was the time when Sir Walter was making a lot of money—and spending it fast : his agent, Charles Erskine of Melrose, is negotiating the purchase of land adjoining Abbotsford at £70 the acre—or £2,590 for one piece (to say nothing of other property).—“ An Humble Individual but enthusiastic admirer of the works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.” presumed to send him part of the pleasure-boat of James V of Scotland.—William Stewart Rose tells how his perfect (and famous)

<sup>1</sup> See *The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott*, pp. 128 and 129 n.

butler Hinves was struck by lightning "which he luckily warded off with his umbrella."

*Stories of Old Saunders*

This Letter-Book closes with a letter full of stories the like of which a long line of Scottish authors from Scott to Barrie have woven into their popular literature. The writer of the letter is modestly anonymous ; but its authenticity is unchallengeable :

"Sir, Allow me to send you the following very imperfect sketch of an old servant who died about sixteen years ago in my family and who had likewise lived for many years in my father's. His name was Saunders McKenna. His appearance was singularly fine ; his features regular, the expression grave—almost solemn—except when his passions or feelings were in any degree moved, when it became strikingly wild or pathetic. . . . He was seldom or ever gay, yet had a natural vivacity of feeling which might have appeared in gaiety had not an occasional melancholy shed a gloom over his whole character. . . . He was born in the Glenkens—a hilly district of Galloway ; and spent his earlier years in some of the principal families there, for whom he preserved thro' life that reverential and affectionate attachment which so generally characterized old Scottish domestics. All his feelings and ideas were in the highest degree aristocratical ; and the very name of a gentleman had an instantaneous effect upon him. He one day very unceremoniously shut the door upon a nobleman who was going on his election rounds with a brother ; and was very much hurt on discovering the mistake—but excused himself by saying that he 'took them for two squifs of officers.' . . .

*[Wine-glasses too large]*

"His zeal for the honour and property of his master was so excessive that he grudged no service however mean and foreign to his peculiar situation provided always that the meanness and variety of his occupations were concealed. While thus zealous of the property of his master, of his own little gain he was generous, even lavish ; and was never known at any time

to possess a tolerable reserve of money. At the time that larger wine glasses were introduced Saunders was exceedingly annoyed at the additional quantity of wine they must necessarily consume ; but luckily remarking that they had an engraved border upon the edge, the first day on putting them down he observed to his master in a pretty audible whisper : ‘ To the rim, Sir, of these glasses is a bumper.’

“ Another evening, when putting my hand carelessly into the bread-basket at supper, I was surprised at getting my fingers into butter and exclaimed : ‘ Saunders, what’s this ? ’ — ‘ You should have sat it out at tea,’ he whispered ; and turning the other end of the basket and pointing significantly to the bread which had no butter upon it, he handed it to the strangers, carefully presenting the buttered end whenever he came to one of the family.

“ He had a fine voice and sang well ; and the very sound of music charmed him at once to the drawing-room door. When he became too old for almost any other work but mending the fire, if any of his favourite tunes were played, he swept and lingered and swept again ; and when every pretence to remain in the room was exhausted, the door was left just ajar and was gently heard to close with [the end of] the tune.

“ His extreme exactness and care of whatever was not his own continued to the last . . . for one night when above eighty, he fell upon the ice ; and though brought home nearly senseless, he had recollections enough to call to the people who were carrying him to take care and clean their feet before they entered his master’s house. . . .

“ Nothing can be imagined more striking & reverend than his appearance on a Sunday, when he wore his gray locks powdered, an old hat fine though bare, and a great coat of a similar description (both having belonged to his master) reaching down to his feet—his bible in his hand which however he was rarely observed to open and he set down if ever [he] went to church. Thus attired and with measured gravity he paced slowly round his premises or sat upon a garden bench or at his tool house door. He always wore powder when he was dressed and in good spirits ; and few events more distressed him or tried his loyalty than the introduction of the Powder

Tax.<sup>1</sup> He at last adjusted the matter by throwing the whole blame upon Mr. Pitt 'who it was plain,' he said, 'led the King—honest worthy man—by the nose.' But he was too good a Subject to continue his powder when the law forbid it. . . ."

<sup>1</sup> In 1787 a duty of £5 5s. 8d. per cwt. on imported hair-powder was imposed ; and in 1795 it was forbidden to manufacture starch, hair-powder, or blue from any article or thing used for the food of man. The duty was entirely repealed in 1869.

## THE ELEVENTH LETTER-BOOK

1822

THE early letters in this volume are of domestic interest. Then come *Pomp and Circumstance* (with the usual amusing asides), when the corpulent King dons the kilt, and makes a shy visit to Scotland. And finally, as a return for the novels which Scott is now pouring upon a delighted world, the mail-coach brings hundreds of stories and hints whose writers offer them as grist to the Waverley mill. Sir Walter usually stuffed them into his desk (until these Letter-Books were assembled)—and jogged on in his Waverley way.

### *. Cornet Scott sees the World*

In this new year he has parted with his smart soldierly son Walter, a Cornet in the 18th Hussars, who has gone to Germany to study military science. Young Walter has been urged by his father—a master letter-writer—to write often and to write well. If the Hussar fails to reach the paternal standard, he does his best ; and the result is entertaining. He writes from Hamburg that “this town is particularly stupid, and nothing could make it tolerable but the novelty of the thing—all merchants and Jews.” And then :

[Jan. 27th.] “I dined at the Portuguese Chargé d’Affaires, and was introduced to Barons and Counts without number and to Austrian and Swedish ministers—men with whole yards of ribbon on their shoulders and innumerable samples at their button-holes. For mama’s benefit I would give an account of the dinner, but I do not recollect enough of it to do it justice in the description. One dish, however, they gave as a true English one—a plum-pudding made of bread and swimming in brandy. Everything was larded to a degree. I dine at the table d’hôte here every day at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past three, and they give a very good dinner, the fish always in the middle of it. . . . I am very much puzzled with the money here : there is at

least 20 different kinds of different value gold. It is a bad speculation to use, as its value varies in every shop. So if you wish to take out a guinea or two you must carry a bag full of drittles and marks of the most abominable silver. The Prussian Louis are better, but it is not easy to get them."—— As an editorial postscript, it must be added that young Walter's letter is a bit puzzling, for he is very short of punctuation marks. In this, however, he is typical of many contributors to the Letter-Books.

### *God Save the King*

The next letter to linger over is one from William Kitchiner. He was a doctor by profession, and a Jack of many trades by inclination. Here he is addressing to Constable a letter for the eye of Scott, and making a gift of a copy of his *Cook's Oracle*. But the great news is that he is busy arranging his *Loyal and National Songs of England*—the earliest of which, by the by, is Dr. John Bull's "God *Save* the King," 1616 :

[43 Warren Street, London. Feb. 22nd.] " . . . I wish very much to have as the first Song, a sort of *new* ' God Save the King '—*i.e.* a song to be called " God save Great George the Fourth," which I intend to set to music myself. . . . Well, my maxim is *aut Caesar, aut nullus*—the Song, for as good a King as ever graced Great Britain's throne, should be written by the best Poet Great Britain boasts, need I say that I mean Sir Walter Scott ? . . . I should be happy to make any return in my power for such a favor, in either of my capacities of Physician, Musician, Optician, or Mouthician !! But more than all, I think, is the opportunity Sir W. will have of expressing his respect for his Majesty, who warmly patronizes my work."——The Mouthician (probably of George IV) not only proposes that Scott should write a new National Anthem, but he provides him with the chorus to each verse—

" Long live the King,  
Long live the King ;  
God save Great George the Fourth,  
Old England's mighty King !! "

Scott was very willing to do much for a king—too much, some of his critics have averred ; but not this new National Anthem,



with its ready-made chorus and its two exclamation marks, in which Dr. Kitchiner reaches his highest inspiration. Besides, there were other Royal plans simmering.

*Cunningham on Lawrence and Blackwood*

After a little while Scott hears from a very different kind of composer—Allan Cunningham. “Honest Allan,” as Sir Walter affectionately used to describe him, is sending some early specimens of that Muse which is to produce the famous poem *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*. At this time he is secretary to Chantrey the sculptor ; and in his spare time he is writing prose for “Blackwood’s Magazine,” and now and again those revealing and affectingly sincere letters for friends of which this is an example :

[Eccleston Street, Pimlico. March 12th.] “Dear Sir Walter, . . . Your Bust continues to attract admirers. The Duke of Wellington ordered a copy for himself in marble declaring it was the best of all Mr. Chantrey’s works. Mr. Wyon of the Mint is making a medal from it ; but there is a something—a kind of abstract of all that is clever in man about the face—which is rather hard to catch. Sir Thomas Lawrence I have no doubt will make a clever painting of you, but he is a fine and beautiful colourist rather than one who seizes on human thought and feeling in a bold and manly manner. He deals with nobility of rank, not nobility of look—he paints lords and fops, he cannot reach men of genius. He will paint Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, but he will fail in making Walter Scott, the Author of those poems which I cannot read without bursting into tears of grief and gladness and warming into that chivalrous emotion which makes heroes of common men.

“During my leisure hours I mend my daily wages by writing little stories for one of our magazines. I found Blackwood a shrewd and penetrating person—rather unkind in money matters. I once told you I had written a critical description of the genius of the Author of the incomparable Scottish Novels ; but of my wisdom, my sagacity, and intelligence, which would have filled forty octavo pages, the world has been most unjustly deprived by a dilatory Bookseller.”

With Abbotsford growing and its grounds expanding, a new gardener is required. Scott's choice results in an unexpected grain of information from Lord Montagu :

*Bogie and Pogie*

[Ditton. March 22nd.] “. . . You have, I believe, been fortunate in getting Bogie for a gardener. I have heard him very highly spoken of. Goodall the Provost, by the by, asked me the other day if I knew the difference between Bogie and Pogie—why, for instance, Lord Grenville was Bogie Grenville, and not Pogie ; and why a boy we remembered at Eton was Pogie Rogers, and not Bogie. Bogie, he said very gravely, always signified a protuberance behind ; Pogie, before. I am very glad to be able to furnish you with this valuable piece of philological information.”

*Sir A. Boswell's Fatal Duel*

At this time political feeling is high, and party newspapers are made to serve violent ends. There has been the Tory “ Beacon ” with which Scott had some connection, and which, owing to its scandal, he came to describe as “ a blasted business ” before helping to bring about its mysterious suppression. Another affair was that of “ The Sentinel,” in which Sir Alexander Boswell, the able son of the biographer, had written some ballads attacking a James Stuart of Dunearn. A challenge was issued and accepted ; and on the same evening that arrangements were completed for a duel, Boswell (who was 47) proceeded to Scott's house in Castle Street, Edinburgh, where he was “ full of jest and song for the rest of the evening.” Within a few hours he was lying dead. Lockhart tells the news, and adds : “ I hope I need not say how cordially I enter into the hope you express that this bloody lesson may be a sufficient and a lasting one. I can never be sufficiently grateful for the advice which kept *me* from having any hand in all these newspaper skirmishings.” Meanwhile, Lady Boswell sends some bitter and agitated letters, one referring to the legal enquiry : “ I only trouble you to thank you for having the kindness to answer my letter. I see I must sit down under every injury and every *act of injustice*. We must submit to the Lord

Justice Clerk for our judge till Government remove him to a better place & the Almighty to another place." And again, reverting to the duel :

[Auchinleck. July 12th.] ". . . And what reason for this indecent haste, this unprecedented step in all the annals of duelling : this cruel, cruel deed ! But as Mr. D[ouglas] states when upon *oath* that *he* was afraid it might be said some kind friend of Sir Alexander had endeavoured by legal means to prevent so valuable a life being exposed & done that which had finally put a stop to meetings where there had been real cause of offence. . . . I also observe he says upon oath that my Husband agreed *at once* to his proposal which is not easily accounted after having mentioned to a gentleman, who came out in the coach with him, that he was much against going that morning ; and said *he did not see why* he should go before he got his affairs settled as he had stipulated. . . . On that fatal *morning* (the sun was not up for some hours after) when my Husband and I parted I *besought* him if there was any opening whatever to accept it ; and he said 'all that depends on *the seconds*. I trust everything to my friend John here.' This he said in the most serious, grave, and impressive manner. . . . Both seconds saw the monster taking aim, neither interfered. Nay, so little was this kind friend Mr. D. moved by the knowledge of such unfair measures and the sight of his friend lying mortally wounded, he went up to the murderer and advised him to go off."

*Putting a Spoke in the King's Wheel*

While the young widow is sending her bitter reflections to Scott, Lord Montagu has been—as he is throughout this Letter-Book—the most frequent contributor in an apparently unending demand for information and advice. He is the guardian of the 16-year-old heir to the Dukedom of Buccleuch ; and he looks after the family estates, now swollen by that of the Queensberrys, with a pride and zeal that make impressive reading. The second part of this letter refers to the prospective visit of George IV to Scotland :

[Ditton Park. April 2nd.] "My dear Sir, When we do begin a correspondence we carry it on very birl-ily ; but I

cannot let a Post pass without thanking you for your kind and ready compliance with my rather unreasonable request. . . . It did not appear to me that we could, in the present state of affairs, get up a proper reception for him at Dalkeith, the only place of his [the heir's] the King was likely to visit. If Walter was 19 or 20 it might have been done ; but at his age, it appeared to me he was too old to be put out of question, and too young to take upon him the duties that would fall on him. Still, however, I wished to do what we could to encourage H.M. to come among us, and at the same time to explain why we could not do more. Finding the chief difficulty was to find him a private residence (as Holyrood House was considered only fit to hold his Courts in) I wrote to Mr. Peel offering Dalkeith House &c, &c, &c, &c, &c, for H.M.'s private residence. The letter was presented to him some time ago ; he said he was much obliged to me, but could not fix about his going to Scotland. This I consider as equivalent to ' *Le Roi s'avisera* ' ; and from what I hear since, I do not in the least expect he will go. He is bent on going to Vienna—God knows why. But if the Ministers possibly can, they will—I conclude—put a spoke in his wheel. If the visit to Scotland is given [up], you will, I think, allow that *I* am not to blame. Indeed I was told that my offer removed the strongest objection he had made to it ; so probably he wishes me hanged for my officiousness. He will, I think, use us ill if he does not go [*i.e.* to Vienna], though I personally shall bear the disappointment with great fortitude."

*Inspecting the " Old Lady "*

This differs from Lockhart's story of the memorable visit. In the end, the Ministers won ; and George IV (plus the kilt) went ; he drank ; and he conquered—largely thanks to Scott's tireless enthusiasm. But before this the novelist has to get off reams of copy and attend to a lot of big jobs—such as rejuvenating his beloved and wonderful " old lady." Lord Montagu, as representing the Buccleuch family, has been urged by Sir Walter to carry out preservation work on Melrose Abbey ; and writing to say that this has been ordered, the old friend adds : " I most thankfully accept your offer to be Inspector of the

Works. Indeed, I am not sure I could have ventured to have meddled with the Old Lady had I not depended on your filial affection securing her from all profanation."

*Scott makes Fleet Street Fashionable*

In spite of Melrose Abbey, and Edinburgh's Calton-Hill Parthenon plan (which proved such a marvellously happy failure), and George IV's kilt, and such things, *The Fortunes of Nigel* has been published, and *Peveril of the Peak* is in the making. Regarding the former, Mrs. Hughes writes, from Amen Corner, that "the Author of *Nigel* has brought Fleet Street so completely into fashion that I now consider myself as living in the most approved part of the town." And about the same time Lady Stafford pulls the leg of the Great Unknown when she asks Sir Walter: "Have you by chance seen a work called *The Fortunes of Nigel*? All the world pronounce it excellent—even the nicest critics and those who are the most fastidious, say it is a most perfect and finished book. Nobody will own these novels, so why may not I declare myself at once the Author?" But still Scott refuses to be drawn.

*Crabbe visits Scott*

Many folk are at this time preparing for the long coach journey to Scotland. Among them is the Rev. George Crabbe, who is paying his first visit to his friend and fellow-author. In his letter is that dry humour so characteristic of his *Tales and Poems*:

[London. July 23rd.] ". . . I propose to travel in the most comfortable mode that offers, and have sent my servant this day to enquire for that and in particular for the Coach that goes to Edinburgh by the great Carlisle Road. The man who accompanies me is old enough to be careful and useful, but not of an age to need aid for himself. He was indeed for many years the servant of a Friend, Mr. Hoare one of our Bankers, by whose recommendation I engaged him, though not without some question whether a man who has served a Banker in Lombard Street will consider a Maker of Sermons or Teller of Tales, a Priest or an Author, worthy of his services. Of the Royal motions I hear much and know little: on the whole

I judge that they should not make any alteration in my purpose—first because of the uncertainty; and more especially because I can shrink into myself and snail-like keep to my own private apartment till all the Pomp and Circumstance be past, to say nothing of the good chance that all my gratifications will be over before my Sovereign goes in quest of his.”

“ *Trick* ” of the Marquis of Lothian

As it happened, the gratifications coincided, although those of the King were not so complete as those of the poet-rector, because of that forward fool Sir William Curtis. This newly-rich merchant from the City of London arrayed himself in a complete set of the same conspicuous Stuart tartans favoured by George IV, and, being even stouter than His Majesty, altogether spoiled the Royal effect. What fun Crabbe would make of that ! But apart from the *faux pas*, the great and novel event was most successful. The King stayed at Dalkeith House (and Lord Montagu was not hanged); and Scott dined with him frequently. Once His Majesty made a call on the Marquis of Lothian, which is the subject of the inevitable addition to the Letter-Books :

[Mounteviot Lodge. Sept. 8th.] “Dear Sir Walter, I cannot help writing you a line to tell you that *my Royal* visit went off entirely to my satisfaction, and that I regretted your absence very much. His Majesty took a great deal of notice of his God-child Georgina Augusta; and walked thro’ the whole suite of rooms like any other friendly visitor, asking questions about the Pictures, the Books, the Place; admired the trees and the Park; and said he never saw a more comfortable or a more enjoyable House. . . . I played him a sort of *trick* on his arrival, having managed matters so that the Crimson Cloth from the stair-case within should reach no further than the very threshold of the house door. By this means he was obliged to place his foot, when alighting from his carriage, on the stone in front of the door. I marked the spot; and the impression of the footstep is now (indelibly, I hope) described by a Rim of Brass round the outside edge of it.”—Editorially and perhaps irrelevantly, it may be observed that there is no Rim of Brass round the footprint of

Buddha on the top of Adam's Peak (Ceylon). But then, that footprint is of elephantine proportions.

*A Scottish Chief asks for Scone Stone*

The Scottish Chiefs write as one man their congratulations on Scott's great success. But is there to be no return for all this fervent, costly, loyalty? Nothing less would do for Sir Evan Murray MacGregor than the giving back to Scotland of the Scone Stone which is part of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. So he plunges :

[Lanrick Castle, Doune, Perthshire. Sept. 5th.] "... Why should the Monarch of Great Britain uniting in his person the once rival Dynasties of England and Scotland retain in London a trophy that after such a Union might be restored so suitably—particularly at this moment—to resume its natural connexion with the Regalia of his Caledonian Kingdom? Would it not be worthy of the magnanimity of George the Fourth, and endear the House of Hanover in an especial manner to our Country, were it to be replaced by His Majesty's commands—not at Scone, but at Holyrood; then a hundred things his Royal Progenitors might hand from "their airy Halls" to welcome back to Scotland the ancient "Stone of their Power."——It remains to be said that if Sir Evan MacGregor's plea for the return of the "slab of rock" was without effect, the Scottish people did get back a lump of iron of hardly less sentimental interest. This was the huge cannon, fondly known as Mons Meg, which had been removed from Edinburgh Castle to the Tower of London after the 1745 affair. It took a long time to shift Mons Meg back to Edinburgh (to delight millions of subsequent sightseers). The difficulty was not her weight, but the frail red tape that shackled her so strongly to the Tower. It was Scott who suggested to the King the restoration of bonny Mons Meg.

*English Gamblers in Paris*

A sidelight on the heavy gambling of the times and the extent to which men would go to pursue the craze is provided by a communication from Scott's friend Sir Alexander Don

concerning his complaint against the 7th Earl of Stair, son of Gen. the Hon. Wm. Dalrymple :

[Pultery Hotel, London. Oct. 31st.] "In 1807 Mr. Dalrymple came to Paris under the name of Mandeville ; and with a passport bearing that name he put himself under the protection of the American Ambassador<sup>1</sup> and passed for an American. He got acquainted with several English in Paris, myself amongst the rest. We dined one day at a Restaurateur's or Tavern with the Marquis de Livry, one of the principal directors of the Salon or House of Play in Paris, to whom we lost jointly between 7 and £8,000. When Mr. Mandeville had made a settlement with the Marquis de Livry he came to me and told his name was Dalrymple my Countryman, and also informed me to what family he belonged. His settlement with the Marquis had been partly by cash and partly by Bills. As the Bills had been signed ' John Mandeville ' it immediately struck me that he had been ignorantly guilty of something like forgery. I had also great apprehensions from the inquiries that the Marquis might make about Mr. Mandeville, for the purpose of finding out who and what his debtor was, that those inquiries might even prove fatal to Mr. Dalrymple who, in the state of Paris at that time would, if discovered, have been tried for his life as a Spy, and those who had associated with him would have been placed in a very troublesome position.

" I therefore made a proposal to him, which he very readily accepted, that I should give the Marquis Bills for the sum he owed him, and he (Dalrymple) should give me his Bills for the same amount—by which means the Marquis looking on me as his debtor would not be induced to make inquiries concerning Mr. Mandeville, and the danger attending such inquiries would be avoided. I succeeded in bringing him back his Bills and had to congratulate him on having settled with the Marquis de Livry for £1,000 less than the original ones were signed for, the Marquis being so well satisfied with the change of security. So that on that transaction I saved Mr. Dalrymple £1,000. When his Bills became due they were protested, and I was left to settle with the Marquis."

<sup>1</sup> Who would be returning a compliment, for the 5th Earl of Stair in 1774 had sponsored a Petition to the British Parliament on behalf of Massachusetts.



Writing later in the year, Sir Alexander Don says that, not having had satisfaction from Mr. Dalrymple [who had by that time succeeded Lord Stair], he set off for Paris, accompanied by an old friend General Ainslie. Lord Stair appointed a Minister Plenipotentiary ; and after a conference, the debt was admitted, payment arranged, and I “ returned to London sans tirer ni coup de sabre, ni pistolet.”

*Queer Tales of a Sporting Parson*

This is hardly grist to the Waverley mill. Sir Walter, accustomed as he was to a continuous rain of all kinds and conditions of letters, probably had no desire to be mixed up with the gambling adventures of these Georgian bucks. But a later epistle is the real thing, for it adds another curiosity to our Gallery of Originals outside the Waverley Novels. It is William Stewart Rose who enables us to place the Rev. Mr. Chaffin alongside J. B. S. Morritt's Cumberland Squire and Squireen : [Spofforth. n.d.] “ My dear Scott, I give you the best account I can of Chaffin, observing that it is from hear-say *and* recollection. He was the son of a Dorsetshire parson, and in course of time became a parson himself. If ever there was born a Sportsman he *was*, in the widest extension of the word. When a boy . . . he possessed himself of a gun and went out sparrow shooting. Pursuing this amusement he accidentally killed an old woman on the other side of a hedge ; and returned home in dismay. He concealed his misfortune, and sate down to dinner with his father with what appetite he might. Whilst they were at table the servant, who had gone out of the room for some purpose, returned in terror to say that poor Goody — had been shot behind a hedge. Young Chaffin's countenance probably betrayed him ; for the father instantly exclaimed ‘ and there's the rascal who killed her.’ The delinquent was accordingly sentenced by paternal authority (I did not hear of Coroner's inquest or its consequences) to solitary confinement and bread and water. This penance continued for a month, but seemed to have no effect upon the ruling passion, for he put by a part of his food for the purpose of baiting sparrow-traps, which he set in the garret window where he was confined ; and so solaced the hours of his solitude.

“As he grew up his sports naturally took a manlier character, and he became an approved Fox-hunter, equally distinguished for his enthusiasm and his science. His passion however was not of that exclusive character which usually distinguishes the thorough Foxhunter : for besides indulging in other sports, he made hares, rabbits, & owls his objects of pursuit. His hare-hunting was, I suppose, as the hare-hunting of other men ; but his rabbit and owl-hunting had in them something that was peculiar. For the first he kept a pack of little beagles whose height did not exceed twelve or fourteen inches, which he used to carry about in panniers on the horse he himself rode. Of this amusement he was very fond, and often boasted that it had sometimes taken him half-an-hour to kill a rabbit.

“His parishioners were his other pack and (to borrow a phrase you will understand) were regularly summoned whenever he was disposed *to force an owl*. The mode of proceeding was very well adapted to his object. The owl being seen (a sun-shiny day is best for this sport), was pursued by his parish pack in full cry. The bird, distressed by the light and clamour, did not fly far and soon used to take refuge in tree or tower, from which it was as soon expelled by its pursuers, who, if they had not *marked it down*, were usually directed to the spot by the small birds who always stick to the skirts of an owl in sun-shine. He used to preface his owl-hunts with the impressive memento ‘No death, no strong beer.’

“I dare say that you might collect as picturesque—or at least as particular—an account of his habits and costume as has been given of Mr. Francis Bluntingdon. But I know nothing more than that he was remarkable for wearing old boots and greasy leather breeches, in which he dined with the present King, then Prince of Wales, whose acquaintance he made by rating him for crossing the line of a Fox which was breaking cover—and rating him, it is said, in very indecorous terms.”

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## THE TWELFTH LETTER-BOOK

1823

ONLY a sequence of Letter-Books like these of Sir Walter Scott can illustrate the hazards of communication in earlier times. True, the mail-coach services seem to have worked remarkably well at the end of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth, compared with to-day's postal organisation, with its advantages of express trains and motors. Nevertheless, the difficulties of life which our forbears had to endure are brought home to us in the tales of missing letters (especially from abroad), of correspondents at cross-purposes owing to uncertainties of posts and franks, and—above all—of the accidents and annoyances arising from dependence on letter-writing. Taking into account that so much had to be remembered, explained, and left to individual discretion, the marvel is that correspondents—even if they filled many large and closely packed quarto sheets—managed so well. The point is illustrated by this new Letter-Book's first epistle ; whose writer says he is sending Scott a French work, Stendhal's *Essay sur l'Amour*, " which has been left with me for you, I scarcely know when, how, or by whom." And that is all to satisfy a recipient's natural curiosity about a gift *de l'Amour*.

### *A Pulpit and a Pipe of Madeira*

Scott's great popularity had, by this time, inured him to continuous offerings of gifts. Not long since, the Heritors<sup>1</sup> of Dunfermline had learned that Sir Walter desired to preserve some relic of their ancient church : so they promptly packed up and sent its fine old black-oak pulpit, richly carved, to Abbotsford. And this New Year brings a Kaffir's skull from one correspondent, an antique gun (with presentation address in rhyme) from another, and a more relishable item from yet

<sup>1</sup> Landed proprietors in a parish, liable to pay public burdens.

another, who accompanies it with this happy letter. It is from cousin George Swinton :

[Calcutta. Jan. 24th.] “ . . . A Persian Poet (you see I wish to introduce you to your tuneful Brethren of the East) has a very pretty conceit about effusion of souls. He proposes to breathe his soul into his Song that it may kiss the lips of his Mistress as she sings it—

‘ Then grant me, ye Gods, that my spirit all glowing  
May quit its dull mansion to live in my Song ;  
That breathed from your lips as my verses are flowing,  
My Soul may drink kisses in passing along.’

Being no Poet, I cannot breathe my soul into a Sonnet ; but I have transferred my spirit into a pipe of Madeira in the hope that I may thus enjoy the felicity of being quaffed at your Board and perhaps of being breathed forth again in some heart-inspiring strain of Chevy Chase or Bannockburn. I have requested my brother Archie to transport *me* to your cellar ; and I shall be truly *transported* if you will kindly receive me and sometimes permit me to *press your lips*. By the blood that flowed at Halidon, you must not deny me this Boon.”

### *Furnishing Conundrum Castle*

Abbotsford—“ the Castle,” as some proud friends name it—is now enlarged and demands much more splendour. Sir Walter has its rooms fitted with a weird invention of pneumatic bells (instead of the old wire-pulling arrangement), and installed the new oil-gas illumination. The former was a nine days’ wonder ; the latter was a nine years’ curse.<sup>1</sup> What with these strange marvels and the ever-growing collections of armour, “ curious curios,” etc., etc., Scott’s own description of the place is best—CONUNDRUM CASTLE. The new furniture required could only come from great London. The Laird was too busy writing the Waverley Novels, and making the money, to go and do the choosing and buying. Lady Scott was too—well, Lady *laissez-faire*. Lockhart was hardly suited

<sup>1</sup> Lockhart believed that Sir Walter’s health was damaged in his latter years through working at night under the intense and burning glare of a broad star of gas over his writing-table.

to the rôle ; and anyhow, he might be wanted at any moment, as various people were trying to find him a nice fat job. So the work devolved on the faithful Terry—the actor who had been finding armour, curios, and books, all of which provide to-day a piquant show for unending streams of sightseers year after year. This furnishing and furbishing meant much correspondence. Sir Walter wrote long letters : Terry replied with screeds of “Terryfying”<sup>1</sup> length and enthusiasm. He seems to have been given a free hand and some magic for expanding time ; for, accompanied by a mysterious Mr. Atkinson, he fairly combed London for escritaires, chairs, curtains, best beds, marbles, rugs, fireplaces, etc., etc. If Terry saw a thing, and it seemed to him good (whether it cost £5 or £150), *it was so*. Scott was left in no doubt about that : as witness just this short sample from a single letter of Terry’s running to over 2,000 words :

[14 Alfred Place, Bedford Square. Feb. 3rd.] “. . . I have in my eye 12 light and beautiful chairs, with two arm-chairs to match—fit for any drawing-room in the Kingdom—made of solid Ebony, highly polished and fitted up with new cushions of crimson damask china silk of your own pattern ; light and elegant in appearance, as you will see by the sketch I enclose, but weighty, strong, and endurable *as if of iron*. The price in Mr. Atkinson’s opinion, nothing for such an article, tho’ certainly higher than you wd pay for common cane chairs or commonplace mahogany furniture. But then—Ah me ! Sir ! would you ? could you be content with such inferior sitting accommodation in such a room [the Library] in such a Castle ? They are £7 10 each, the armchairs *the same*, and will last as long as the Castle walls themselves ; and if you desperately resolve to draw your purse-strings I do not think you will repent it. And here I close my temptation to which, if you yield not, I only beg of you not to dislike the Temptor, who is not an evil one.”

*Terry on Kean and Kemble*

In the result, Sir Walter succumbed to the ebony suite and Terry’s eulogies thereof ; and a subsequent letter announces

<sup>1</sup> This is Sir Walter’s pun.

that the beautiful furniture has been put aboard—what?—the *Venus*! All is beautiful; and everybody is happy. But I wish Daniel Terry had spared a little more of his correspondence to tell us about the stage of his time and its stars. He himself was shining: “the Public seem to like me well,” he tells Scott; “and welcome me heartily.” While the *Venus* is carrying the beautiful ebony furniture and what-nots to Abbotsford, he takes a rest from his labours of love, and gives this glimpse behind the scenes:

[14 Alfred Place. May 7th.] “. . . The condition and conduct of our national Theatres is certainly not such as to give great hopes of improvement either to the character of the art or the exertions of the artists. The want of a combination of the peculiar and necessary qualities to combine the Stage more intimately and conspicuously with the Literature and the Fashion of the Nation must, I fear, be both acknowledged and lamented. Garrick exhibited them in a most universal, brilliant, and dextrous manner; poor John Kemble with a more sombre, but not less correct or pure influence. But to whom shall we look now? Elliston had nothing but a blind, but dauntless energy of animal spirits; and even that is breaking up, and he always wanted refinement. Charles Kemble has refinement, but he wants the talent, and is biliously indolent and nervous. Kean has talent, but is a thorough-paced blackguard. Alas! for the poor Stage: it is still below all the other Arts in its connection and standing with Society. . . .” —Alas! also for poor Terry; but more of him later.

### *Dibdin pulls Scott's Leg*

There have been other London correspondents busy during the exciting business of equipping the “Castle.” One of them is Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the bibliophile, who—as Vice-President of the famous Roxburghe Club—had given himself the pleasure of writing to Abbotsford announcing that the author of *Waverley* had been elected a member of that exclusive institution, with leave and permission for Sir Walter Scott to be his *locum tenens*. The mask of the “Great Unknown” is not very concealing now, although its wearer is not yet to dis-

card it. Dibdin follows up his official intimations with this letter, in which he pulls the author's leg :

[Kensington. May 31st.] "My dear Sir, I take a little shame to myself in not having before transmitted to you the enclosed 'Magna Charta' of the Roxburghe Club, which—at your convenience—you will be pleased to further to the Author of *Waverley*. It would be fortunate, perhaps, for all states and orders and ramifications of Society if their Laws were compressed in the like narrow limits<sup>1</sup> : only be it known to the said Author of *Waverley* that the *last* Clause does not in the least affect *him*. He must not be saddled with expenses which were incurred when it was not in contemplation to admit *him* a Member. . . . Meanwhile, I do beseech you, dear Sir, to make known to that mysterious and yet matchless Gentleman (the Author of *Waverley* aforesaid) that he dealeth out *honors* to me, of which I cannot and dare not boast : yea, he doctoreth me ; and, what is very funny and strange, *you* doctor me, too, in your superscriptions ! Now I answer with Juliet (to her nurse) ' 'Tis an honour that I dream not of.' Tom Drant, the first English metrical translator of Horace—put forth (*ni fallor*) in 1566—was a famous Divine ; and what is sometimes better, a famous *Preacher*. In one of his Sermons (for I am a great collector of old English Sermons), printed in the Black Letter by John Day (*sine ullâ anni indicatione, sed forsan* 1571), he thus marshals the several Doctors in the Catholic Universities : 'All hail ! learned Doctors, venerable Doctors, reverend Doctors, irrefragable Doctors, impregnable Doctors, seraphical Doctors, angelical Doctors, magisterial Doctors, illuminate Doctors, authentical Doctors.' Now let it be known to that good and gracious Author that I am in *neither* of these classes : and, further, that I meditate not a doctorial degree (tho of 30 years standing at St. John's College, Oxford) unless some munificent patron is meditating a good piece of Church preferment for me—as a Deanery, to wit. . . .

"Again, as that said Author of *Waverley* is now become one

<sup>1</sup> The said "Magna Charta" of this literary and antiquarian Club consisted of two conditions : (a) that three consecutive absences (with certain exceptions) involved loss of membership ; and (b) that each member subscribed two guineas towards the monument to Caxton.

of us, we must be jealous about the dignity and reputation of our Club. I learn that in one part of *Quentin Durward* he talks of the first book ever printed being printed at *Frankfort*. So our noble President told me t'other day. . . . Now is it so? If it be, 'Tis a grievous fault, and grievously must he answer it.' Lead him on one side by the button-hole, and whisper in his ear that a very different (but most certainly a very true and substantial) tale is told in the IVth Book of the Ist Vol of a certain work called *The Bibliographical Decameron*." 1—[By Thomas Frognall Dibdin !]

### *Leamington or St. Ronan's Spa?*

The novel, *St. Ronan's Well*—that story of a little town which became a fashionable spa—was a Waverley sensation, for it was based "upon a plan different from any that the author has ever written." There have been various identifications of St. Ronan's Well: the story itself indicates a locality near the Firth of Forth.<sup>2</sup> If a watering-place on the other side of the Tweed is ruled out of the competition, this Letter-Book yet reveals that some of the queer and amusing characters of Scott's spa came from Leamington. It was, I think, Mrs. Mary Ann Hughes, the grandmother of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* Hughes, who—all unknowingly—suggested these characters, and possibly even the setting for the story. Anyhow, she wrote this admirable letter from the Midland spa; and shortly afterwards Sir Walter was writing, at top speed, *St. Ronan's Well*:

[Leamington. May 27th.] " . . . There is a very respectable Menagerie of Leamington *Lions* (to use the Oxford term) at present: that 'old original Lion which cannot be tamed by the hart of man'—Dr. [Samuel] Parr, resides about four miles from hence, and frequently drives over to snuff

<sup>1</sup> Dibdin's *Decameron* suggested Strasburg as the place where Gutenberg first printed. But Gutenberg's first book was produced at Mainz; and modern researchers believe that there were even earlier printings at Haarlem, in Holland, by Coster.

<sup>2</sup> The inhabitants of Innerleithen claimed, according to Lockhart, that their pretty village was *the* St. Ronan's; and "an unheard-of influx of water-bibbers forthwith crowned their hopes. . . . The traveller reads on the corner of every new erection there, 'Abbotsford Place,' 'Waverley Row,' 'The Marmion Hotel,' or some inscription of the like coinage."



up the incense of his worshippers. He moves in a sort of Jaggernaut procession up and down the street, dressed in a black velvet, fancy greatcoat, with a very small triangular hat (exactly like those worn by the London coachmen when they drive in state) perched on the top of his huge wig. Out of this, the broad dish of his fiery face unsheltered from the sun and bronzed with the red dust of the road, gleams portentously like the sun struggling through a thunder-cloud. His voice roars and echoes through the whole street, as he notices his numerous acquaintances who, cap in hand, approach in their turn and pay their homage. There is so much display of paltry vanity in all this that I cannot connect such *Charlatanerie* with my idea of a great *mind*. I love to see old age venerable, and really he makes it farcical. I understand that he is much subdued since his absurd conduct respecting the Queen, which has lowered the credit of this prophet even in his own country.<sup>1</sup>

“Next in rank in the Show is Miss Letitia Matilda Hawkins, to whom the term Lion or Lioness singularly applies, for not Queen Elizabeth could exceed her in ‘Lion part,’ She is very kind and civil to me, and therefore I wish she would not torment me so much with dissertation on her body and the strength of her mind. She has lived too much in one society where her real worth being known and her abilities rather too much over-valued, she has had no opportunity of *measuring* herself by another standard.

“Her brother who published an octavo volume which he quaintly entitled *Sermonets*, is the very person you would suppose would give such a name to any work. I believe he can only be called a *sucking* Lion. ‘’Tis a *nice* little man, so snug, so nicely powdered, so closely shaved, smelling so sweet all over,’ as Miss Pine says ; so full of deference to his ‘more braver sister’ that he looks like a little cock boat following in the wake of a first-rate ship of the line.

“John might have attained to the dignity of a half-grown Lion had he remained with us after *Quentin Durward* came into

<sup>1</sup> His last public activity was in 1820 on the occasion of the Queen Caroline affair, when he protested against the omission of her name from the Liturgy. He was her first Chaplain.

circulation, for his book is now in great request in consequence. But he left us before his name and tail began to grow.<sup>1</sup>

"Last and not least of the Show animals are Mr. and Mrs. Ball Hughes with tribes of servants and horses, &c., and all the appendages of wealth and splendour.

"One reason more I now have for wishing to get home, and that is to be enabled to read *Quentin Durward* 'at mine ease, and in mine harbour.' The eagerness to read it here is such that though there are 6 sets in the Library, I could only obtain the 2nd volume an hour ago ; and the time allowed to read it is only twelve hours. I was in the Library yesterday when a vulgar, showily-dressed lady came in and enquired angrily why '*Squinting Durfot*, which everybody was talking of, had not been sent to her.' The man of the shop explained that as she had not put her name on the list, she must wait till her turn came, that he would immediately insert her on the list, and that she would receive it in rotation. This appeased her, and she departed saying, 'Very well, as no offence is meant 'tis all very well ; only my money is as good as another's, and I like to be in the fashion. So Sir, when my *rotation* comes, be sure you send the book.' Pearls before Swine, thought I. And now my dear Sir, it is more than time to conclude this abominable trespass on your patience, and to *rein in my beast*."

### *Kemp, the Blacking Laureate*

A different sort of character is the next correspondent. This was Alexander Kemp, the Poet Laureate of Warren's Blacking. He may yet earn a niche in the rôle of the famous as being the first—or at least, a very early—professional advertisement-writer. The advertisements of Warren's celebrated Blacking, with their laudatory poems and rhymed-stories, are a conspicuous feature of nineteenth-century periodicals, etc. ; and the man whose ingenious fancy delighted the Georgians (grown-ups and children alike), and sold them their Blacking, now writes this pathetic letter from "Mr. Powell's 'Green Man and Still,' White Cross Street, St. Lukes" :

[London. June 10th.] "Sir, Obtruding even for a few

<sup>1</sup> John Hughes, son of the correspondent, whose *Itinerary of the Rhine* had been praised by Scott in *Quentin Durward*.

moments, on your invaluable time, I feel as if committing an act of public injustice, yet I anticipate your forgiveness when I truly affirm that on the favourable result of this letter probably depends the prolongation of my existence.

“Thirty-two years ago I left Caledonia, my native land, and after a short residence in Ireland proceeded thence to London, in the visionary hope of ultimately acquiring an independency. But Destiny had determined otherwise, and my present allotment of misery comprizes desolation, penury, and despair.

“The last situation which I held was that of Clerk in a Public Office, but the Establishment having been broken up in February 1817, I was cast adrift on the World unprovided for. Since then I have derived a meagre subsistence by writing for the metropolitan Press and occasionally increasing the store of juvenile books at the emporium (Harris’s) St. Paul’s Church Yard. These resources are no longer available ; and having outlived both relatives and friends, I stand alone in the universe unsolaced and unassisted, with the exception of Mrs. Opie of Norwich, to whose benevolent sympathy I am greatly indebted.

“My early years and subsequent opportunities have been much devoted to literature ; and my MS. Volume of Original Poetry has been submitted to the perusal and honoured with the approbation of several writers. From that volume I presume to annexe a few extracts ; and add at the same time a specimen of puffing advertisement, of which I have written for WARREN (30, Strand) above two hundred (all of different incident, but all embracing the same hacknied subject of eulogy—the ‘unparalleled BLACKING’) for the remuneration of Two shillings and Sixpence each. . . .”—There follow three large folded pages of his Specimen Odes and Sonnets, all written in ruled spaces with painfully elaborate care. The extract chosen from Warren’s *Tales of the Blacking* is *Pug in Armour*. Or, *the Garrison Alarmed*, which—with its illustration of a Gibraltar monkey, head and body stuck in a shiny top-boot—was one of the best known of Kemp’s poetical puffs, its long life of publicity in the cause of the “unparalleled Blacking” continuing well into the twentieth century.

A few mail-coaches later Sir Walter received something much more exciting than the polishing puffs of the Blacking Laureate—something always calculated to rouse his emotions : news of his family pedigree. Thomas Shortreed of Jedburgh has been making some researches about the early Rutherfords, of whom Scott's mother was a descendant. The researches are not, of themselves, worthy of note ; although the following details may be excerpted for their curiosity and as revealing the information which would stir the heart of the author of *Waverley* :

*News of the Old Rutherfords*

[Jedburgh. June 18th.] “ Sir, I have gone over the Parish records of Oxnam and Jedburgh very carefully in search of the wife of Grundiesnook, whom you suppose to have been a Kerr of Bloodylaws, in Oxnam parish. . . . Among the Baptisms I at last found the following Entry : ‘ 15 Jany, 1671 Jo<sup>n</sup> Rutherford late provost had a woman child borne of his wife Alieson Ker baptized called Anna. . . .’ The following Entries afterwards occur : ‘ 25 Decr 1671 John Rutherford present provost had a child bapt<sup>d</sup> and called Elizabeth, alias Bessie’ (a very prevailing female name in the Clan). . . . Of Adam Rutherford of Ladfield I can get little information, excepting that his wife's name, by a note on a blank leaf in the old Session Book of Jedburgh, was Janet Lindesay—a relation of Provost Lindesay of Edinburgh, as I since learn. His son John Rutherford was a most faithful friend of the Stuarts—out in the 1715, taken prisoner, escaped, kept in hiding till the '45 when he wanted to be out again, though he had about 19 children.”

*Light on a Celebrated Romance*

Forty-five years earlier than this Letter-Book's date, a Miss Sarah Ponsonby, a pretty girl dressed in buckskin breeches and carrying a pistol, had leapt out of the window of her home at Woodstock, and “ eloped ” with—Miss (afterwards Lady) Eleanor Butler, who had slipped away from Kilkenny Castle. The romantic affair, which was to be the world's talk for over fifty years to come, has been something of a mystery until so recently as the year before last.<sup>1</sup> Sarah Ponsonby (who had

<sup>1</sup> When much light was thrown on it by *The Hamwood Papers* (edited by Mrs. G. H. Bell).

had two good chances to marry, whereas Eleanor had reached the age of 30 without e'er a one) was living at Woodstock with Sir William and Lady Betty Fownes. One part of the story may be easily read between the lines. Sir William was the villain of the piece. He wanted an heir ; and hoped that he would soon be at liberty to re-marry. This bull-necked, over-fed satyr began to play the gallant to Miss Ponsonby, who plainly showed her disgust and detestation of him. She "would rather die than wound Lady Betty's heart." Sarah therefore confided all her troubles to Eleanor, her former school friend. Miss Butler was also unhappy. So they took their fate in their close-joined, trembling hands, and fled—to become, after some agonising misadventures, the celebrated Ladies of Llangollen.

During their long life together in that lovely vale, they have been a sort of eighth Wonder of the World, visited by all travellers "from Louis XVIII and George IV down to magazine poets and quack doctors," as Lockhart said. There are fairly well-known accounts of them ; but any new one is welcome as a reminder of their idyll and for the chance of any new glimpse into their lives. Mrs. Mary Ann Hughes "takes them" in her tour, and of course sends an account for Sir Walter. As she says, she might have met them during her early days in Wales. But perhaps the scandal had not then died down and the ladies become celebrated. Be that as it may be, her description has its interests apart from that delightful story of the faithful old servant, who may now be identified as "Molly the Bruiser," the masculine Irish woman who protected the two fair elopers in their early days together :

*The Ladies of Llangollen & Molly the Bruiser*

[Amen Corner, St. Paul's. Oct. 15th.] "... But the great feature of our tour was a visit to the Ladies of Llangollen. It is singular that having passed so many of my early days in Wales amongst persons who were in the constant habits of society with these celebrated Ladies, I had never availed myself of an introduction which I could any day have procured, verifying by this the observation that what is in our power to do every day we neglect till the opportunity passes away for

ever. We therefore determined no longer to delay visiting the *Ladies*, who certainly are, from various causes, well worth taking some pains to see. Alas ! they are much changed from the days of Anna Seward, or possibly they might owe something to the brilliant hue of the Claude Lorraine glass through which she saw all she loved. You have heard them, no doubt, so often described, that it is almost superfluous to speak of them : yet you may like to hear a plain prosaic account of what they are at present. I was not *quite* prepared for the singular effect which they produced at the first glance. Both are out of all shape, dressed in dark riding-habits ; their heads without covering ; their grey hair cut short, frizzed, & powdered ; and Lady Eleanor wearing the Croix de St. Louis (depending from a profusion of gold chain) round her neck. I could almost have said like Banquo :

‘ What are these ; so strange in their attire ?  
Ye should be women, and yet your heads  
Forbid me to interpret you are so.’

“ Lady Eleanor, in particular, has the arch look of a *gay* old gentleman. But the moment they began to speak, the polished grace of their address, and their evident desire to please & to be pleased, takes off the effect of their singular appearance. Miss Ponsonby is most excellent and ladylike in every thing she says and does. When young, she must have been very *lovely*, by which I understand more than *beauty*—that which creates *love* by the union of mental and personal attraction. Lady Eleanor is extremely amusing ; age has not chilled any of her energies ; and there is a sort of spoilt child manner about her (well expressed by the French word *mutine*) which is very comical, restrained as it is by her perfect good breeding.

“ Their place is really unique, the grounds admirably laid out, & more made of a very limited spot than can be imagined without seeing it. The house is a little Bijou, and fitted up with old oak carvings, highly varnished, collected from all parts of the country in the shape of beds, coffers, and chairs ; and put together as wainscotting and different pieces of furniture, under their own direction.

“ But the great charm of their society is the perfect union

which subsists between them ; and it is not possible to witness this without a painful feeling for the survivor whose desolation must be so extreme.<sup>1</sup> Miss P. I should guess to have the best regulated mind ; and therefore will best endure the shock which to all appearances she must soon sustain, for Lady Eleanor looks ill, has been very ill, and is nearly blind. A very touching proof of their attachment was given, as I thought, when Dr. H.[ughes] asked Miss P. if Lady Eleanor could see to read sufficiently to amuse herself? ‘Oh ! No ! but *I* can, thank God,’ was the reply, in a tone which made me think of Manoah’s song in Samson—‘While I have eyes, he wants no light.’

“When I took leave, Lady E. said : ‘Sally Ponsonby, we will give her something to remember us by ; what shall it be ?’ Miss P. smiled assent, but left the selection to her friend. ‘Oh ! I will give her one of the Medallions of the Emperor of Russia. *We* hate him.’ By the way, this regal *We* is familiar to them ; and it is not unappropriate, considering the singular mode in which they have passed their lives—obtaining so much of homage in their little Court, to which rank, fashion, and talents resort, and to which all travellers either obtain—or endeavour to obtain—an introduction.

“The faithful old servant commemorated by Miss Seward is dead ; and they have erected a handsome monument to her memory in the churchyard of Llangollen. When she was in her last illness, the clergyman who attended her was pointing out to her the many mercies she had received from her Creator, and exciting her to grateful acknowledgement. The poor old woman readily confessed the justice of the statement. ‘Ah ! sure, and it is true that God has been very kind to me in many ways ; but He has had it out of me in my Corns.’ ”

### *Dickens’s “Alderman Cute”*

From an account of the Ladies of Llangollen to a letter of Charles Dickens’s association is an unexpected jump, even in Scott’s Letter-Books. The next correspondent of note is Sir Peter Laurie, one-time saddler, who became Lord Mayor of

<sup>1</sup> Lady Eleanor Butler died in 1829, aged about 84. Miss Ponsonby, who was about the same age, was then granted a Civil List Pension of £200, the news of which was conveyed in an affectionate letter by the Duke of Wellington. But scarcely two years passed e’er she rejoined her “beloved Companion.”

London in 1832. He made the egregious statement with regard to *Oliver Twist* that Jacob's Island was an invention of Dickens's ; and the author later portrayed him as "Alderman Cute" in *The Chimes*. Here Laurie's aldermanic bosom is wisely swelling with pride. But the twist of the letter is in its tail :

[Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park. Nov. 6th.] "Dear Sir Walter, I never was more pleased in my life than I was upon receiving your brace of Border black game. They just came in time. I had a distinguished party of my City friends, with the Lord Mayor, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Wilkie, &c., &c. The honor of carving your game was reserved for the greatest men in the room Mr. Brougham and the Lord Mayor. We drank your health in a bumper. We had all been peculiarly delighted with your works : all were on Tuesday delighted with your game. Mr. B., who is a judge of Border game, said they were the best he ever saw. . . .

"It is singular that I am only the third Scotsman that has been a Sheriff. The Citizens say it is because it is not a profitable office. And if I keep my health, I shall be the second Scotsman which has been Lord Mayor. These are facts you should know, who already know so much of London and its history."

### *Let us now praise Famous Men*

Our year winds up with another travel-chronicle from farther afield. Morritt, the doyen of travellers, is doing Europe again ; and at a time when—as we see—it provided rather more fascinating experiences than nowadays. Letters like Morritt's are the forerunners of the Baedekers, but more readable for their entertaining asides which reflect his wide sympathies. What a pity he did not run across Byron, who would have hailed a Tory who could thus write of his adored Napoleon :

[Florence. Nov.] ". . . How I wish you would come here, for I have been rummaging old stores such as you delight in and turned out such morsels of tilting armour, old cabinets, carved work by Benvenuto Cellini and gimcracks of various sorts as wd have been meat and drink to you for at least a twelve month. Then Eccellenza, as your showman would call you, there are old tombs inlaid with jasper, onyx, and lapis



lazuli, and rough with the carvings and bronze of Donatello, Brunelleschi, and Michel Angelo, over the old *worthies*, if not *heroes*, of Florence, and a collection of what once was eminent and excellent in the bones beneath, that can hardly, I think, be paralleled in any country of equal dimensions, and is unrivalled even in those of larger growth except by the hallowed ground of Westminster Abbey. Witness my morning's visits to the Santa Croce where besides their last not unworthy monuments to Lanzi and Alfieri, the line extends through no mean names as high as to Michel Angelo, Galileo, and Machiavelli.

"Then there is the villa where Boccaccio *told*, I dare say, first, and certainly *wrote* his whole *Decameron* during the Plague. You know it is a failing of story-tellers to do this sometimes ; but I wish I had heard him, for I delight in *viva voce* communication. Dante and Petrarch are not at home ; but how rich in fame is the country that could part with them and have so much left. I find a certain Count Gicciaporci, to whom Will<sup>m</sup> Rose gave me a letter and a recommendation, has—from his love of ancient literature, I suppose—gone to join this party of illustrious ghosts, while Rose, who had apologised eloquently for not writing sooner, was wondering he never heard from his foreign correspondent. However, tho' I am glad of an introduction, I must inform him

' Let him say what he can,  
We will have a live man :  
I'll be damned if I visits a corpse.'

"However, by this *contre temps* I have missed the entree which he would have given me to the Countess of Albany's Soirees, where I should have been at least curious to see the object of Alfieri's devotion and the last legitimate Queen Consort of England as far as the cuckolding poor Charles Edward could make her so.<sup>1</sup> Alas ! no throne, whether *de jure* or *de facto* is safe from these little disgrémens. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Louisa Maria Caroline (1753-1824), "Countess of Albany," Princess of Stolberg, in 1772 married Charles Edward (known in Italy as "Count of Albany") for reasons of State, after Miss Walkinshaw had left him. There were no children of the marriage, and in 1780 husband and wife separated—on account of his drunkenness and brutality. She became the mistress of the poet Alfieri, and opened a famous salon at Florence. She and Alfieri were buried together in the church of Santa Croce.

“ These [the Italian Lakes] had haunted my memory ever since I first saw them just 35 years ago ; and my second view convinced me I was right in preferring them to any scenery I have ever visited since. . . . The grandeur of the Simplon itself outdoes any of the mountain passes in Switzerland ; but I fear it makes me admire Bonaparte ; and the impression does not wear off in seeing the improvements he made in Lombardy and hearing all that has been going on. The people certainly regret him in the North of Italy—and very naturally, for I think he was enough of an Italian to feel for Italy more than for France : at least he did not sacrifice the Italian people to his French objects, but employed them in a thousand improvements in which they took an interest and a pride.

“ At present they are sore by being treated as a conquered people, and all this bitterness is excited for no object but to gratify a proud contempt which they hardly deserve—as, after all, what could they do ? They had no object of patriotism in resisting Bonaparte, for he brought them lighter chains at least than those they had worn. They had not even rebelled, for he conquered them before he governed ; and if they liked him better, they only did so from experience. Great pains are taken to make this impression as deep as possible ; but I cannot for my life comprehend the policy of doing so. While it lasts the breaking his busts and effacing his inscriptions will only engrave his memory more deeply in the very hearts whence we should wish to expel it. Nothing can be so insufferably stupid and foolish as all this appears when you see the effect.

“ In truth, it is difficult to admire, but still more difficult not to pity the Italians, for they are at least possessed of one virtue of which I wish we had a little more among ourselves. They are a national people ; and I have often been struck by the sort of pride and pleasure with which their common boatmen and peasants speak of the writers and artists who made the name of their country immortal. Not a scavenger here is ignorant of the house of Michel Angelo or of the villa of Lorenzo di Medicis ; and in Milan, Leonardo da Vinci and the race of Visconti and Sforzas are talked of almost as much as people that lived a year ago.”

## THE THIRTEENTH LETTER-BOOK

1824

THERE is something ominous about this Thirteenth volume. There are outside causes not without their effect on the Letter-Books. The dark and threatening shadow of Napoleon has passed ; the indiscreet Queen Caroline is dead ; Byron in Greece ending his meteoric career ; the Davids of literary journalism in their "Quarterly Review" have triumphed over the "Edinburgh" Goliaths (only to start a little bludgeoning on their own account) ; England is in a fever of speculation, which next year will result in great financial failures ; the social pot is fast seething to the point of boiling over in the Reform agitation ; and Sir Walter himself is beginning to spare less time for the letter-writing that inspires his correspondents. So this Thirteenth Letter-Book, although bulkier than ever, yields rather fewer original portraits and stories ; its explorers of old mysteries are less lucky ; its bores are more boring ; its beggars more brazen ; its toadies toadier. New correspondents come along, of course ; and still there is grist to the Waverley mill.

### *Tales of a Smuggler*

Meanwhile, some of the old faithful have their reward. There is, for example, Joseph Train, the Exciseman : if he was as diligent in tracking smugglers as he was in searching for antiquarian lore, he well deserved Scott's efforts—through Lord Liverpool and Sir Robert Peel—to get him promotion. A remarkable character discovered by Train was Myles Crowe, a smuggler, whose stories fill many letter-pages. Crowe, who has died not long since at Kirkcudbright, was a native of Galloway. He began as a teacher of English in the mountains of Man in 1771. He lived there for twenty years, and then returned to Kirkcudbright, where he became an agent for the distribution of contraband goods. Myles Crowe, writes

Train, "actually believed in the existence of fairies, ghosts, and witches. I have often heard him tell a long story of a weaver who lived at a place called Cnok na Moar [*i.e.* the Fairy hill], who from extreme poverty became rich by laying eggs like a hen." It was Myles who told Train of the Manx custom in the seventeenth century, that if a man violated the chastity of a maid, the Deemster gave her a rope, a sword, and a ring—with the choice that she could either hang, or behead, or marry the culprit. Train proceeds to relate that once when smuggling tea—then a precious commodity—Crowe poured a supply of it into his small-clothes. But he gave too long a stride from the quay to a boat; and the small-clothes, stretched by the weight of their burden, slit from side to side, the whole cargo of tea flowing into the sea. Finding the tea trade unsatisfactory, the smuggler went into the tobacco line; which resulted in this reminiscence, in Train's own words:

"With a view of eluding most effectually the whole of the Revenue Gang, he rolled his person up from neck to heels, like an Egyptian Mummy, in Spun tobacco; and being a tall raw-boned, gaunt person, he concealed nearly one hundred pounds weight in that way without increasing the bulk of his person to a size capable of raising the suspicion of the Revenue Officers when he embarked at Pool-Vash for Kirkcudbright. Experienced smugglers generally roll the tobacco immediately over their under-garments; but Myles Crowe fell into the fatal mistake of placing the twist under them. But ere the vessel had put to sea the tobacco threw him into a hectic fever which soon rose to such a height that he seemed to be on the very eve of passing from time to Eternity. Seeing him in such a deplorable situation, the sailors who came to his assistance, in the hope of permitting him to breathe more freely, opened the collar of his shirt, when unfortunately the tobacco appeared up to his very chin. The cause of his indisposition being thereby instantly discovered, the Skipper, in wrath at his vessel's being subjected to the risk of being seized at sea by such a paltry stratagem, immediately turned the unfortunate Crowe over to the officer on duty, who carried his seizure direct to the Custom House.

“ My informant Mr. Kayall of Douglas happened accidentally to peep into the King’s Warehouse just as the officers were busily employed in separating the vegetable from the animal part of the mighty Roll of Tobacco by turning poor Myles round like a mighty whirligig with the velocity of a fly-wheel at full speed.”——Train, in a subsequent letter, reveals that Crowe’s life had a sad ending. “ After he died, supposedly from an immoderate quantity of ardent spirit, it was rumoured that his corpse was carried away by Resurrection Men [or body-snatchers]. When Stewart and his wife were hanged at Glasgow they confessed that poor Myles Crowe was one of those they had killed by administering narcotics and deleterious drugs ; and whose dead bodies they had sold for use on dissecting tables.” ‡ <sup>1</sup>

### *Scott’s Ill-fated Family*

Another cruel custom of old times is the subject of an amusing reference in a letter of the practical poetess, Miss Joanna Baillie. But first she has to condole with Scott on the loss of a grandchild and the feeble health of his daughter’s first son, the ill-fated boy for whom he wrote the *Tales of a Grandfather*. The fine letter reads more pathetically when we remember that his own two sons died young and without heirs ; and that Lockhart’s only surviving son (who succeeded to the estate) died childless after a short misspent career.

[Hampstead. Feb. 6th.] “ My dear Sir Walter, Bad news travel fast, and no news are—it is said—good news : yet I would fain hear from yourself or one of your family that Mrs. Lockhart is recovering favourably after the loss of her infant and all that she must have suffered besides. I regret the disappointment to herself and her relatives, but I hope amends will be made to you all some other time in the possession of a bud that will not be nipt but swell and blossom and bring fruit to perfection. Nor must you think despondingly of your little man because he is not robust and because he is wise. The thread of life tho’ apparently very slender is yet very tough in

<sup>1</sup> John Stewart, blacksmith, and Catherine Wright (or Stewart) were tried in the High Court of Justiciary for poisoning Robert Lamont on board a steamboat, Hanged August 19th, 1829.



GEORGE IV

*"The King was quite melancholy all the evening he heard of it . . ."* (Lockhart).



QUEEN CAROLINE

*"I have been a good girl for five months . . ."* (Lord Montagu's story).



GEORGE CANNING

*"This at least is an unusual state of mind in controversy. . . ."*



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

*"Sir Thomas bade me with his best regards tell you the following story . . ."* (Mrs. Hughes).



some of these delicate creatures. I have frequently known them pass thro' diseases which prove fatal to stronger children, as if they had a charmed life and would not [be] kill'd ; and as for his being wise, all clever children who are much with grown people & don't run about with other children seem to have minds too forward for their age. It is an evil that will subside. We have many wise children and few wise men. I have a grand niece somewhat in his predicament, yet I expect her to grow on to Woman's estate, and just be a good, honest, clear-headed lass after all. . . .

"I received some time since an application which amused me a great deal, from Montgomery the poet in behalf of a Committee at Sheffield for suppressing the use of Climbing Boys for sweeping chimneys, that I might send them a Poem on that subject to be added to a Collection of similar poems to engage the Public (that is to say the honest pot-boilers all over the country) to *sympathize* with their miseries. Instead of poetry I have sent to the Committee in plain simple prose an account of the old Scotch way of cleaning Chimneys with a rope and a lead and a parcel of brooms and brushes tied to it, as a far better thing. For all the verses on earth will never make them give up the old mode of sweeping till they get one in its place nearly as easy to themselves and as cheap. Is this old way still in use with you, or do Climbing Chimney Sweepers universally prevail ? "

*Miss Edgeworth on Droll Americans*

Another woman writer is the next correspondent to be protesting—this time against Americans. Miss Maria Edgeworth adored her father, that ingenious gentleman of many parts, who four times married and four hundred times (more or less) tinkered with her popular novels. American readers very much wanted her to cross the Atlantic, with what hope this extract shows :

[Edgeworth's Town. Feb. 18th.] " . . . These Americans are, as you say, droll people. In one No. of a North American Review, which one of them has just sent me & trapped me into reading, I find myself drawn in the most ludicrous attitude ' *bowing in silence to a half-anonymous portent* '—who ? You. In



another Number—for by way of charming me over to America they were so good as to send me two doses—the first page on which I chanced to open contained the most brutal abuse of my own father, with a desire —expressed in American phraseology—that my talents should be *tested* to prove that they don't lie buried with my father's ; and a further proposal—which I will not call savage, for I am sure a savage would not have made it, but a truly American proposal—to a daughter to come and dance a fandango on her father's grave to show how much better she would do without him than with him ! Has the word father no power over an American mind ? But even in my ire I won't put the whole nation into the body of one worthless reviewer.

“What business had I to look at the Review ? There is a ‘Quarterly Review,’ in which I am told my father is abused, which I never have read to this hour ; and in truth have always avoided this author's bane stuff, as you and I agreed all who regard their own happiness or dignity of character should. But this time I did not smell the hand of the reviewer. I thought it was a friend, and thrust my silly head in after a bait of praise when my eye caught the word father.

“FOOL FOOL ! at 55 what hope of you ? ”

*Campbell obeys his Friends*

We know, from other evidence, that Scott did not trouble himself about “this bane stuff.” Where the tree falls, let it lie. That was his motto. Not so Thomas Campbell, according to Miss Baillie :

[Cavendish Square. Feb. 27th.] “ . . . I had a call from Campbell yesterday ; and he is going to publish a vol : of Poetry which I doubt not [will] sustain his reputation. I wish you would do so too, for those Scotch novels have put poetry out of fashion ; and I know nobody that can set that matter to rights again but yourself. I was pleased with Campbell saying so frankly to me that the publication was kept back a little because his friends did not like some of the poems meant for this volume, and he was writing others to supply their place. He seemed altogether in a good, happy disposition of mind, and his book will profit by it. I hate sad, bewailing, mis-

anthropic poetry, be it ever so good of its kind. Indeed, he has hitherto written with a fine spirit, and I trust he will continue to do so to the end."

*Kenilworth leads to a Challenge*

But the enticements of even dear Joanna avail nothing. Scott was off with the old poetic love when Byron streamed across the sky. Besides, he is now so well on with the new—the *Waverley Novels*. Laying aside Miss Baillie's letter-sheets—what a lot of paper does the good soul waste!—he turns and does his daily "task" of *Redgauntlet*. But an author's is a dog's life. No pleasing everybody! There was *Kenilworth*! He had been very careful to picture Queen Bess fairly and sympathetically. And now comes a *soi-disant* descendant of Amy Robsart's murderer—the Earl of Leicester—challenging him:

[Averham, near Newark. March 9th.] "Sir Walter Scott.—As a descendant collaterally of Dudley Earl of Leicester, I challenge and defy your Novel on his character as a Libel and shall with the assistance of my powerful relatives make good the same if you *do not* suppress it. Prove your words from history, and I have done. This I challenge you to in the Name of the Ever blessed Trinity, Father, Son, & Holy Ghost—three persons but *one* God. Your charge is MURDER committed by Lord Leicester or imputed to him.—I am, With all *due* respect, a Reader of yours, Robert Chaplin, Jun<sup>r</sup>.

[PS] Direction, Averham near Newark; or to the Archbishop of York." <sup>1</sup>

*Queen Caroline's Curious Threat*

In his earlier letters Lord Montagu was wont to relieve the fearful earnestness of his discussions of family affairs by some social sidelight or tasty morsel of high gossip—as when, for example, he told Sir Walter of Queen Caroline's threat to Brougham during her Divorcement Trial. Brougham was her Attorney-General, and defended her at the trial. In an interview with him, in the course of the proceedings, she exclaimed: "I have been a good Girl for five months; I feel now as if I could break all those glasses."

<sup>1</sup> The postscript goes on to say that the Earl of Leicester was a Sutton; and that the writer is a grandson of the Baronet of that name. Scott endorsed the letter "Very Mad." But he re-read it; and again added—"Very Mad."

But Lord Montagu is now more tied up than ever with all the Buccleuch estates and interests and the proper education of the young heir. Think of it ! Scott, wearing out heart and brain to produce his novels to time, sitting restlessly as Clerk of Session, wearily carrying a bankrupt printing and publishing company on his broad back—receives letters of up to *eighteen* large quarto pages from Lord Montagu ; and it is the Family all the way, from address to signature. Sir Walter wades through them all, gravely considering and advising. Where the letters fall, let them lie—save for this illustration of how the two old friends balanced vices and virtues in the unending issue of

*Oxford versus Cambridge*

[Cheltenham. May 17th.] “. . . My mind is by no means yet made up as to which University he had better go to. If to Oxford, Christ Church is, I believe, the only College where he will find many of the class of young men one would wish him to associate with. But that College has been so abominably mismanaged under the late Dean that it will require some time to enable the present Dean to restore the discipline of old Cyril Jackson. . . . At this moment I believe there is but an indifferent set of young men there—that is a very *trifling* set, or a very *hunting* set. It is however supposed that the present Dean will gradually get rid of them ; and in the usual course of things young men of rank seldom stay above two years. Then as to Cambridge, there are two Colleges to chuse out of—viz, Trinity and St. John's. . . . At Trinity there is a greater number, but from all I hear there is at present a strong passion for Newmarket among the higher set of young men. This set too may change in a twelve-month ; and as I hear the Big-Wigs of the College have got wind of it (for it is wonderful how much vice may go on under their noses before they find it out), it is to be hoped they will put a stop to it—that is, get rid of the leaders of the tribe ; for that is almost all they can do. Now if it is to be a choice between a taste for hunting or a taste for Newmarket, there is no doubt the former leads to the least serious consequences. The taste for trifling may be acquired anywhere. . . .”

The "fors and againsts" in the old debate of Oxford v. Cambridge are hardly less to-day ; and Newmarket stands where it did. Not so, alas ! some of England's historic places. The indefatigable Mrs. Hughes (again on tour) gives this glimpse of departed romance and dying glory ; and also some news of Mrs. Amelia Opie, novelist and poet and wife of the painter :

*Where Charles II Hid*

[Uffington. June 10th.] "... On Tuesday between Penkridge and Wolverton, Dr. H[ughes] was so kind to indulge my mania by going two or three miles of detestable road in order that I might see Mosley Hall, the house in which Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston (the priest) sheltered Charles on his moving from Boscobel. It is a delight of a place—black and white wood and plaister, pointed gables, great cluster chimnies, old oak-panelled rooms full of hiding-holes made for the Catholics, and one that the King was concealed in opens from a closet in old Mr. Whitgreave's room. Everything is just as it was, but fast going to decay, for the present owner—a Whitgreave too, a *lineal* descendant—cares not for it. The fine old dining and drawing rooms were full of corn and cheese and cart harness belonging to the farmer who is tenant. Last year he sold all the old furniture and the numerous pictures. I had a malicious joy in hearing that one was an original of Queen Elizabeth, which was knocked down at 15 shillings ; and resold next day for £50—not that I care 6d for Q. Elizabeth's likeness or should covet any other but that enviable one by Mr. Sharpe, which I am persuaded represents her in her true colours. This degenerate fellow [Whitgreave] has perched himself on a high hill above the old hall ; and built himself a great square, staring, slate-roofed, yellow-stoned venetian-windowed place, which I am sure if Andrew Gamel was alive and could see the 'auld' and the new houses, he would call a Gowk's nest. . . .

*[Mrs. Opie's Conversion]*

"As you may be a little incredulous as to Mrs. Opie's conversion to Quakerism, I can attest having seen a letter from her to Southey in which she informs him of the change in her

religious opinions and Thees and Thous him unmercifully. I believe she is somewhat of a favourite with him ; and therefore he looked grave when the ladies of the family mentioned a report that Mr. Gurney, a handsome man of 35 (brother of Mrs. Fry), who has a fortune of £15,000 a year, was supposed to have been the grand agent in the business. At any rate, Mrs. Opie is sedulously bent on obtaining his *friendship* ; and they are much together. If this be so, she is ‘ not the true Simon Pure ’ surely : a very common transition, you know, from the *Friend* to the lover.”<sup>1</sup>

“ *Improving* ” *Scotch Cooking*

Sir John Sinclair has already been indicated as another “ingenious gentleman.” Although he loved poking a finger into other people’s pies, he did much good by introducing agricultural and other improvements. Here he is sending Scott a circular letter with the object of improving the pies of Scotch housewives, for he covers the curious circular with the comment : “ I think it desirable that he [Charles Bruant] should be settled in Edinburgh on the plan explained in this paper to improve our Scotch Cookery. Perhaps you might wish to have him at Abbotsford when Mrs. Coutts visits you. He has also several valuable medical receipts for coughs, sore throats, stomach complaints, etc.” And here follows Monsieur Bruant’s recipe for the universal stomach complaint :

“ DRESSING DINNERS

AND

TEACHING COOKERY

CHARLES BRUANT,

who is acquainted with both French and Italian cookery and confectionary, proposes to dress dinners for the Nobility and Gentry of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, and to teach their cooks how to prepare Dishes in the best manner and newest

<sup>1</sup> John Opie died in 1807. Mrs. Hughes was early with her information on the sensation of the day, for Mrs. Opie was not actually received into the Society of Friends until next year. She was influenced by the Gurneys ; but she did not marry the handsome proselytiser.

style ;—in particular he will learn them how to make *The 'Souffletts'* or celebrated French puddings ;—how to boil meat so as to make it tender and easily digestible ;—how to make '*Savourie jellie*,' so good for the stomach ;—how to prepare '*Caffe au lait*' and '*Petit Lait*,' or French clarified whey ;—also a number of other excellent articles, both delicious to the taste and wholesome. His terms are Fifteen shillings per Day for dressing a Dinner and *permitting the family cook to see how it is done*. Letters may be addressed to him at Mr. Weddell's, Confectioner, 67 Princes Street, Edinburgh."—Not a word about Haggis !

### *Abernethy and the Duke of York*

While Sir John Sinclair has been trying to "improve" Scotch cooking, Mrs. Hughes and her husband have been honoured by their first visit to Abbotsford, whose cook might have met Monsieur Charles Bruant with a flourishing frying-pan (*à la Meg Dods*). Mrs. Hughes is so gratified that her stories flow faster than ever, including this one of Abernethy, the famous surgeon :

[No place. June 23rd.] " . . . Did you ever hear that Mr. Hamilton (a printer, I think he was), an associate of Dr. Johnson's and a very well known character some years ago in London, was an active instrument in the Porteous mob. He confessed it to an uncle of a friend of ours who is on a visit here. Perhaps he was one of the men who attended your aunt's chair. I cannot help telling you a characteristic anecdote of Abernethy the surgeon, which the same friend mentioned to me. At the time the King had the wen on his head which Sir A. Cooper removed, Mr. A. was informed that a gentleman who was in a carriage at the door wished to see him immediately.—'Bid him wait, I am busy.'—The servant returned in breathless haste : 'Sir, Sir, it is the Duke of York.'—'Shew him up stairs.'—The Duke waited some minutes ; and then Mr. A. entered the room with his watch in his hand, and addressed him with : 'I will thank Your Royal Highness to be as brief as possible in stating your case, for I must be at the hospital in a quarter of an hour to read a lecture.' The Duke, dis-

gusted, turned upon his heel, and drove off to Sir Astley, who thus 'atchieved the greatness' which Mr. Abernethy 'thrust upon him.' "

*God save the King*

The next few correspondents will not have required from Sir Walter much time in answering, though they would make up his daily entertainment. For instance, Lady Abercorn understands that "our King is well, and still in love with Lady C.<sup>1</sup> People wonder what can make him so. But there is no accounting for taste."—A Mr. James Smith of Bideford, the possessor of some Swift MSS., begins his letter with a sentence which runs to some 230 words, occupying a large quarto page and a half.—Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe has been interceding with the Provost of Edinburgh to save the façade of old Leith jail; and has mentioned "the great name, 'at which Hell trembles.' . . . Delay not then, I beseech you on my knees, your powerful mandate. Written with one eye (the other being tyed up in a clout) and the gouty hand of, Your ever devoted slave, C. K. S."—The solicitor of the "West India Body of London" writes most confidentially to Sir Walter that his clients are so pleased with some articles in "Blackwood's Magazine," which Lockhart has written in their interests, that they want to make some return. They had offered him 100 guineas, which he had declined. As they are now under greater obligation to him, they suggest that if a sum of money were actually sent, without anything said about it, perhaps no further objection would be made.

*Miss Lydia White's Rencontre*

And, finally, a Major Stisted sends this reminiscence of Miss Lydia White, the rouge-cheeked, Blue-Stocking of Mayfair, whom Scott liked for her liveliness and good humour. It is the latest news: "A whimsical rencontre between the Lady Blue-to-the-Garters and a Neapolitan pastry-cook. Miss White wishing to give an English tea-party at Naples, sent for Sig<sup>r</sup> *Pasticcière* to order a cake. She . . . thought herself quite intelligible in desiring to have 'un gâteau'—'un gâteau.'

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Lady Conyngham, who was mistress of George IV during the lifetime of her husband.

'Twas in vain the poor Italian protested he had no 'Gatto,' wondering the Lady should ask him for a Cat. She vociferated 'gâteau,' 'gâteau.' He denied 'gatto.' Diavolo ! And there's no knowing how long they would have made a *noise in the world* had not a passing acquaintance interfered."

*Lawrence sends a Story*

Mrs. Hughes is back home again, and has been seeing a few mutual friends, including Lawrence, the painter. She bustles along to the Mail-coach office with the inevitable budget for Abbotsford that includes these pages :

[Amen Corner. Oct. 31st.] "... I saw at Sir Thomas's the head he painted of you a few years ago ; and the resemblance is *perfect*. He has rubbed out the figure because the dress did not harmonize with the *character* he wishes to give to the head, so that you are looking out of a dark, chaotic-looking cloud (now there *are* people who would call this emblematical of the Great Unknown and so forth ; but mind, I am not one of these people). Sir Thomas bids me say, he entreats you to come to town to be finished ; and if you will not, he must come to you—for the picture *must* be done. He also bade me with his best regards tell you the following story : 'A farmer of Gloucestershire was attended in his last sickness by the clergyman of the Parish, who—amongst other topics of conversation—told him he was going to another country. The dying man replied—" Ah ! it may be so, Sir ! but I have always said old England is good enough for me." ' " I see by the Athenæum list that you are a member of that constellation of genius. From what I heard of the place I thought it must be like living on Harvey Sauce, Cayenne, and Curaçoa ; but Sir Thomas Lawrence says there is a very pretty sprinkling of solids—plain boiled calves' heads, and rounds of beef, etc., etc., just to qualify the piquant parts of the feast. . . ."

*Byron : Apologetics and Errors*

This last part of the foregoing letter speaks of the writer's "cordial dislike of Lady Byron," who is "the most disagreeable person in the World." It is illustrative of the extraordinary change of attitude towards Byron after his death. During



the last part of his life, and especially after the separation from Lady Byron, nothing was too bad to say about him : there were less than half-a-dozen of his fellow-authors who stood openly for him—Scott in the forefront, with Leigh Hunt at his elbow—metaphorically speaking. With the wind that wafted the dying poet's breath over the hills of Missolonghi, the weather-cock of public opinion veered completely round. It is curious that the "confirmed suspicions" of the Mrs. Hugheses of Britain were so long suppressed. Scott's was the understanding heart ; and he would smile tolerantly at the sudden apologetics from the great *Amen Corner* on behalf of his friend. But there is another correspondent who is sufficiently informed to be able to correct Medwin about Lord Byron. He is William Stewart Rose, whose metrical version of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (for which, Moore said, Murray offered £2,000) is now being published at the rate of a volume a year for eight years, so that the susceptible friend of the amusing Hinves (*alias* David Gellatly) must have ruined herself :

[Nov. 11th.] "My dear Scott, I have no doubt but that you are right, and that it would be unreasonable to expect to be perfectly well. Perhaps one may even say that such a thing is hardly desirable ; for I remember an old Anglicised Frenchman who, having been cured of a tapeworm, used to observe sometimes 'that he began to miss his worm.' . . . [Referring to Medwin's *Conversation with Lord Byron*] : . . . There are many things (I, too, speak from newspaper extracts) which argue either malice in the narrator or (to say the least) misapprehension in the hearer. I never thought Monk Lewis's Ghost poetry had anything, besides its rhythm, to recommend it ; and was sure the passage in Medwin was a blunder.<sup>1</sup> Murray, you will see, has entirely thrown him on his back—I mean Medwin.

"The said Murray reports triumphantly the sale of the *Furioso*, which amounts to 400 ! I repaid the news by informing him that Hinves [Rose's manservant] also announced to me that the Chambermaid at the Plough meant to buy it. But this was on the strength of a love-story contained in a proof-sheet, in the correction of which Hinves had employed her. . . .

"I had forgot—I have not answered all your queries as to

<sup>1</sup> i.e. where Byron is quoted as praising Lewis's *The Monk*.

Lord Byron. I believe the duels to be lies ; and know that Hobhouse was his schoolfellow, and not a later acquaintance, as Medwin supposes. Query : did they fight at school ; and has M[edwin] blundered the story ? It was Mrs. B——h, Shelley's sister and not herself, whom he kicked down stairs. *Pugna est de paupere regno.* But Truth is a jewel." ‡

### *Robin Hood's Well*

The last selection from this Letter-Book is one that requires no qualification, that concerns no bitter controversies ; but serves only to take us back to the delightful scenes in *Ivanhoe*. Doubtless it pleased Sir Walter also, although he put it in the Letter-Book without comment. The writer is Mr. J. Charnock, of Studley Park, Warwickshire ; and he says that he is requested by Mrs. Lawrence to transmit to Scott " the subjoined lines written by a friend on hearing that she intended to erect an arch over Robin Hood's well at your suggestion." The well has long since disappeared (" the Company's water laid on ") ; so let us preserve its verse, which is perhaps by the modest Mr. Charnock. The lines may be unpolished ; but so were Robin Hood and his Merry Men :

" In ancient days this hanging wood  
Rung with the horn of Robin Hood ;  
And, named from him, this moss-clad well  
Sprang bubbling from its rocky cell.  
Here as the swift-winged moments flew  
Drank Robin and his jovial crew,  
While Friar Tuck (who loved to break  
Old Fountains rules and join the freak),<sup>1</sup>  
At every feast a welcome guest,  
Scattered at will the motley jest.  
But this had passed—forgotten long  
The well, the feast, the joke, the song—  
Till Scotia's poet, he whose pen  
Of Robin and his merry men  
So well has told, here bade revive  
The memory of their mirth ; Alive  
To all, that in these proud domains  
Of ancient days and things remains,  
Their Mistress owned the call ; and here  
Hastened this votive arch to rear :  
Here, too, the Muse's humblest son  
Presumes to tell what she has done."

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Fountains Abbey.

## THE FOURTEENTH LETTER-BOOK

1825

THIS volume opens to the echo of wedding-bells : when it closes, " the muffled drums are in prospect," as Lockhart said. Everything is so prosperous and splendid. It is true, London is in a fever of mad speculation ; but that is only the wealthy old lady having her fling—a passing whim. Besides, she is so very rich ; and so far away. Meanwhile, the early letters of this year are sweet reading to Sir Walter, for they carry congratulations on the engagement and marriage of his elder son, now a Lieutenant in the King's Hussars, to Miss Jane Jobson, the pretty heiress of Lochore. It was a love match. Miss Jobson brings a handsome fortune ; and Scott settles Abbotsford (with all Terry's beautiful ebony furniture and " curious curios ") on the pair. The business of the settlement has been a little difficult. Lord Montagu writes from—

[Ditton Park. Jan. 30th.] " Your account of the progress of the negotiation with the Mama is very amusing ; she is now, I hope, acting more the part of a healing plaster than of the blister to which you compare her. Seriously, however, I am very glad the good Lady became reasonable, and I have little fear that she will soon see that she has secured her daughter's happiness in giving her consent—though no doubt she would have preferred doing so quite in her own way."

### *Trials and Humours of Army Life*

The honeymoon over, the soldier (now a Captain) and his bride are soon experiencing the trials and humours of Army life. Their letters from Ireland are revealing :

[March.] "... Our first day's journey brought us at nightfall to Kilfullen Bridge of famous story ; and there we proposed to rest for the night. But after examining the beds on which was linen of a very doubtful color, the walls of the room—or rather the paper and plaster had come down in many

places and admitted refreshing breezes ; and the odours of the place were altogether so very abominable, that I refused a most pathetic appeal of Jane's to stay and not run the risk of robbery, murder, &c., &c. However I carried my point ; and we reached Ballytore in safety. Next day we breakfasted at Carlow, and passed through Kilkenny and Clonmell, where I had intended to stay the night, but no beds could be found as the Assizes were then going on—so we had another evening drive to the town of Clegheen, where we got accomodation very indifferent and particularly dirty.”<sup>1</sup>

When the young couple arrive in barracks, rather the worse for the journey, it is to find—

[Cork. April 21st.] “. . . The gallant Colonel Thackwell has fallen deeply in love, and is quite an altered man. He neither drills us nor attends the stables three times a day as usual ; but philanders down town, and has the band to play soft music on the terrace for him and his love. There is little doubt that he will marry.”<sup>2</sup>

The Captain and his young wife were moved to Dublin, where they joined forces with a Captain McAlpine and his wife, and rented between them a large old-fashioned house in Stephen's Green : “ We establish ourselves so that McAlpine and I live entirely separate, and that the servants come in contact with each other as little as possible. None of your great friendships.”

Then Jane takes up the quill :

[Dublin. May 31st.] “ Kean made his first appearance at the Theatre last evening. The Studds dined with us ; and Walter and Capt. S. went to the play. I was not *permitted* to go. There were no ladies scarcely there—nothing but a complete mob ; and the first act was quite inaudible. He is to act 8 nights. The new gig arrived last week, and I have been out in it two or three times. It is a very stylish affair, but everybody

<sup>1</sup> Another sidelight on the state of Irish hotels at this time is given by Thomas Scott (Sir Walter's brother) : “ When at Belfast I lodged at O'Neill's Hotel. . . . The hotel had a strong family resemblance to a Whisky office, and the O'Neill to the keeper thereof. The beds and bedding I shall not attempt to describe : clean straw would have been a luxury to them.”

<sup>2</sup> A later letter announces that the lady succumbed to Colonel Thackwell and the soft music within two months.

wonders that I venture. The horse is so gay, and we go so fast through the streets that I am afraid to move or look round. But I am getting more accustomed to it. The Housekeeping goes on well—at least if eating well is a sign of it, as we contrive to consume about 80 or 90 lbs of meat a week. Which is pretty well, you will say. But seriously, we had an examination of accounts yesterday, and have begun a reformation ; and as a commencement, I went down to the kitchen this morning, which I dislike exceedingly. . . . Last night, all except Rebecca were carousing with punch when we went to bed about 12 o'clock."

*Brighton's Moral Inhabitants—and its Lions*

While Walter and Jane and the servants are doing " pretty well," J. B. S. Morritt has switched the Letter-Books' panorama from Ireland to Brighton, at this time established as the fashionable resort of southern England :

[24 Steine, Brighton. n.d.] ". . . The invalids get air and sun ; masters and Misses who dance get quadrilles and fiddles ; and the curious may see Mr. Hayne, Col. Berkeley, and Miss Foote, and even your friend Mrs. Coutts, who illumines the cliffs with all her splendour occasionally and is preparing—as it is here said—to become the wife of Lord Burford and in time to restore to the title of St. Albans a fresh smack of its original flavour. . . . The place, for a watering-place, is pleasant enough, and there is none where after rain and bad weather it is [more] practicable to avail yourself of every gleam of sunshine and to avoid every breeze from the more ungenial quarters of the North and East—no slight advantage at this English time of the year, when smiles are transient on the Sun's face, and the gentle Zephirs themselves have a good deal of vinegar in their composition and feel like an East wind returning home. The great Lion of all—his blessed Majesty—cometh no more to Brighton. The moral inhabitants of the fishmarket and port took it upon them last year to hiss and hoot at the favourite Marchese,<sup>1</sup> and she naturally prefers more civil spectators.

" How very moral we are all growing. You see even Mr.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the Marchioness of Conyngham (see p. 200).

Kean is threatened with the vengeance of Public Opinion for only cuckolding an Alderman ; and Miss Foote gets 3,000£ for a secondhand breach of promise ; while our old friend Lady Louisa Stuart rather wickedly laughs and says : ‘ Lord, what a fuss they make. I always thought in my youth that with actors and actresses such proceedings were a matter of course ? ’ I fear by your silence on the subject you have no thoughts of being in London this Spring, though persons who were *particularly* well-informed assured me you were to be there. I have not even the resource of [John] Murray’s room to hear what is going on, either of you or of any other Lion ; but there seems as comfortable a stagnation in Literature as, I thank Heaven, there is at last in politics ; where, though people call themselves Whigs and Tories, I meet no two men of common sense who are not most cordially agreed that the present is the best of all possible times, and that we are in the right way to make it permanent.”—But Mr. J. B. S. Morritt, M.P., among the Lions of Brighton, was unconscious of the gathering clouds.

### *Bible and Bowdler*

Within a few days two authors are prompted to write letters which must have surprised Scott. The first is from Miss Anna Maria Porter, the novelist, who recommends him to procure and read a popular pamphlet of the day—*A Letter to a Clergyman on the Peculiar Tenets of the Present Day* ; and she adds : “ In the multitude of your admirers, dear Sir Walter, you have also had some sworn opponents, and who have even shared in your kind, good, hospitality at your country mansion. They have said in London parties that ‘ not one Bible or Prayer-Book was seen in your house ’ ”—a statement truly and effectively quashed by the reply of another friend which Miss Porter quotes. The other letter is from Mr. R. K. Dick, forwarding a message from one who also held “ Peculiar Tenets ”—Thomas Bowdler, the man who expurgated Shakespeare. Bowdler had met Scott ; and he writes : “ I say most confidently that *Marmion* is the finest Poem in the English Language that has appeared since the death of Gray ; and it will be read, and be admired, and continue to hold a distinguished place in the English Library, long after the writings of Lord Byron are consigned to oblivion.

. . . I often think that the doubtful manner and place of the Fate of Prince Arthur and the equally doubtful history of Perkin Warbeck would furnish two good subjects for the Pen of the Great Unknown. My Friend Shakespeare will in both instances be for ever a subject of admiration, but certainly not of the greatest historical authority.”—Scott would be amused at Bowdler’s prophecy regarding Byron. As for tackling Perkin Warbeck, that elusive adventurer was to be left to Mary Shelley, who—in due course—will write to Scott about him.

*Lady Davy meets Goethe*

An always welcome correspondent is Lady Davy, formerly the Mrs. Apreece. She is now on a tour with Sir Humphry ; which yields this reminiscence of Goethe :

[Rome. March 31st.] “. . . The days—three—I spent with Goethe at Weimar were such as make even a less interesting Tour worth peculiar recollection. At 76 the Author of *Faust* is full of vigour of conversation and courtesy of manner ; and if it seems uncivil to talk of age to poetic ears, I may soften the harsh subject by assuring you [that] beauty both of person and countenance—nay, of features—remain in this Northern Apollo to a degree coming near to that immortality of youth you Sons of the Lyre should all possess for our gratification. He selected yourself and Lord Byron as his most favourite Authors ; and he knew Scotland—even as poor Playfair knew Switzerland even before he had seen it accurately—from your descriptions of this our own ‘Countrie.’ His admiration and gratitude were indeed yours : for Genius to travel thus guided by Genius is a delightful, easy, conveyance, and an unusually agreeable companion on the journey. . . .”

*Monmouth’s Last Throw of the Dice*

Mrs. Hughes is now very industrious in looking out for any family papers which might provide material for the author of the Waverley Novels. About this time she is able to track down family manuscripts in the possession of Mrs. H. Bowdler, of Bath, and sends extracts relating to historic people and events ; of which the best two are here selected—the first revealing how Monmouth, on the eve of execution, was frus-

trated by a trick in his petition to the King ; the other, Cromwell's effort to win over a Royalist statesman, an incident which goes to support his character as portrayed by Scott in *Woodstock* : <sup>1</sup>

"*Copied from Mr. Bowdler's MS. (father to Mrs. H. Bowdler).* In 1734 I was in company with Col. Scott at Boulogne, when the Colonel called me to him & said, Mr. Bowdler, you are a young man and I am an old one : I will tell you an anecdote worth remembering. When the Duke of Monmouth was in the Tower under sentence of death, I had the command of the guard there ; and one morning the Duke desired me to let him have pen, ink, & paper, for he would write to the King. He wrote a very long letter ; and when he had sealed it, he desired me to give him my word of honour that I would carry that letter and would deliver it into the King's own hand. I told him I would most willingly do it if it were in my power ; but that my orders were not to stir from him till his execution, and therefore I dared not leave the Tower. At this he express'd great uneasiness, saying he knew he could have depended on my honour ; and at length he asked me if there was any officer in that place on whose fidelity I could rely. I told him that Capt<sup>n</sup> — was one in whom I would willingly confide in any thing in which my own life depended ; and more than that I could not say of any man. The Duke desired he might be called. When he was come, the Duke told him the affair. He promised on his word and honour that he would deliver the letter to no person whatsoever but to the King only.

"Accordingly, he immediately went to Court ; and, being come near the King's closet, took the letter out of his pocket to give it to the King. Just then Lord Sutherland came out of the Closet, and asked what he had in his hand. He said it was a letter from the Duke of Monmouth which he was going to give to the King. Lord S. said, 'Give it to me ; I will carry it to him.'—'No, my Lord,' said the Captain, 'I pawned my honour to the Duke that I would deliver it to no man but the King

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter, in acknowledging these historical MSS., described them as extremely curious. Of the first one : "I never saw so curious and detailed an account of the villainy of Lord Sutherland" ; and he thought it removed the doubt of the episode implied by Sir J. Dalrymple in his allusion to it in the *Memoirs of Great Britain*. Of the second MS. he observed : "I cannot help thinking that Cromwell was right."



himself.—‘ But,’ said Lord S. ‘ the King is putting on his shirt ; and you cannot be admitted into the Closet. But the door shall stand open that you may see me give it him.’ After many words, Lord S. prevailed on the Captain to give him the letter ; and his Lordship went with it into the Closet.

“ After the Revolution, Col. Scott (who followed the fortune of King James), going one day to see the King at dinner at St. Germain, the King called to him & said : ‘ Col. Scott, I have lately heard a thing that I want to know from you whether it is true.’ The King related these circumstances ; and was assured by the Colonel that what his Majesty had said was exactly true. Upon which the King said : ‘ Then, Colonel Scott, as I am a living man, I never saw that letter ; nor did I ever hear of it till within these few days.’ ”

#### *How Cromwell tempted a Royalist*

*“ Account of a conversation between Oliver Cromwell and the Marquis of Hertford, as given by Dr. King of St. Mary Hall to Dr. Smith of Magdalen College, Oxford.”*

“ I will relate a passage that the Marquis told me concerning the old Marquis of Hertford. A little after the death of the Lord Beauchamp, his son, in the year 1656, which was of unspeakable grief to him, the Protector sent Sir Edward Sydenham to condole with him for the great loss he had sustained, with many fine compliments besides. The Marquis would have been glad Cromwell had spared the ceremony ; but returned a suitable acknowledgment. Some time after this he sent again, to invite him to dinner. This great and good nobleman knew not how to waive or excuse it, considering that it was in Cromwell’s power to ruin him and all his family ; and sent him word he would wait on his Highness. Accordingly, he went ; and Cromwell received him with open arms, and drank to him, and carved for him, with the greatest kindness imaginable.

“ After dinner, he took him by the hand and led him into his withdrawing room ; where, they two being alone, he told the Marquis he had desired his company that he might have his advice what to do—for said he : ‘ I am not able to bear the weight of business that is upon me. I am weary of it ; and

you, my Lord, are a wise and great man, and of great experience, and have been much versed in the business of government. Pray advise me what I shall do.'—The Marquis was much surprised ; and desired again and again to be excused, telling him that he had served King Charles all along and been of his private council ; and that it did not consist with his principles that either the Protector should ask, or he (the Marquis) adventure to give him any advice. This would not satisfy Cromwell, but he press'd him still ; and told him he would receive no excuse or denial.

"The Marquis being thus press'd, said : 'Sir, upon this assurance you have given me, I will declare to your Highness my thoughts, by what you may continue to be great, and establish your name and family for ever. Our young Master that is abroad—that is my Master ; and the Master of us all—restore him to his Crowns ; and by so doing you may have what you please.'—The Protector, no way disturbed, answered very sedately that he had gone so far that the young gentleman could not forgive.—The Marquis replied that if his Highness pleased, he would undertake with his Master for what he said. He [Cromwell] replied again that in his circumstances he could not trust. Thus they parted ; and the Marquis never had any injury thereby so long as Cromwell lived."

### *No "Doubt" about Lord Orford*

After the Duke of Monmouth, Queen Anne, nearing her "crying out" (in a document not used), and Oliver Cromwell, comes Richard III. That is to say, that William Capon, formerly scene-painter at Drury Lane and now architectural draughtsman to the Duke of York, writes a closely packed letter offering Sir Walter materials to assist him in throwing light on that King and his dark deeds. A useful man was old Capon. He had known Lord Orford, the author of the *Historic Doubts*<sup>1</sup> "which however excellent in stile and manner is not by any means compleat. The story which has been circulated 'that my Lord Orford some time previous to his death had retracted his former opinions of King Richard,' I do

<sup>1</sup> *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third*, by Mr. Horace Walpole (1768). Walpole became 4th Earl of Orford in 1792.

not at all believe, as from many conversations with him during 1793 I do know he then held the same ideas and was equally desirous that the subject should be farther enquired into."

*An Expensive Time*

"This is all very well—very well," thinks Scott; "but these interesting papers must wait." For he is busy with the first Richard, now that he is writing *The Talisman*. Besides, he is rather tied. There is a tour in Ireland and England arranged; and behind that looms the mighty task of Napoleon. Heigho! he must keep to the grindstone; it has been an expensive time lately: £3,500 to buy Walter's captaincy; £500 for his bride's jewels ("I would not let my son marry her like a beggar"); £1,000 to equip them with quarters and the gig, etc., on joining the regiment; £1,500 on the new railway ("a dead outlay for a time")—gad, he must make some more money fast. Easy, with hard work; and behind him Constable (the "Napoleon of Publishers") and his own printing-press!! And while he is reflecting thus—perhaps suspicious of the London madness and apprehensive for the Scottish Napoleon—comes a fat letter from dear Terry. . . . He breaks the seal. . . . Terry, who is setting up for himself as part proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, only wants £2,000 or security for that sum."

Yes, Scott will stand for £1,250 for dear Terry. But he doesn't think much of him as a theatrical financier, and he may have to pay up. Yes, he must make some more money. So Monmouth, Queen Anne, Cromwell, and Richard III are stuffed into his fast-filling desk; and he turns to wrestle with the incoming wagon-loads of books (hundreds of folios), manuscripts, and files, which Constable is sending in connection with the *Life* of Napoleon—

"But my house I must swap  
With some Brobdignag chap,  
Ere I grapple, God bless me! with Emperor Nap."

*What to see in Ireland*

He would like to cancel this Irish tour, were it not for the disappointment to Miss Edgeworth and a host of friends, so

many of whom were sending him elaborate itineraries and invitations. If Sir Walter had announced his intention of going to the Moon, there would have been correspondents to supply him with directions and introductions to the Man therein. Who could resist going when, for example, Ross Cox, of 16 Sinnat Place, Dublin, directed him thus :

[July 25th.] “. . . The garrulous old woman who points out the various tombs at the Rock of Cashel must not be forgotten. She tells dreadful tales of the naughty conduct of certain monks, former inhabitants of the Abbey, and a Sisterhood that occupied a Convent in its vicinity, which you may see from the Rock ; and to which she broadly asserts the Holy fathers had access by means of a subterranean passage, until at length the intercourse was discovered and the Pope ordered them all to be burned—with many other circumstances.”

### *An Inglenook Story*

When Sir Walter returns from visiting the ladies of Ireland and (afterwards) the Ladies of Llangollen, it is to find awaiting him at Abbotsford a letter from Mr. J. W. Reddoch, who has made a great discovery. It would be exciting news to the author of *Old Mortality*, who would also appreciate the weird tale which followed—such a tale as they used to tell in a Cotter's Saturday-night circle, seated round the blazing ingle :

[Falkirk. Aug.] “ Sir, I am going one of these days upon a pilgrimage a few miles to the South to see a most interesting relic—the Standard of the Covenanters, being the identical Banner which Burley wrapped around him when he escaped from Bothwellbridge. It is composed of white cloth ; and has the inscription in gold letters ‘ Christ's Crown and Covenant.’ A poor labourer, I understand, is the fortunate possessor. The existence of it has been kept quiet ; and he tenaciously preserves it with a religious veneration, so that his prejudice as well as avarice must be overcome ere it changes its owner.<sup>1</sup> . . .

“ One beautiful autumnal afternoon, when the yellow crops of Sheardale waved in the ripening sun, and at a time of day

<sup>1</sup> Search and inquiry have failed to produce any further reference to or knowledge of this historic relic.

when the elphin train of the vale may be thought to have retired to the ravines among the Ochills or the misty summit of Bencleugh, my Grandfather, a douce old Seceder, cool and deliberate, was at the head of a band of reapers on the *hairst* rig ; when his attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a ‘ bonny fair-headed wean ’ that wandered among the standing corn. My Grandfather called out to the shearers, and they all beheld it ; but nobody imagined that it belonged to any of the neighbouring farmers, for the spot was lonely and far-distant from the public-road and the child had a beautiful unearthly expression that awed every one. After the first emotion which its appearance had excited, my Grandfather ran forward to bring it out ; but what was his feeling when no child was to be seen ! He examined with the others all around the place where they saw it (trampling down the good victual, by the bye) ; but no trace was ever discovered of the vision. Not many days after, however, a fine young lad going to bathe in the Devon opposite my Grandfather’s door, jumped from the bank into the water ; but he never rose. My Grandfather and his man as they took out the corpse with *lang creepies*, no doubt thought upon ‘ the bonny fair-headed wean.’ ! ”

*Paris News from Lady Stafford*

Now occurs the great round-up for Napoleonic data, such as had taken place, at the start of Scott’s career, for ballads, and (afterwards) for Dean Swift material. Sir Walter was lucky in the quantity of his French material, if he was not very discriminating in its use. When Lady Stafford hears of the work engaging Scott, she also makes her contribution as from one in diplomatic circles in Paris during the Revolution—and a helpless sympathiser with the ill-fated Court. But first of all, she has a Scottish eye to business :

[Westhill. Dec. 8th.] “. . . Lady Clarendon was here a few days ago in a gown from Paris of the Stewart Tartan, a new species of manufacture established there, and called *à la Sir Walter Scott* ; and there is so great a demand for it that strings of carriages wait at the door of the shop where it is sold, and people must bespeak their dresses some weeks. Perhaps if this were known at Edinburgh, Paisley, &c. they might

profit by this fashion which everybody at Paris now adopts. The substance of these dresses is a coarse common cotton with a pattern on it of the various Tartans according as they may be ordered ; and which manufacturers may prepare, as the French fashion will probably soon reach London. When I began my letter I did not think of writing to you a Chapter on dress ; but it must be an agreeable reflection to see an additional instance of the notice into which you have brought your own country ; and I thought that knowing of this fashion beforehand some of our people may profit as well as the French.

“ I shall much like to see the account of the French Revolution. All that can be known of the leading traits (besides what is in the Journals and pamphlets of the time) is to be found in Hue (which tells much), Cléry (a little), and L. de Campan (as to the Court). I fear I nothing know beyond these, excepting (between ourselves) that nothing could excuse the ignorance and helplessness of the Court and the suspicions they entertained, even of those who felt in the most friendly manner towards them. Nothing could persuade them at one time that *l'or de Pitt* was not profusely employed to excite the insurrections ; and that Lord Leveson-Gower did not distribute it among the people. In fact, they [the Royal Family] were ill-supported by those about them and ill-informed, and had no able persons to advise them. But I tell you all this in confidence : it is merely my own opinion from what I saw and heard. The subject is difficult from the character of the *Dramatis Personæ* being so frequently different *in fact* from what I should imagine from reading about them. Of many, so little could be said, as many ordinary characters got forward and came into notice ; and so much imbecility prevailed on one part, and wickedness on the other.” ‡

*Mrs. Lockhart Scandalised*

While Scott is knee-deep in books, journals, pamphlets, manuscripts, and letters on the Revolution and Napoleon, the Lockharts have been going through a little revolution of their own. John Gibson Lockhart has at last found a promising job—the editorship of John Murray’s “Quarterly Review” at £2,500 a year and extras. He and Sophy and the family

have come to London ; and while he grimly settles himself for life in the editorial chair (which he filled so honorably and successfully), his wife—bewildered by the goings-on in London Society—writes to Lady Scott :

[25 Pall Mall. Dec.] “My dear Mamma, Here we are at last completely established in a very handsome large well-furnished house. By going up the street a little way, we can get into the Green Park and also we have a key into St. James’s Square, which forms the back part of our house and is a very beautiful garden, with a pond and statue in the middle. The house is excellent with stone staircase to the top and *water to the very top*. [Here follows news about her child Johnny’s health ; and dinners with Miss Lydia White and Mrs. John Murray. The latter she liked very much indeed, being “a quiet ladylike person who has been particularly kind.” But the former !]

“Oh Mamma, how shocked I was to see Miss White. I think I never saw a creature so near death or such an object—it made me feel quite sick to see her. And yet there she was, on a sopha, dressed, rouged, in a white hat and feathers ; and I must say that she talked in such a very indecent manner to the gentlemen that I wished myself anywhere. I never heard anything the least like it before. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hallam, Mr. Gatty Rought, Lord Dudley, and two [or] three other gentlemen. Except Lord Dudley who was amusing, I never heard such a chatter and to so very little purpose.” ‡

Now comes an undated letter, from Sir Walter’s son, which provides this volume’s only warning of the impending drama. He writes : “The commotion in the money market seems unabated ; and the greater the alarm, the greater the danger. Confidence in the Bankers would have kept everything right, as it seems that most of the Banks who have stopt payment are able to pay 20 shillings in the pound, and many a great deal more.”—The banks, maybe, but not some great firms. The “muffled drums” are sounding. Ruin hangs over Sir Walter. His Diary for the end of November and through December records the alternating bad and good news from London. His fortunes are linked up with those of the ambitious

Constable ; the publisher's with those of Hurst & Robinson, his great London agents ; Hurst & Robinson's with those of the banks—a giddy circle. The barometer of hope is as giddy in its risings and fallings. Scott borrows £10,000 in a last desperate and (foolish) gamble to support the “ Napoleon of Publishers ” whose Waterloo is at hand ; and he makes New Year resolutions in advance :

“ I here register my purpose to practise economies . . . so I resolve :

No more building ;

No more purchases of land till times are safe ;

No buying books or expensive trifles—I mean to any extent ;  
and

*Clearing off encumbrances.*”

The year closes in an agony of doubt and in a flood of unmet and mysterious Bills of Accommodation. But he is “ under the consciousness of impending ruin.” For the second time he quotes from his beloved *Don Quixote* : “ Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards.” Hope springs eternal ; the mail-coach rumbles along to Melrose ; and his correspondents—all ignorant of the drama of Abbotsford—take up their quills to fill the next Letter-Book.



## THE FIFTEENTH LETTER-BOOK

1826

ONE of the earliest letters in this clouded New Year is from Wordsworth. It is merely coincidence that ever since the "Great Laker" had read *Marmion* "with lively pleasure," although with no very flattering opinion, his correspondence with Sir Walter had almost ceased. Not so his warm friendship with the northern Bard turned novelist, the popularity of whose works compared with his own was as the new oil-gas light to the twinkle of a glow-worm. The friendship of the great men is reflected in this letter. If it is not of the first biographical importance, there is something pleasing in its affection and in its glimpse of the gaunt poet of 56, not "humming and booing" along the lanes of Grasmere, but joining in the season's sports :

[Rydal Mount. Jan. 7th.] "My dear Sir Walter, When I was in Leicestershire a few weeks ago, I received thro' Alan Cunningham the agreeable notice that your Bust had been dispatched to Rydal Mount ; and on my arrival here had the pleasure of finding it in its place—a noble copy done, I have no doubt, with the best care that could be bestowed upon it. Do you recollect where Mr. Southey's stood ?—under an arch in the Book-case at the end of the room in which you breakfasted. There you are ; Mr. Southey being supplanted to make room for you. This will startle you as being very unhandsome ; and so it would have been were there not, as the Lady says in the Play, very pressing reasons for it. Your Bust is nearly twice the size of the Laureate's, and therefore required the larger space ; and in the larger apartment is seen to better advantage : and it is so much better executed that as a work of Art it has a claim upon the best light. Mr. Chantrey had hopes a few years back that at some future time Mr. Southey might permit him to work upon his head—deeming him then too young for the purpose. Happy should I be to add him and

Mr. Coleridge to what I possess from the same admirable sculptor.

"On Christmas day my Daughter decked the Laureate with the appropriate wreath, and stuck a sprig of Holly in your mantle ; and there it is, ' with its polished leaves and berries red,' among the other indoor decorations of the season. I have not seen Southey since my return from Leicestershire. My last news of him thro' Mrs. Coleridge was that he was suffering, with others of his family, from a severe influenza—the plaguey erysipelas had left him. On Saturday I was skating along with my eldest son on the margin of our Lake. Yesterday the short-lived Frost departed ; and to-day we have rain and what in Cumberland and Westmoreland, with the true old Border spirit is called ' Scotch mist.' "

*Young Waverley's Humour*

Soon after Wordsworth's friendly news come letters from Jane and Walter. Sir Walter likes to hear from Jane : the two are fond of each other. The daughter-in-law's letters are stylishly written—in contrast to Walter's boyish scrawl and careless style. But even so, Walter is the child of Waverley : he has his father's whimsical touch, and will even pull the leg of the great Papa. As witness :

[Dublin. Jan. 15th.] "Dear Papa, I am very sorry to hear of your sudden attack, and trust that it may have taken its departure for good. It is, I believe, a most painful but not dangerous disorder. I hope you work Mr. Hamilton and keep him to his tackle : His gout attacks are apt to be so very convenient : they come on during the Sessions ; and he recovers wonderfully during the recess.<sup>1</sup> You ought to give up that Court altogether and go on  $\frac{1}{2}$  pay, which I suppose you are entitled to do by this time. Ticklish business dealing in Bills. You have got off scathless, which few people have. Bye the Bye, how gets on the Oil Gas, the Flint Glass, the Rail Roads, and all the other Speculations ?<sup>2</sup> I hope to get some 20 or 30£ from my Gas shares one of these odd days if there are no more Explosions. I suppose Mother Job.<sup>3</sup> would think

<sup>1</sup> A fellow Clerk of Session.

<sup>2</sup> In all of which Scott had financial interests.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. Mrs. Jobson, his mother-in-law.

that I had intentions on her life if I proposed to her to light up the house in Shandwick-place. Tho' the old lady has sent us a lot of Bun, Short-Bread, &c. all the good things of Edin<sup>gh</sup> at this season. The song [words by Sir Walter] is capital. Jane is practising it. I sent a copy to Mrs. Goulburn, who is very musical, and took the opportunity to get franks for [these] two letters. I shall give Miss Caton a copy ; she sings miserably, but she is the sister of Her Excellency, admires Scotch, and was kind enough to murder 'Auld Robin Grey' one fine morning for my particular benefit. . . . Jane's awe for His Excellency has quite worn off. We went to the Park a few days ago to an evening party, and heard Moschelles—a famous performer on the piano. It was a wonderful performance, but not pleasing. There is but little feeling to be knocked out of a Spinet : a small carnal Fiddle beats all the Harpsichords that ever were built. . . .

"The 14 days sitting of the Catholic Association commenced to-day ; and there is some arrangement made for a grand dinner to be eaten by that *worthy man* Daniel O'Connell,<sup>1</sup> and about 200 others of the same kidney, for the benefit of the starving Paddies. There is no doubt that it will do the poor people a great deal of good. That wise man Sir John Sinclair,<sup>2</sup> who has not been able to keep his own little property out of debt and trouble, has been publishing a plan which is to prevent all confusion in Banking affairs for the future. I wonder if he gets these columns upon columns printed for nothing, or if he fancies his advice so good as to be worth paying for by himself in order that the world may be enlightened by his brilliant suggestions. He and Mr Jardine—or more properly, Sir H. Jardine—have done a vast deal of good in their day. Jardine has the advantage of the Caledonian Boar in as much as he always pouches somewhat by getting some little management or other in any scheme that may be going for Public good, and for which management he may decently handle a trifle of cash. The poor Boar disburses liberally in premiums to great brawny ploughmen and breeders of sheep."

<sup>1</sup> The Catholic Association was formed by O'Connell to deal with grievances of the Catholic peasants.

<sup>2</sup> See page 198.

So much for the worker for Public and Self : his breed has not become less numerous with the passing of a century. The blunt young soldier's letter shows also that Sir Walter has been making light of his troubles, and that the children do not yet know the worst. But the blow soon falls. Within a few days the young couple—dancing light-heartedly at the Viceroy's Balls—learn that instead of Papa having "got off scathless" *he is ruined*. It is probable that they do not even now know the extent of the disaster, or that Papa has burdened himself, for honour's sake, with some £130,000 worth of debts, much of it the responsibility of others. But the blow is heavy enough to cause Jane and Walter to write that admirable letter offering Scott their available cash of £14,000.<sup>1</sup> The news has also become public, bringing many affecting pages into this Letter-Book.

*When the King was Melancholy*

Although the nation is groaning under the financial crisis, the ruthless shattering of Sir Walter's well-won happiness is lamented by one and all : from the poor harper who offers his entire resources (£500), to the King who was—as his confidential man told Lockhart—"quite melancholy all the evening he heard of it." The stream of lovingly sympathetic letters includes one from B. R. Haydon, the artist, who says that his brother-painter Wilkie has lost £1,600 by the failure of Hurst & Robinson, besides 500 guineas in another commercial smash. J. B. S. Morritt's letter shall be selected as typical of many :

[Brighton. Feb. 1st.] " . . . I do not know that I should now have written to you, but I have been really made uneasy by hearing it repeated that you have been involved and a great sufferer by the failures amongst the Edinburgh booksellers.<sup>2</sup> . . . Amidst all this heartless tittle-tattle there are hearts that will bleed at any real misfortune that befalls you. You have been too well disciplined in the ups and downs of Life to let a loss of this sort have an undue influence over a mind like yours. But relieve me from suspense, and be assured that I will say

<sup>1</sup> See *The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott*, pp. 353-4.

<sup>2</sup> And London booksellers (*i.e.* publishers) also.

nothing on the Subject to others but what you direct or wish—for ours is not a Summer friendship only ; and I have loved you and yours too long not to take the deepest and truest interest in what concerns you so much. If my serious anxiety seems too great for the occasion, attribute it to the Exaggeration of circumstances that prevails at this distance from Edinburgh and to the ruinous effects which I have recently seen produced in Yorkshire by similar failures. They are quite distressing, and seem beyond all human foresight or remedy. . . . Brighton has been beneficial to Kath<sup>ne</sup>, and her constitution is essentially altered for the better. The others have been very well indeed except my married niece, on whom John has inflicted the complaint most incident to brides, of which I hope she will be properly relieved when the time comes.”

*Lockhart on Woodstock*

*Woodstock*, that magnificent achievement—considering that it was done while his ruin was still fresh—is now Sir Walter’s daily task. James Ballantyne—his “Tom Tell-Truth”—is very encouraging with his praise. When it is finished, an early copy goes to Lockhart, whose criticism is worthy of record :

[London. Mar. 13th.] “. . . I was, I own, anxious as to *Woodstock*. Any approach to want of spirit would have been most unhappy at this moment. But here you are safe. I am confident that the whole series from *Waverley* downwards does not contain anything more continuously excellent, and have very considerable doubts whether there is anything in the world—even in *Macbeth*—better than the scene where Wildrake first sees Oliver. The picture, the way it is introduced, the soliloquy—grand as Holy Writ, and the exquisite grace and art of its termination—all these are beyond all praise. The characters of Wildrake, Tomkins, and above all old Sir Henry Lee appear to me quite worthy of your happiest mood. God bless you and yours.”

*Very Hard Cash !*

After the writing comes the selling. Scott’s affairs are largely in the hands of trustees, of whom John Gibson, his able law-agent, is the chief disentangler of the skein. Hurst,

Robinson & Co., despite their failure, are still in the publishing field. But there are to be no more Bills of Accommodation, Counter Bills, and duplicate Bills floating about in a hopeless medley. It is hard cash now ; and Gibson, in Edinburgh, shows how hard when he reports to Abbotsford : " For 7,900 copies of *Woodstock* Hurst and Co. are to pay down £6,500—the money to be paid before one copy enters their shop." Once bitten, twice shy. Gibson is suspicious. Hurst & Co. return to London ; and Gibson gallops after them in the next coach, hanging on their tails like a Scotch terrier. Soon, writing from " Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's Lane," he informs the bewildered author that Hurst & Co. are unable to carry out the transaction, and that Longman & Co. will publish the novel on the same terms. A new era in the publication of the celebrated novels has begun. The outside world is greatly excited, and always trying to listen at the Coffee-house keyholes. James Ballantyne, for one, could have gratified its curiosity. There is a passage in one of his letters about this date that throws a flood of light on the disaster, and illustrates how madly Constable and Hurst & Co. gambled on the popularity of the *Waverley Novels* : " It is a fact," he tells Sir Walter, " which I can vouch from personal investigation of the stock-accounts, that in consequence of Constable's furious overprinting, not less than Fifty thousand pounds worth of *Waverley Novels* and Sir Walter Scott's works are at this good hour on hand ! "

*James Hogg also has a Grievance*

While this *Waverley* business is occupying many correspondents, there are others who continue to furnish the usual side-lights. The *Ettrick Shepherd* has a characteristic comment on the disaster : " There is one great blessing that will attend it. It will free you from the endless pressure of fashionable company—a pressure to which I never beheld a parallel and from which there seemed no relief but patient endurance. I am not a little exposed in the same manner in a small way, and feel it a grievance on a poor man. But mine is but as pease and groats to pearls and diamonds."—Next, Captain Scott tells of the late hours of Dublin Society where " Evening parties com-

mence at 11, half-past 11, and even 12 is not too late.”—Then Lady Louisa gives a glimpse of Lockhart and his wife : “ At night she sang us two or three of her wild songs ; and I wish you had seen the eager eyes of some of the younger listeners, to whom she was a huge lion as your daughter, and who had been sucking in whatever she said of you. I find her the same Sophia she ever was, as natural and as engaging : and her husband, just what you described him—a Spanish nobleman, or suppose we say the Master of Ravenswood ; with a face for painters to study, but a brow rather awful notwithstanding its beauty.”

And there is the inevitable sponging author—in this case, authoress of *Continental Adventures*—who hopes, by getting Scott to sponsor her work, that “ as the Saints in Catholic Churches are represented flying up to Heaven and bearing a few lucky sinners clinging to their skirts, so she may contrive by attaching herself to him, to soar into the Heaven of popular favor.”

### *The Exploits of Cornet Eccles*

Then Thomas Crofton Croker, the Irish antiquary, introduces another original—one Cornet Eccles :

[Admiralty. April 8th.] “. . . The explanation of the Dullahers which was given to you in Dublin (about the ghost of a Waiter who was killed in a drunken riot at a Tavern) must have been an imperfect version of a very common story—I believe a true one—of Cornet Eccles (who, by the bye, was hanged for the murder about the year 1730) inducing a Waiter, by giving him a guinea for every glass, to swallow glass after glass of Brandy, resting only to take a lump of sugar between each. The poor fellow was suffocated. The Landlord at length entered the room, and finding the Waiter dead on the floor, exclaimed—‘ Sir, you have killed my Waiter ! ’—‘ Very well,’ said the Cornet coolly, ‘ put him on the bill.’

“ Matthews, I fancy, took Major Longbow’s story of ‘ Bring clean glasses and sweep away your Mistress,’ introduced in one of his entertainments, from the reply of Cornet Eccles, many of whose exploits are traditionally remembered in Ireland. Ever since, the ghost of this Waiter has been very troublesome even in the streets of Dublin ; but his favourite haunt is the neighbourhood of Tullamore, of which place he was probably a native.”

Amusing personalia in the letters of the next few weeks help to relieve Scott's daily task of writing off (in the author's sense, not the accountant's) the £130,000 of liabilities. For example, Captain's Scott's "7 or 800 veterans waiting here [Dublin] to be disbanded, which it is hoped they will be on the 24th as they have been in a state of drunkenness ever since they came in, and are setting a very bad example to our men. One of the band of the Veterans pawned the base drum for three glasses of whisky."—Then there is that wonderful old lawyer and judge (a friend of Dr. Johnson), of whom Lockhart can write: "I dined yesterday with Lord Stowell, who drank two bottles of port, and desired to be particularly remembered to you. His brother discovered a grand affair about him the other day. A mutual friend happened to say 'How well your brother is. He dined with me yesterday, and played a capital knife and fork and drank like a hero.'—'At what hour did you dine yesterday?' said the Chancellor [*i.e.* the brother].—'At 7.'—'Yes,' was the reply, 'Stowell took his steak with me at 5; his bottle afterwards. And about seven, no doubt, pretended business, and left us.' He is now nearly 82."

### *Why the Duke was Shy*

There is also the young Duke of Buccleuch: who, says Lady Louisa Stuart, "was privately presented to the King in the uniform of the Dumfriesshire Militia; the first time in his life, it seems, that he had ever had on the utterly un-nameable garment (for one may talk loudly of pantaloons); and he was as awkward and as much ashamed of showing his legs as any young lady. His Majesty perhaps would be still more so, having the gout in both feet, though otherwise well. He received the uncle and nephew [*i.e.* Lord Montagu and the Duke of Buccleuch] very graciously; and told the latter that he was sitting for his picture, and meant to give it him—if he chose to accept of it—for Dalkeith House."

### *Barry Cornwall's "Farewell"*

And finally (in this group) there is Bryan Waller Procter, the intimate and biographer of Charles Lamb, sending a belated letter of sympathy and making a stage "farewell" to Litera-



ture : [25 Bedford Square, London. June 30th.] “. . . I think that your great merit has become more clear to *me* since you grew (comparatively) a poor man, than it was when you were rich ; and so I imagine it must be with others. Besides, there is—after all—a proud satisfaction in seeing how our friends and foes look at us in such an extremity. I know something of this ; for, early as these days are, *I* have been ruined once—and by a partnership ! I have been compelled to send away my horses and servants, to change my house for a poor second floor lodging, and my bottle of claret for a glass of water. And yet, I protest to you that (setting aside some peculiar annoyances) I have enjoyed myself as much in poverty as in good fortune, after the first six months had made us in some measure acquainted. I have been enabled to *know* my friends, and in that there is much that is satisfactory ; and my enemies too, i’faith—that is not without its satisfaction also. . . .

“ I am scribbling a couple of prose stories ; and with them I propose bidding farewell to the public & letting ‘ Barry Cornwall ’ slip quietly into oblivion. I *did* intend to have done something to retrieve the sins and puerilities of my youth. But it cannot, I find, be. It is impossible to mix law and literature together—so at least as to make both prosper. Therefore, although I cannot say that I prefer *conveyancing* to poetry or prose composition, I have determined to abandon the latter for the former. . . . How far the Bar will reward me for having divorced myself from the Muses is one of the secrets which Time must shew.”

### *Scott Plays produced in Paris*

This Letter-Book’s correspondents come in strongly at the end of the year. But the times are still bad. There is B. R. Haydon painting hard, but “ I declare, I have been walking about half of the last six months (looking, I hope, like a gentleman) without a shilling in my pocket ; and so I verily believe have half my friends. Murray told me he has not been paid a bookseller’s bill since Christmas. In short, I never remember such times.” But soldiering is no sinecure, according to Captain Scott : “ Our duties are as follows : Stables at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5 am. Drill from  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8 till 12. Stables at 2. Car-

bine practise from 3 till 5. Stables from 7 till 8." And next : Lockhart has been over to Paris ; and sends some interesting news of the extraordinary enthusiasm for the French dramatised versions of the Waverley Novels—all pirated productions : "*Ivanhoe* is very well got up at the Odéon ; *La Dame Blanche* very badly at the Variétés ; *Woodstock* at the Académie de Musique we went twice to see and twice could not get admission, but I hear it is well done. The White Lady of Avenel, Norma, the Troill family, the Pirate—in short, the story and characters of *The Monastery* and *The Pirate* are all jumbled together in an unintelligible style, the whole dramatis personæ being, of course, arrayed in Tartan ! One of the gentlemen had top-boots under his philabeg. The costume and scenery of the *Ivanhoe* were magnificent and in such excellent taste that I suspect the London Theatres might borrow with advantage. They are specially delighted with that piece because, say their newspapers, in it one sees a fair representation of what England was at the time a French Army conquered it."

### *An Unknown Song by Byron*

The last selection from this Letter-Book is perhaps its best. It is from Mr. J. A. Macdonald, an advocate after Scott's own heart, because he could send a letter valuable alike for its Byron interest and its proud story. The song is of great interest, owing to the definite attribution of it to Lord Byron. If the correspondent's account is right—and there is circumstantial evidence in its favour—the song is an unknown Byron item, and possibly is his earliest attempt in verse. It is obviously immature work ; and, of course, a translation. Mr. Macdonald mentions it incidentally in a request for Scott's aid to secure a pension for a destitute gentlewoman of the name of Macpherson :

[18 Great King Street.] ". . . The Story of her father awakened an interest in the breast of Lord Byron while he passed his boyhood amid the Wilds of Aberdeenshire, and afforded a subject for one of the earliest effusions of his Muse. A kindred feeling will, perhaps, induce Sir Walter to endeavour to render a little comfortable the old age of the daughter.

“ Her story is not long. She is the daughter of Gillice (Mhore) Macbane—a name still associated in the North with the great feats of his countrymen at Culloden. He was chief of the Clan Macbane, a branch of the Clan Chattan ; and, like others of his name, he took the side of the White Rose during the campaign of 1745–46, holding the chief command in the great Clan McIntosh. He fell at the battle of Culloden after killing thirteen dragoons with his own hand—an event which is commemorated in the accompanying lines (to which I have already alluded), a translation by Lord Byron of a Gaelic Song composed to his memory. . . . He was the largest man in the Prince’s Army, and was so finely proportioned that the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle, caused some of his troops to support the body that he might look upon it in an erect posture. His widow and children were driven from their home, without a roof to shelter their heads ; and suffered the greatest hardships during the severe proceedings which were afterwards thought necessary for the sake of example. They soon after conformed themselves to the altered state of things, adhering to the House of Hanover ; and we find a son of Gillice’s, the late Captain Macbane—brother of the applicant—at the side of Wolfe when he fell on the Heights of Abraham : ”

[The writer proceeds to give some particulars of this descendant of the Culloden hero. She was born in 1736, and is consequently in her 91st year. She has twice been married, and is now blind : with the exception of this infirmity, she is in the full enjoyment of all her mental faculties. He “ subjoins Lord Byron’s translation of *The Nurse’s Song* :]

## (I)

“ The Clouds may pour over Culloden’s dark plain,  
But their waters shall wash o’er its Crimson in vain,  
For the drops shall seem few to the tears for the slain,  
But mine are for thee, my brave Gillice Macbane.

## (II)

“ Tho’ thy Cause was the Cause of the injured and brave,  
Tho’ thy death was the Hero’s, and glorious thy grave,  
With thy dead Foes around thee, piled high on the plain,  
Yet my sad heart weeps o’er thee, my Gillice Macbane.

## (III)

“How the horse and the horseman thy single hand slew !  
But what could the mightiest single arm do ?  
A hundred like thee might the Battle regain,  
But cold are thy hand and heart, Gillice Macbane.

## (IV)

“With thy back to the wall and thy breast to the targe,  
Full flashed thy Claymore in the face of their charge ;  
The Blood of their boldest that barren heath stain,  
But alas ! thine is reddest there, Gillice Macbane.

## (V)

“Hewn down, but still fighting, thou sank'st to the ground,  
Thy plaid was one gore, and thy breast was one wound ;  
Thirteen of thy Foes by thy right hand lay slain,  
Oh ! would they were thousands for Gillice Macbane.

## (VI)

“And loud and long heard shall thy Coronach be,  
And high o'er the heather thy Cairn we shall see ;  
And deep in each bosom thy name shall remain,  
But deepest in mine, my brave Gillice Macbane.

## (VII)

“And daily, the eyes of thy brave boy before,  
Shall thy plaid be unfolded—unsheathed thy Claymore ;  
And the White Rose shall bloom in his bonnet again,  
Should he prove the true Son of my Gillice Macbane.”

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## THE SIXTEENTH LETTER-BOOK

1827

THIS is the Birth Year of the original Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott. It is in this year that he selects some 6,000 letters and documents from his correspondence, and hands them over to Huntly Gordon, his amanuensis, for binding in their grey boards and green leather backs.<sup>1</sup> It is a striking coincidence that this volume contains a few letters that cause him more emotion than any others of the 6,000. Not the written pages of the Immortals of his day, not the announcements of great successes or shattering reverses, move him as do the few frail leaves from an old lady of 74. How his feelings are stirred as he reads their neat, slightly trembling script, he confides to his Diary: "When I came home a surprise amounting nearly to a shock reached me in another letter from L. J. S. Methinks this explains the gloom which hung about me yesterday. I own that the recurrence to these matters seems like a summons from the grave. It fascinates me. I ought perhaps to have stopped it at once, but I have not the nerve to do so. Alas ! Alas !—But why alas ? *Humana perpessi sumus.*"

### *Sir Walter's Old Love-Story*

Well might these letters seem like a "summons from the grave." Their writer was Lady Jane Stuart, mother of his first and never-forgotten love—the fair Williamina, the only child and heiress of Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn. Not since 1796, when—in the radiance of spring and his new ambitions—he went a-wooing to Invermory, had he held any communication with Williamina's family. Williamina, in her 'teens, was susceptible to poetry ; and in that April of 1796 she had been attracted to the young poet. Perhaps she—or her parents—was more impressed by his pen than by his prospects. Anyway,

<sup>1</sup> I have not been able to discover when the binding was completed. The correspondence for the subsequent years is uniformly bound.

when he returned a-wooing in the autumn, it was to learn that she had given her hand to another.<sup>1</sup> Scott never saw her again : she died in 1810. And now, all the past is opened once more. Lady Stuart's first letter is an almost formal request to include some ballads in Scott's handwriting in a poetical miscellany which a young friend of hers is compiling :

[12 Maitland Street, Edinburgh. Oct. 13th.] "That I have a request to make to Sir Walter Scott is sure the reason of my thus calling to his remembrance one who in former happy days was no stranger to him—nor has time, nor change, with all their attendant sorrows removed in any degree that regard and interest which on her part has followed him thro' many years of absence and distance. Now at the age of seventy-four will you permit me to intrude upon and trouble you. . . . In former happy days you knew our predilection for ancient and beautiful Poetry. Of the former I have some copied that came from yourself, not one of which I will bring forward without your permission (tho' they have not the merit of being your own). . . ."

### *Affecting Letters*

Scott replies graciously, and makes a suggestion which leads to Lady Jane Stuart, in her next letter (October 18th), explaining that the Ballads in his handwriting "are copied into *A Book*, which I would with pleasure convey to you as a *secret* and *sacred* Treasure could I but know that you would take it as I give it without a drawback or misconstruction of my intention." This book apparently belonged to Williamina ; and contained the souvenirs of that spring holiday which Scott spent with her. The recollection of it drew from him such a letter as makes Lady Jane Stuart reply :

[Oct. 29th.] "My dear Sir, I cannot express how much I have felt on reading your letter received on Friday—of vexation on one hand for having (I fear) distressed you ; and on the other, the soothing—let me say gratifying—manner in which you have received my letter. No ! not though my young Friend's publication should never prosper shall I risk

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Forbes, who proved a good friend to Scott when he was ruined, for one thing privately paying off an oppressive Jewish creditor for £2,000.

giving pain to your breast by presenting even the smallest token that would draw forth a tear or even a sigh from him to whom I now write. Were I to lay open to you this heart (of which you know little indeed) you would find how it has and ever shall be warm towards you. Not the Mother who bore you (tho' secretly) followed you more anxiously with her blessing than I ! Age has tales to tell and sorrows to unfold.

"Tho' for 20 years I know not that I have met you, yet seen you often passing my windows and going into the house of my opposite neighbour ; and do you think that then I saw you as nothing to me ? You would greatly mistake ! I have said to myself—he will not look my way, my remembrance is hateful to him !

"How then could I be so bold as to write to ask a favour of you ? Surely I wish'd to do a kindness to my Cousin ; but it was a kindly affection towards you that made me so bold, and a hope that in a breast, where once I knew *gentleness* had a home, there might be a spark that might of *it* kindle to an old acquaintance. But my dear Sir, you have opened a sluice which has been long stopp'd and would if encouraged flow too fast ! Do excuse me in all that I have written—too much, I fear, but not all I could *say*. I promise not again unask'd [to] be so plain.

"I am afraid you may be expecting *the Book*, so am very anxious of sending this to-day ; but must still add that my mind meets every desire you can have to avoid every thing that could have the least chance to attract notice. This I have long made my study, nor could any one from my word or expression conceive *the interest* I have had in you. It has remained lock'd up in my own heart ; and with the same care will I continue to go on. Whatever now is done respecting my application to you, your name will never be mentioned more than if you knew nothing of it from me. The names of the pieces I will mention ; the Manuscript Book contains nothing but them (and were copied at an early period) : the *prose* narrative attending them will not do for our purpose. . . .

"I can read your writing with the greatest ease after the first letter. Do not hesitate to say all you wish. I am too old to *keep* any interesting correspondence. . . ."

In her next letter (November 2nd) Lady Jane Stuart explains her family association with the mother (a daughter of Lord Banff who "made a bad marriage") of the youth whose Miscellany has brought about this correspondence. She adds : "I wish'd you to know my interest in the lad ; and I need not say I wish to be useful to him while you know how I have given you so much trouble. Yet dear Sir, I cannot quarrel with what has been the means of a communication with you ; tho' I dread that you may not agree with me while I consider you the great *Known* man, the world's wonder and admiration. But you know I think of other times when yet the great man was a boy ; and as you *then* were, so are you now to me. I have had many a sore heart since those happy days. 'My eyes and tears have been well acquainted.'"

The floodgates of their hearts thus opened, Sir Walter four days later pays his first visit to Williamina's mother. "I waited on L. J. S. ; an affecting meeting," says his Diary. After this he regularly visited Lady Jane Stuart until she died in 1829. It is a pathetic picture conjured up by these letters : the two lonely old friends,<sup>1</sup> bending reverend heads over *the Book* of Williamina, and recalling the love-story of that promising spring thirty years before. The postscript to this unexpected correspondence in the autumn of their lives is another Diary entry of November 10th, when Scott writes : "Wrote out my task and little more. At twelve o'clock I went to poor Lady J. S. to talk over old stories. I am not clear that it is right or healthful indulgence to be ripping up old sorrows, but it seems to give her deep-seated sorrow words, and that is a mental blood-letting. To me these things are now matter of calm and solemn recollection, never to be forgotten, yet scarce to be remembered with pain."

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### *Napoleon as a Novelist*

All this time Sir Walter is plodding on desperately with his self-imposed labour of writing off that £130,000 of debt. The strain has not been quite so terrific since June, when his nine-volume *Life of Napoleon* was published. Prior to that he had

<sup>1</sup> Lady Scott had died in May 1826.



been working on "Nap" from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the evening, dictating and writing (sometimes both at the same time), only stopping for a few minutes to have the meals brought to his library. The amazing supply of materials for the *Life*, from friends and strangers, continues up to the last, ranging from private documents sent by the King of Sweden to the secret archives of the English Government. It comes even after he has corrected his last proofs. There was the news from Dr. Henry Card, vicar of Great Malvern, of Bonaparte having, while in Egypt, written a romance entitled *Pauline*, the original manuscript being in the possession of the Duc de Bassano. This matter has to be followed up ; and Dr. Card adds that from anecdotes he has had from the Duc "I should think that his [Napoleon's] mind had a strong turn for the romantic or adventurous. The very night after his arrival at Vienna, as the conqueror of it, with his *surtout* thrown over him and without one attendant, he met Maret and another gentleman on the ramparts, who had joined the crowd there to see the illuminations ; & after gaily whispering in his ear 'Adieu, mon cher Maret,' mingled again with the crowd."

### *French Revolution Horrors*

After the *Life* of Napoleon is published, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of course, receives a presentation copy from the author; and makes a handsome acknowledgment in an extraordinarily interesting letter whose stories and comments relative to the French Revolution are derived from his influential friends. There is, as usual, no place or date to his letter ; but it may fittingly be inserted here : "My dear Sir Walter, I must trouble you with my thanks for a most valuable present which I know well how to value, both as to the author and the work. I have been feasting luxuriously for a day and a night, in spite of a toothache which might have been, from its devilry, devised by a French Democrat. . . . The French, to whom you are civil, were always monsters—ever mad, I think, like our Fife Lairds. Their records, from Charles 9th downwards, are a greater disgrace to human nature than even the annals of the Roman Emperors. Whatever was not exceedingly wicked was supremely silly—self-conceited cannibals in Court dress. A

propos, I remember long ago the report was that in Anacharus Alvoli's mountebank procession, the Englishwoman was Miss Helen Williams in breeches. Perhaps a lie, but John Lord Daer told me, that when he went to inspect the Tuilleries, after the murder of the Swiss Guards, he was surprised to see two ladies very anatomically observing the mass of naked men, which lay thick on the great staircase. On coming nearer, one of them proved to be Miss Williams. . . .<sup>1</sup>

"General Tarleton dined with the Duke of Orleans on that detestable day when Madame Lamballe's head was carried in procession. While at dinner, the head was brought to the windows, powdered and frizzed after death. The Duke changed colour and was much agitated, and put off a match at Tennis which was to be plaid that evening for the amusement of his guests, from which the General concluded that he had no hand in her murder, as was always asserted. She was not very pretty, but had a sweet countenance—very short in stature, as Lady Willoughby told me, who knew her. The abominations inflicted on her person after death are not fit to be heard by human ear."<sup>2</sup>

"The old Count de Coigny said that the only two women who showed any cowardice at the Guillotine were the Queen [Marie Antoinette] and the Marchioness (or Duchess, I forget which) du Barry.<sup>3</sup> The first was in a state of idiotism, and did not know what she was doing. At her trial, tho' her answers were pertinent, she plaid with her fingers on the desk before her, as if it had been a harpsichord. The other, and it was natural, resisted the executioner as much as she could, and rent the air with her cries. This horrible Revolution proved that

<sup>1</sup> Helen Maria Williams, authoress. Resident in France, she adopted the principles of the Revolution, but was imprisoned by Robespierre, narrowly escaping execution.

<sup>2</sup> The Princess de Lamballe is now stated to have been the innocent agent of Queen Marie Antoinette's intrigues, although in the scurrilous literature of the time she was represented as a principal in the Court orgies. On September 3rd, 1792, before the Tribunal, she refused to swear hatred to the Royal Family. The President said, "Let Madame go," whereupon she was put out at the door and torn to pieces by the mob.

<sup>3</sup> Countess du Barry, mistress of Louis XV, guillotined December 7th, 1793, for wasting the treasure of the State, conspiring against the Republic, and wearing mourning for the King.

a French *woman* is the most extraordinary animal in the world.”—[E.U.Lib.]

*Intrigues at St. Helena*

The treatment of Napoleon by Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor of St. Helena, raised a bitter controversy which is occasionally renewed even at this distance of time. The 3rd Earl Bathurst, who was Secretary for War and the Colonies, gives Scott this sidelight on the difficulties of Lowe's position, and the intriguing policy of the entourage of the Emperor at Longwood House :

[Mansfield Street. July 2nd.] “Private—I believe that Sir Hudson Lowe was rather of a sensitive than of an irritable temper, tho’ the persecution under which he has long suffered has materially soured it. He certainly went out with a strong desire (somewhat too much so, I apprehended at the time) to be on a cordial footing with Napoleon ; and on finding that he could not accomplish this object without departing from his sense of duty, he could not conceal his disappointment. The inhabitants of Longwood, on the other hand, determined to harass when they saw that they could not gain him ; and soon so wrought upon his feelings that tho’ he was substantially in the right, they contriv’d he should appear at times in the wrong. Many of the changes were made at their suggestion ; and then they reproach’d him with them. It became indeed their occupation and delight to practise on his temper as it serv’d to vary the monotony of their captivity, if it did not give them a chance of being relieved from it.

“You may ask perhaps why, when I saw things go on so ill, I did not recall Sir Hudson. I answer that I would neither in Honor nor policy give them such a triumph. I always felt that an Officer in high command abroad left his Honor in my Custody ; and that I was bound to watch it as jealously as I would my own. I am aware that I have at times expos’d myself to much official inconvenience by being tenacious in defence of those who I knew were wrongfully accused. But had I recall’d Sir Hudson because he had not given satisfaction to those whom it was his duty to watch (and I could not in justice have given any other reason) how could I have expected a

zealous Guardian in his successor who would have felt that his Interest, and Character too, depended more upon the Will of those whom he was employ'd to watch, than upon me who employ'd him.

"It would have been no easy task to have found an officer resolv'd to resist steadily the artful appeals made to his generosity and compassion, back'd by all the fascination of Napoleon's address, with such an instance before him of what little support he was to expect if he incurr'd Napoleon's displeasure. It rarely happens that he who guards against an eventual mischief gains any credit by his vigilance. In other cases it is the success of the Undertaking which usually in public opinion decides its merit. But who can expect approbation for guarding, by means unavoidably invidious, against escape which lookers-on began to believe was not probable because it had not happened ; and were disposed to condemn as unnecessary the very means which prevented its occurrence, altho' they would have been the loudest in averring the want of precaution if things had taken an unfavourable turn. Poor Sir Neil Campbell <sup>1</sup> had not even the pretence of a right to exercise restraint at Elba ; and yet . . . how universally he was condemned ; and, but for Waterloo, the British Government would have shared in his disgrace.

"Every Court in Europe watch'd with suspicion the trust confided to us ; and we had the custody of Napoleon imposed upon us because none of the great Sovereigns would trust each other. As long as he liv'd, the large body of the discontented in France (and indeed elsewhere) had a rallying point to look to ; and there can be no doubt that his escape would at any time have been followed by a fearful result. It was thought, I remember, on the Continent, that we had lost a great card by the death of Napoleon ; which indeed was true if we had been ever foolish and dishonest enough to have intended to play a Revolutionary Game against our neighbours—a Game however in which neither party is apt to rise a winner." ‡

<sup>1</sup> He accompanied Napoleon to Elba. During one of Campbell's numerous absences in Italy, Napoleon escaped. But as Campbell had been expressly cautioned not to consider himself a jailer, he was blamed only by popular clamour.

Earlier in this year has occurred the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund dinner (February 23rd), at which Sir Walter made his first public admission that he was the author of *Waverley*. Although, as his Letter-Books have shown, the veil had been wearing thin for some years, the announcement caused a sensation throughout Europe. The letter of his friend Lady Louisa Stuart shows how well the secret was kept among the twenty or so persons to whom the Great Unknown had confided it :

*Keeping the Waverley Secret*

[Ditton Park. March 1st.] “And so the murder is out, dear Sir Walter ! I have been reading the account of your meeting for the Theatrical fund, and dislike only one ominous expression ‘that the rod of Prospero is broken and buried.’ I hope ‘that’s Poetry, Miss,’ as Mason said to an old friend of mine who quoted his own words to him in opposition to some opinion he was giving. I hope the rod will still work miracles underground. The Montagus and I have been comparing notes on the subject ; they had no notion that I knew it, nor I that they knew it—which I think speaks us a good, trusty, honourable set of people, considering how much and often the novels used to be canvassed amongst us. The poor late Duke [of Buccleuch] was their informer, to whom, by the bye, you must know you gave your word of honour that you were *not* the author, in so serious and solemn a manner that it was quite impossible you could be so, unless indeed you had given up all regard to character.

“This is one of the five hundred stories I have heard positively affirmed since you owned the fact to me a dozen years ago ; many of them supported by such evidence as there was no refuting. One work had been actually read in Canada and another certainly heard of in Germany long before they appeared in print here ; and this person knew, and that could swear to proofs—not presumptions, but clear proofs—that you wrote none of them. Then, too, in reasoning on the books themselves, *Old Mortality*—for instance—was plainly written by three or four different hands ; people could point out traces of the patch-work, which it was perverseness or want of taste not

to distinguish. One had nothing for it but to assent peaceably to whatever they chose to say ; and without denying one's own belief, allow that they supported theirs by very strong arguments. . . ." ‡

### *The Lighter Side of Psalmody*

Lockhart is now writing more frequently than ever, usually about high politics—as when he reports that the Duke of Wellington is about to challenge Canning to a duel—and high scandal—such as that “ Miss Chester, a fair and frail actress, has lately retired to a cottage in Windsor Park where theatrical gossip (Terry, &c.) says she is visited by high people, to the annoyance of a great lady.”—Robert Cadell, Scott's new publisher, also helps to swell the volume. He writes admittedly “ as a tradesman ” ; and if he rather cruelly urges on the hard-working author to greater production, at least he does so by generous financial inducements.—Another correspondent tries to throw light on Charles I and his interest in Art—in fact, several letters are concerned about this king ; which might suggest that Scott had in mind to make him the subject of a new Waverley novel.—Then there are two dry-looking epistles on what appears to be a dry subject—the Psalmody of the Kirk ; but, surprisingly enough, they have their lively passages. The writer is the Rev. Charles McCombie, Junr—a very new-fashioned young man to be a member of the Committee appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for the improving of the Psalmody. But his surprising news was hardly likely to make a convert of Sir Walter :

[Tillyfour, Aberdeenshire. June 22nd.] “ . . . The former Committees of the Assembly have reported that they have been able to do nothing. Unless those who can forward the measure bestir themselves the present Committee will draw out a sleepy life, and die an inglorious death. There are very few who could do so much as you ; would I could kindle your enthusiasm in the cause. Where are there themes for poetry that make any approach to comparison with those the Bible affords ? . . . Would not the thought be inexpressibly delightful to you, that the revelations of God, which have inflamed the piety of every Christian in every age, shall—in the metrical

coloring I have given them—be sung by intellectual men and beautiful women in the polished cities of my native land, and by the pious peasantry of its vallies and glens, perhaps in the very places where the martyrs of the Kirk once worshipped and amid the very scenes of quiet and splendid beauty where they once fought and died ?

“ I have not the same notions about the Psalmody as the majority, I am afraid, of the General Assembly. I would patronize any choral or instrumental novelties calculated to promote devotional feelings ; many reverend doctors would shake their heads at the mention of a chorus for singing David’s Psalms (although David employed 24,000 musicians) and would declaim with pious horror against the introduction of organs (although David used abundance of harps and psalteries and cymbals). Some of the Psalms were never meant and are not fitted to be sung. I would like a metrical translation of those that do not come under this description conformable not so much to the letter as to the spirit of the original. . . . I must warn you that I fear the General Assembly will insist upon translations of the Psalms being, as nearly as possible, *translations* ; and upon paraphrases of Scripture being, substantially, *paraphrases*.

“ In reference to compositions of merit the rule, I hope, will not be *very* rigorously interpreted. It may amuse you to state that when the names of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott were mentioned in the affair in the Assembly, certain very well-meaning but superlatively unimaginative members got up and vilipended these poets in a very orthodox style. I have a most chivalrous regard for the reputation of writers of imagination ; and had I been 33 instead of 23 I would have read the reverend gentlemen a lecture on the subject. If Byron had lived he would have been not only almost but altogether a Christian. About Sir Walter’s faith, as I know nothing, I shall say nothing. . . .

“ In glancing over this, I fear I may have treated Messrs. Sternhold, Hopkins & Co. in rather too cavalier a way. I know there are many with whose first and holiest recollections the verses of the Psalms they sung in boyhood is interwoven ; and some who view a new translation as one of the profane

novelties of the age. I do not mean that all our translations are bad ; I should be sorry to see the 23rd for instance superseded : yet the gems are few and far between ; and I do hope there are very few so wedded to antiquity as to be horrified at the substitution of the Poetry of David for the doggerel of his translators."

But in this Sir Walter respected the arguments of those wedded to antiquity ; and told the young revolutionary of the General Assembly that the old translations, though homely, were plain, forcible, and intelligible, and very often possessed a rude sort of majesty which perhaps would be ill-exchanged for mere elegance. "They are the very words and accents of our early Reformers—sung by them in woe and gratitude, in the fields, in the churches, and on the scaffold" ; and if these associations were valued by the educated, they were indispensable to the lower ranks. The sequel to this correspondence is unexpected. The would-be converter becomes converted. He replied, eleven months later, admitting that he had been won over by Scott's arguments. Indeed, he went farther ; and was "convinced that it would be unwise to alter a single line of our metrical version of the Psalms." But for some reason or other, the Rev. Charles McCombie did not attend the General Assembly that year.

### *Eccentric Sir John Soane*

A mysterious family affair, which has even been recorded in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, now finds its way into this Letter-Book by way of an appeal to Sir Walter. John Soane, the architect of the old Bank of England, is at this time busy forming his art collection ; which—as the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields—he ultimately gives to the nation, to become one of London's show-places. Soane, the son of a mason, made a wealthy marriage ; and afterwards became famous for his philanthropy. But it is recorded that, although he accepted a knighthood, he declined a baronetcy in order to spite his son George. There is mystery also about this letter to Scott, for it has two signatures—"M. W." and "John Soane"—in the same hand, although Sir Walter's endorsement is "Soane about his father." The appeal reads :

[Sept. 29th.] "In the name of Soane Sir Walter Scott will



probably recognise an architect of some celebrity. . . . This unnatural old man has for fifteen long years deserted his own offspring owing in the beginning to circumstances which it is needless probably to inquire into ; and this unfortunate breach has been widened and kept alive by the vile machinations of anything but a virtuous woman.

“ The leading characteristic of the extraordinary person with whom I would if possible induce you to correspond is—Vanity ; and this one of the many weak points in his character (the only one to be effectually worked upon) is increased so much by the crowd of flatterers which wealth ever attracts that if its glitter does not frighten all who go with the intention to serve the son, its votaries at least mar their exertions.

“ I appealed to him for his own sake, for the sake of his grandchildren, deserted and uneducated as he suffers them to remain—I assured him that his son as a man of talent must enhance the celebrity of his own name ; but whether to serve as a foil or to add to its lustre must depend upon his own conduct towards that son.

“ Not being able to gain anything but bitter curses against that son—who, as far as I am able to judge, is an excellent husband, a kind parent, and a valuable member of Society—I assured him I was compelled to believe him the Monster the world represented him. But although unsuccessful myself, I will not despair, and cannot give up the course. I would have the distinguished part of Society attack him—and in the most really vulnerable point ; from the Public voice alone must those learn his conduct who will have the benevolence to interfere in one of the most truly pitiable cases for Parent as well as child.

“ If nothing can be done with the first, something might surely be effected for the second. . . . It is a fearful business to encounter him in person, so violent is his temper and so insolent his language. Yet two or three who would really take an interest in the parties might by an interview do still better. He can give what the world calls liberal donations to theatrical funds, and suffer his child to starve ; he can indulge in all the meanness of ostentation, and have his child a prey to mental anguish. Oh ! that something could be done to thwart the

mercenary views of those who are constantly watching round the flickering candle of life to secure that wealth which ought in justice to become his son's." <sup>1</sup>

*More Queer Characters*

It is not difficult to guess what Sir Walter's attitude is to such an appeal. He puts it away doubtless as one of the papers that will one day be curious. More curious to him personally are three letters which reach him about this time. The first two illustrate that, wide as is the range of life and interest now covered by the Waverley Novels, there are still enthusiastic readers who aspire to provide the author with a new character. The writer of the first letter "begs leave to inform Sir Walter that he has been observing the Motions and Conduct of a certain young Lady in the North for the last three years, during which time he has seen and knows many circumstances, anecdotes, and events so extraordinary that he is convinced that if a description of them were wrote by the able Pen of Sir Walter, it would make an excellent tale." The next letter, however, is more noteworthy, for it hails from a quarter whence came one of the Waverley masterpieces. It is a familiar story how Scott owed his Jeanie Deans of *The Heart of Midlothian* to one Mrs. Goldie. This correspondent supplied him with personal reminiscences of Jeanie's prototype, Helen Walker, whose high-minded principles made her decline bearing false witness to save her sister from the death-sentence for child-murder, but who tramped from Edinburgh to London to win the Queen's intercession. Unhappily, Mrs. Goldie died before she could read the immortal story that Sir Walter weaved out of her materials or his generous acknowledgment. Her daughter, Miss Goldie, sent further particulars of Helen Walker to Scott ; and she is here—in this later letter—telling of another character, not of the same high type, but amusing and very typical. The attempt (of this and other correspondents offering materials) to catch the descriptive style of the Waverley Novels will be noted :

[66 Northumberland Street. Wed.] "Miss Goldie presents compliments to Sir Walter ; and regrets extremely being

<sup>1</sup> Soane was then 74, and he lived another ten years.

absent when he did her the honor to call. . . . Miss G. perfectly recollects her father saying that there existed a full account of the trial [of Helen Walker], to which, of course, easy access can be had. Mrs. Goldie's family were much affected by the flattering notice which Sir Walter Scott has taken of her story, which they deeply regret he did not hear from herself, as she certainly possessed a tact in observing and a liveliness in delineating which cannot easily be conveyed by another person—and still less upon paper. But while it was fresh in her memory, Miss Goldie has attempted to take down another story or rather conversation which she used to think lively and amusing ; but fears that it may now appear dull and hardly worth offering to Sir Walter Scott :

“ I was spending a few days at the Manse of Troqueer which was pleasantly situated on the summit of a long green slope, terminated by the river Nith, which flowed in full and careless elegance round a gentle promontory, widening in its way through verdant holmes and wooded banks, till the eye could, in the farthest distance and beyond several projecting eminences, trace its conjunction with the Solway Firth, the distant horizon bounded by the Cumberland mountains. The Manse itself was a low yet two-storey house with small windows and a porch. . . .

“ I was seated with Mrs. E—— in their neat, low-roofed parlour, one small window looking to the river, the other to a pretty garden. The furniture was plain even to barishness, and the minuteness of economy was visible in the carpet, which was what is called a darnboard, and where the black squares as they wore fastest away had been adroitly supplied by pieces of black cloth which tessellated well with their neighbouring yellow. But neither in Mrs. E—— nor her family were there any marks of inferiority. On the contrary, I well remember the respect—indeed awe—inspired by her upright and dignified form ; her lively and rather stern eye ; and a certain roman cast of features (which a vivid yet delicate complexion could hardly be said to soften) indicated one fitted and accustomed to command.

“ The minister himself was of a gentle mould ; but he had retired into his study, the door of which opened into the parlour,

when a servant came to say that 'auld Naunse wanted a word o' the leddy.'—'Bid her come to the door,' said Mrs. E—— and added, as the servant retired to obey her order : ' I heard Naunse is going to make some daft marriage ; and I should be very glad if she should be ashamed to tell her errand ; and I'm sure it would be doing her a favour if we could put her off the marriage too.'—Naunse now appeared in the door-case ; and after the usual salutations and respectful curtsies, and after two or three awkward hems and clearings of her throat, she began with : ' What d'ye think the neebors round saying as I cam doon the gate, Madame ? They're saying that I'm gaun to be married to auld John Howatson, the huntsman.'—' A daft-like story indeed,' said Mrs. E—— in her shortest, gravest manner ; and never condescending to lift her head from her work.

" Thus repulsed, Naunse was a moment silent ; but resumed thus : ' And they say, Madame, that when Eiderd Clark, my first husband, deed, I said I wad never marry anither. Noo, Madame, was ever sic a thocht in my head.'—Here the younger members of the family, myself among the number, began to titter, taking up the speech in its literal acceptation that she had no thought of continuing a widow, not apprehending that Naunse's defence lay in her grief being too keen for her to be thinking whether she would or would not.—Whatever way Mrs. E—— understood the unintentional equivoque, she gave one of her sternest glances for silence, then proceeded in her colloquy : ' And a bonny time ye had o' nursing Eiderd Clark, and are ye just going to begin another and a worse ane for auld John Howatson ? '—Naunse's courage rose and her eye brightened to have got her case so far as an argument ; and she more fearlessly stepped farther into the room with her defence : ' Na na, Madame ; there's na fear o' that, for a' John Howatson's folk just gang aff like a puff o' reek.'

" Here the mirth of the young party on hearing this inducement for marriage became so uncontrollable that even Mrs. E——'s looks of reproof were disregarded ; and she was fain to forward Naunse from the council chamber into the minister's study, where she might give up her lines of marriage, the real purport of her visit." ‡

The next character to be the subject of a letter is (unlike auld Naunse) well known—no less than the Rev. John Home, the author of *Douglas*. Home and his play, in the middle of the eighteenth century, caused one of the fiercest controversies in the centuries-old war between the Pulpit and the Stage. Both have passed into history, where they remain in peace. But when Sir Walter (who once visited the aged cleric who had dared to write a play) reviewed Mackenzie's *Life of John Home*, his venerable friend, Lady Louisa Stuart could be informative in an entertaining aside :

*Lady Louisa Stuart's Reminiscences*

[1827] “. . . Now for another subject. I have glanced my eye over the ‘Quarterly Review’ of Mackenzie's *Life of John Home*. I never saw the work itself ; but the review—where I think I espy somebody's cloven foot, manifested in the pibroch at the end if not before—informs me of some great mistake Mr. M. has fallen into. First and foremost, there is a very common current one that my father [the 3rd Earl of Bute] was preceptor to the late King [George III]. His preceptors were Bishops, as is usual ; his Governors—first Lord Harcourt ; and secondly, Lord Waldegrave, as you may see in the latter's memoirs. My father had been Lord of the Bedchamber to *his* father ; and was Groom of the Stole to himself on his family being settled—but had nothing to do with his education. Next, that John Home was my father's secretary. Oh Lord ! If you had but known him ! The man on earth most unfit for any kind of business—always excepting the person Sir Nathaniel Wraxall has been pleased to put in the same post—honest, jolly, laughing, drinking, swearing, John Ross Mackay ! . . .

“John Home (the earliest acquaintance I had) I can assure you positively never resided with my father. After the latter bought Luton—which was not till he had quitted the Ministry—John used to be our visitor, I grant, for weeks together ; to the grief of the damsels employed in scouring his apartment, for his personal habits were far from nice. He made abundant use of tobacco in its worst forms ; and, to say truth, was the veriest pig that, as a housemaid would say, ever came into a

civil house. I remember crying on its being alledged that John Home had kissed me.

"You may naturally infer that, with my father's preceptorship and John's 'secretaryship,' his intimacy with George III must fall to the ground. Indeed, I never heard of it before. A secretary may carry messages or papers to the Sovereign ; but the King did not walk in and out of my father's house, nor did my father introduce his private guests to the King. And as you justly observe, ' the Gods had not made that excellent Prince poetical ; ' and I dare swear he never knew John Home by sight. Yet I own I can easily imagine, from my knowledge of the latter, that he himself might have led his friends in Scotland into the error. John would not directly say the thing which was not ; but he had a fine, flourishing, vapouring way of talking that might make a country cousin suppose him familiar with John of Gaunt.

"Persons of any consequence never had Lord or Mr. tacked to their names ; and they were styled historically—Chatham, Camden, Mansfield, Rockingham, Buccleuch—often with a dashing, that ' blockhead ' Portland, or that ' careless dog ' North. Matter of fact people sometimes got out of patience ; and I have known him cut short by the question : ' Pray, Mr. Home, did you ever speak to such a one in your life ? ' when he was forced to answer ' No ' ; and it generally silenced him for an hour. At a distance from any such hazard, perhaps the King's majesty itself was not secure.

"I am afraid you will think that I am not sufficiently respectful towards the author of *Douglas*. Yet I admired the play as much as you could do, and had a great kindness for him. But besides that, one should scarcely reverence Lord Bacon if one had sate upon his lap. You know full well what an irresistible temptation to laugh is felt by young folk wherever there are little awkward tricks and oddities ; and poor dear John Home was made up of them. Over and above the habits already hinted at, the sword he delighted to gird on, as long as anybody wore one, was always getting between his legs. Afterwards his cane took to playing the same part. His three-cornered hat constantly stood upright, staring at the back of his head ; and he never dreamed of moving it till he was in the middle of the room—often not then. . . ."

While these so-varied correspondents have been zealous in recording their knowledge, impressions, suggestions, and troubles, and Huntly Gordon has been parcelling up their letters for the binder, Sir Walter has worked on and on, completing one gigantic task, taking up another, and yet another—throwing off, between whiles, now a review, then an essay. That £130,000 of debt is being gradually wiped out. When he went “Nap,” £11,000 of it (less cost of printing) disappeared ; and by the end of this year, between £30,000 and £40,000 has been written off. One day in dark December he lays down his pen to glance through his post just arrived. It includes a short document—very formal ; but very impressive :

“ Extract from the Minutes of a General Meeting of the Creditors of Messrs. James Ballantyne & Co., and Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, held within the Royal Exchange Coffee House, on Tuesday the 4th December, 1827 :

“ Sir William Forbes, Baronet, in the Chair—‘ On the motion of Mr. Horne, the meeting unanimously Resolved to express to Sir Walter Scott their high sense of the honourable and meritorious exertions which he has already made, and still continues to make, for the benefit of the Creditors ; and Sir William Forbes, Mr. Horne, Mr. Henderson, and the Trustees were named as a Committee to carry this resolution into effect. . . . ’ ”

It was Sir William Forbes who won the hand of the fair Williamina. Ah, well ! Scott thrusts the document into his drawer with a sigh of satisfaction ; and muttering to himself his now favourite saying, “ Time and I against any two,” takes up his pen to write of *The Fair Maid of Perth* and her loving armourer. Time and Sir Walter against anything in Literary History to equal this magnificent effort for Honour’s sake !

## THE SEVENTEENTH LETTER-BOOK

1828

“DOUBLE, double toil and trouble”—Sir Walter has resigned himself to double toil. It is too bad that he should have double trouble. In this Letter-Book so many of his friends bring him their troubles : prominent in the file being Daniel Terry (he of the ebony furniture and “curious curios”), the Rev. Huntly Gordon (who has made such a poor job of the Letter-Books), honest Allan Cunningham (now an Editor, forsooth !), John Gibson Lockhart (who generally plays his own hand, grimly and confidently), Robert Cadell (succeeding where Napoleon Constable failed), and R. P. Gillies. Their appeals to the great and good man usually end happily ; and as for the remainder of the correspondence, this volume has its share of curiosities and lighter moments.

### *Two Sermons and Another*

The story of the Sermons written for Huntly Gordon has been partly told by Lockhart ; but it is Gordon himself who now completes the tale. One day in 1824 Scott had found him in tears over his unsuccessful attempts to write the two initial sermons necessary to secure a prospective Living. “My good young friend,” said Sir Walter to his dejected amanuensis, “leave this matter to me—do you work away at the catalogue ; and I’ll write for you a couple of sermons that shall pass muster well at Aberdeen.” Written they were, surely enough ; but never delivered by Gordon, who decided to abandon the career because he was almost stone deaf. Now, about this time, he finds himself in debt for something like £180 ; and Sir Walter (burdened with the little matter of £130,000) is applied to. Scott cannot spare any cash ; but gives Gordon the sermons to publish. Hence :

[London. Jan. 24th.] “My dear Sir Walter Scott, I have the greatest pleasure in acquainting you that I have concluded



a Bargain with Mr. Colburn, who has agreed to give me £250 (exactly the sum at which you valued them) for the Copyright of the Two Sermons.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lockhart thinks it a good deal too much, as they are so short that they will not make a pamphlet of more than 50 octavo pages. Mr. Lockhart's kindness has done me much good service in this matter. He had the goodness to induce Jerdan of the 'Literary Gazette' to *blow a trumpet* about these remarkable compositions, which luckily appeared on the very day when I first called on Colburn. I pointed out the paragraph to him, and told him *that* was the subject on which I came to consult him ! . . . I assure you I feel as if a Millstone had been removed from my neck ; and I am sure it will do good to *your* heart to know how light mine now feels. . . . For *this* and everything else that has been at all fortunate in my lot, I shall be proud to acknowledge with my latest breath that I have *you* and only *you* to thank."—When Sir Walter received this letter, he writes in his Diary : " Well sold, I think . . . I would rather the thing had not gone there ; and far rather that it had gone nowhere—yet hang it, if it makes the poor lad easy, what needs I fret about it. After all, there would be little grace in doing a kind thing if you did not suffer pain or inconvenience upon the score."

*Mrs. Piozzi rebuked*

While the Sermon on the Mount has thus been practised on the hill at Abbotsford, an old gentlewoman—Mrs. Anne Wagner, of Duke Street, Liverpool, has been reading the Waverley Novels and admiring their wide margins. In fact, they incite her to write, on purple-edged letter-sheets, of an incident " that occurred (when I lived in Wales) at a library where Mrs. Piozzi was a subscriber. From the secretary she received a note requesting she would discontinue her remarks " jotted on the margins of the library's books ! But another lady, Miss Jane Porter, has a much graver incident to explain when sending a copy of her recent novel, *Coming Out & The Field of the Forty Footsteps*. Says the authoress of *The Scottish Chiefs* :

<sup>1</sup> Published by Colburn under the title of *Religious Discourses by a Layman*. The magic of Scott's fame was sufficient to make an otherwise hopeless venture wholly successful.

[43 York Terrace, Regent's Park. April 8th.] "My dear Sir, Through the medium of my kind friend Mr. Owen Rees, I forward, for the honour of your acceptance, a little work recently brought out by my sister and myself. The two first volumes contain my sister's part—a novel on existing manners. The third volume comprises mine : and because it is a kind of trespass on ground you have so completely made your own, it comes in the light of a tribute, however humble the offering, to the rightful Lord of the Soil ! But I present my little gleanings with the honest protest that had I ventured to unbind the rich sheaves of *Woodstock* and *Peveril of the Peak* before I had paced my own little field of the Commonwealth, I should never have presumed to pick up even a blade of grass belonging to Times where their footsteps had trod ! And this conviction, that it would be so, made me deny myself the pleasure of opening those two works of yours, until I had fulfilled a promise to my Brother of 'telling a tale' on a Commonwealth legend which he had told me regarding a spot of London called in his boyhood 'the Field of the Forty Footsteps.' . . ."

*Poor Terry*

A little matter like this will not trouble Scott. He has prepared the way for so many contemporary authors. He is much more concerned about a letter, which comes a few days later, from Boulogne-sur-Mer. The writing is familiar. Dear old Terry, of course. But what is this ? "Dear Sir Walter, Deep shame has hitherto withheld my hand. I ought long since to have written openly and fearless of consequences ; but my timidity, folly, and intolerance combined to prevent me. . . . The loud peal of Truth has awakened me, as it were, from a fearful dream in which I seem to have passed my life ; and I wake up for the first time and when, I fear, it is too late to amend it, to a sense of the real misery in which I have involved myself and into which I have dragged the virtuous, the blameless, and the unconscious to suffer with me. In a word, I am a ruined man. . . ."

Scott sends a comforting letter, and bids him return to England and face his creditors. Terry does so, and takes advantage of the Bankruptcy Laws. His patron receives 11s.

in the pound on his loan of £576, and tries to put Terry on his feet again. But he is never the same Terry : he spends no more happy days buying beautiful ebony furniture and "curious curios" for Abbotsford. However, the museum there continues to receive additions.

*A Thomas Carlyle Mystery*

About this time (April 13th) a Thomas Carlyle, one of the bright young men of the "Edinburgh Review," writes from 21 Comely Bank, Edinburgh, saying that the poet Goethe has sent two medals, bearing his likeness, for delivery to Scott ; and "naturally it must flatter my vanity and love of the marvellous to think that by means of a foreigner whom I have never seen, I might soon have access to my native sovereign, whom I have so often seen in public, and so often wished that I had claim to see and know in private and near at hand." There was no reply from the Sovereign of Scotland, either to this letter, or to the subsequent one from Carlyle (of May 23rd), from 24 Moray Place this time : "Sir, About six weeks ago, I had the honour to write to you, announcing the arrival of a small present from the Poet Goethe, and transcribing for your perusal his compliments and thanks for the *Life* of Napoleon. I wished and purposed, as my orders bore, to *hand* you that present ; but receiving no reply, I must now be content to forego such pleasure. Mr. Jeffrey takes charge of delivering these *medals* ; and next time I write to Weimar, I hope I may be able to say that you have received them safely. Meanwhile, with much respect I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient and obliged servant, Thomas Carlyle." It is one of the mysteries of the Letter-Books that Sir Walter replied to neither of these letters. There is no questioning whether they had his attention, because they are both endorsed by him—the first, "Thomas Carlyle about Goethe" ; and the second, just "Thomas Carlyle."

*Cam Hobhouse settles down*

So there it stands : Carlyle anxious to seize the opportunity to get acquainted ; Scott . . . ? It is certainly not a case of sudden disregard for his correspondence. There is the matter of that monument to Lord Byron. "Don Juan's" faithful

friend writes (June 20th) acknowledging a kind note and very handsome subscription ; and " You may see that some correspondent of the ' Times ' has chosen to fall foul of me—as a reward, I suppose, for the very painful task I have undertaken of writing begging letters to some fifty gentlemen who, between friends, are not all quite so liberal nor so open to this sort of appeal as Sir W. Scott. Every assertion contained in the letter I allude to is utterly without foundation ; but I shall submit, as I have done some thousands of times before, in silence, and continue to do all I can to disprove the calumnies of this assailant." <sup>1</sup> Hobhouse's next letter has a double interest :

[6 Albany. July 14th.] " Dear Sir Walter Scott, I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your draft <sup>2</sup> and also of your kind salutary counsel. I found out by the merest accident in the world that the author of the attack on the Committee was a fellow who had lately been down to Newstead Abbey offering money to Lord Byron's old servants to induce them to tell stories of him and give up his letters. Now although I ought to have been convinced *a priori* that he was some such vagabond, yet the discovery gave me infinite consolation and, excepting a little regret at having been moved at all and troubling you with my lamentations, I am now perfectly at ease. . . .

" As for myself, I am going not to ' where no man dwells,' but to where, nowadays, almost all English men and women contrive to dwell. I mean Italy. But first I am going to be married. I do not think I should take the liberty of telling you this were it not that the lady is a countrywoman and I believe a neighbour, perhaps she has the honour of being a friend, of yours. She is a sister of Lord Tweeddale's, and has lived for the most part at her brother's house in Scotland. If this connexion were in no other way agreeable, it would at least give me a chance of seeing that country with whose wild scenery some of my earliest and most pleasing recollections are associated and which gave me a taste for that rambling life which I afterwards led for so many years.

<sup>1</sup> The letter in " The Times " is an open one to Hobhouse ; and accuses him, among other things, of having fought shy of the project (now four years old) for fear of offending Lady Byron and others.

<sup>2</sup> Scott subscribed 25 guineas to the monument and offered more if required.

“ When almost a boy I made a little voyage to St. Kilda, and, by a happy concurrence of circumstances, went there with Colonel Macleod ; who having left the island, on which he was born, without a shilling in his pocket, returned after an absence of 30 years, chiefly spent in India, having acquired a fortune which had enabled him to purchase the whole of this important dependency on the British coast. The whole population, some 35 souls, came down to the beach, or rather waded into the water, to meet their fellow countryman and sovereign ; and I shall never forget the first interview between the Colonel and the old clergyman, who told me the last time he had seen Macleod he was a little ragged boy without shoes or stockings. I do not know what you will think of me for writing all this to you. But recollect, I am of that nation whom Madame de Staël accuses of being habitually long-winded. And so, dear Sir Walter Scott, pray pardon me ; and believe me your much obliged humble servant, John C. Hobhouse.”

### *Feeding Royal Dukes*

Letters from members of his family now contain lively news for Sir Walter. His son Captain Scott says :

[Hampton Court. Aug. 2nd.] “. . . The Duke of Cumberland, who has been talking about seeing the Regiment ever since he came to England, has not as yet put his threat into execution ; but has sent to say that he will at last do so upon Wednesday next (the day you receive this letter) at Eleven o'clock, and that he will stay and dine with us. I think it would be more agreeable to many in the Regiment if he gave the dinner instead of accepting it. But the honor is *great* of feeding a Royal Duke. They say here that the Duke of C[larence]<sup>1</sup> has gone off at the rail completely ; the duties of Lord High Admiral have upset him. He does little but jog about from Plymouth to Portsmouth, Chatham, and every seaport on the Coast, conferring the honour of his presence at dinner on many unfortunate people who can ill stand these repeated invitations. They say that he improves in Nautical phrases and terms in the most astonishing way ; and introduces Portsmouth slack-jaw into conversation with happy

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards William IV.

effect. I wonder how Government will get rid of a mad Lord H.A.—he being a Royal prince. Rather a delicate subject to lay before His Majesty.”

The princely habit of using slack-jaw is infectious. There is a later letter of the gallant Hussar's which seems remarkable for the early use of a specimen generally considered as of recent origin. He has sent to his man-at-law for funds ; and “we dined at Col. Murray's two or three days ago. Both Mrs. Murray and the Countess's son Antonio begged to be remembered to you. Lord Doodle was there, who seems to appreciate the merits of a first-rate dinner as highly as any person I ever saw. I do not expect to get away before the beginning of next week as a certain power of attorney has never made its appearance for signature, and I know that the Dibs will not be forthcoming until that has been signed.”

#### *How to catch a Sinecure*

For months John Gibson Lockhart has been angling for a Government job ; and there has been much discussion about the business, via the Abbotsford mail-coach, with his influential father-in-law. His case is typical of the times. He is making several thousands a year with John Murray. But of course he is working for them, whereas he does so want to obtain a Government sinecure, as is the fashion of the day. Men like Lockhart, who had influence enough to pull strings, put their case with almost absurd petulance—as that of men serving an ungrateful nation without recognition. The eighteenth and nineteenth century way regarding sinecures was that the applicant pulled strings enough to secure his appointment to some obscure post—say Chaff-Wax to the Chancellor<sup>1</sup> at a few hundreds or thousands a year. He then appointed a deputy, who did as much (or as little) of the routine work as he could for about a fifth of the salary, the official holder of the post pocketing the remainder, spending his time grumbling

<sup>1</sup> There was actually such an official until 1852, when the post was abolished. The Chaff-Wax was supposed to heat the wax whenever the Lord Chancellor had to seal something. I have read of a Deputy Chaff-Wax, so that presumably the principal office had become a sinecure, and the arduous duties were performed by a deputy, to whom the Chaff-Wax (in Chief) farmed them out, pocketing the difference in salaries.

about the scurvy way he was treated, and angling for yet another sinecure.

The following two selections from Lockhart's letters throw light not only on the wire-pulling concerning an offered post (which is deemed inadequate), but also firstly, on the virtual dictatorship of the Duke of Wellington, recently become Prime Minister ; and secondly, on the Catholic question, which is about to send the nation into a convulsion. The mysterious person variously referred to as "The Invisible" and "The Great Unseen" is Sir William Knighton, the man behind the Throne—George IV's "confidential man," officially his private secretary, and Keeper of the Privy Purse :

[London. Aug. 9th.] "My dear Sir, The Invisible came to town yesterday, and I went to him this morning, at his desire, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9. He received me with the greatest kindness ; and said at once that he was much gratified in being thought of for advice on such an occasion, and that nobody could take more interest, &c., &c. He proceeded thus : 'I give my advice off-hand. You should decline this ; but the cleverness will be to take ye spoon out of the pudding and yet not, if you can, give offence to the cooks.' He said : 'Sir W. must be either the spokesman or the penman to give Lord Melville to understand that this thing does not meet *his* views. That both he and you are much obliged &c., &c., but that the thing seems to be trivial and precarious, for what if [the] Nominee dies 3 years hence and Mr. P[eel] is not there to give you another nomination.' . . . [There is much more "exceeding graciousness and kindness" on the part of the Invisible ; after relating which Lockhart continues with other news :]

"News here there is none, Do you remember in Swift's Correspondence a place where the Chevalier Wogan says the Press of England will be potent until England sees a Minister with commonsense enough to despise it. The Duke [of Wellington] is by his closeness completely starving the newspapers ; and they are suffering and growling in consequence. It is a most remarkable contrast to last year when everything was known in Brooks's before it was done, and published in the 'Times' immediately after. . . . The D[uke] of Clarence is



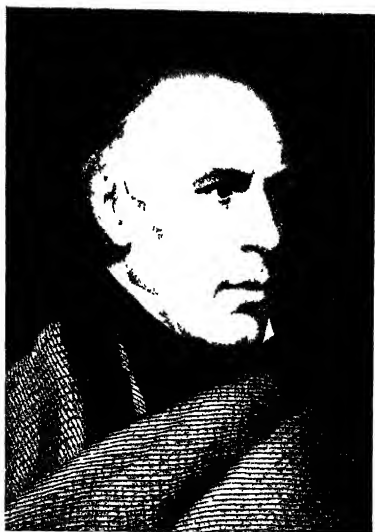
LADY ANNE BARNARD

*"I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it  
['Auld Robin Gray'] or not. . . ."*



THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN

*"Blear-eyed criticks are preparing their scalping  
knives. . . ."*



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

*"Walter Scott, the Author of those poems which I  
cannot read without bursting into tears. . . ."*



JAMES HOGG

*"You talk of sins against prudence; but I am afraid  
you sin . . . in thus patronizing me. . . ."*





giving infinite botheration. He is *nearly* insane. Think of making a great naval and military review at Portsmouth in the time of [a] service on Sunday ! And think of *his* rebuking the Colonel of a crack Foot Regiment for want of discipline among his men. The Duke of Wellington will be forced to turn him out. . . .”

*Lockhart and the Great Unseen*

And again :

[London. Nov. 16th.] “ . . . I sent the 2nd sheet of your last letter to the Great Unseen at Windsor, and was summoned to call in Hanover Square this morning. The great Man was, as usual, kinder than kind—shaking with two hands, and God-blessing at a great rate. He says the Dedication of the Waverley Novels, expressed as you intimate, will be most gratifying to the King ; and that he is so happy in having been made the vehicle, he must keep your note *as a record*. All this was said most warmly and, I am sure, sincerely. He then said he was glad to hear from Lord Aberdeen that the Duke had been speaking about me lately again, and added : ‘ By the bye, as we are always on the alert, I hope something will turn up.’

“ He then spoke a long while about the ‘ Quarterly ’ : said the anti-Catholic paper was everything fine—the King was anxious it should be printed separately. I said I had been rather afraid of doing harm.<sup>1</sup> He said, ‘ No, No—no harm ; but great good. It is a [? difficult] question what Ministers

<sup>1</sup> Lockhart might well be afraid, for he had been taken to task by Sir Walter about his attitude to Catholic Emancipation. With a previous letter, he had sent the “ Quarterly,” observing that Southey’s article on the subject “ may not please some of our friends, but *has* pleased the two people I care most about Court—the King and Knighton.” This rather looks, judging by the dates of the correspondence, that he is anticipating the Royal approval. Anyhow, Sir Walter did not hesitate to speak his mind, for he replied, October 26th : “ My dear John, I shall lament most truly a *purple* article at this moment, when a strong, plain, moderate statement, not railing at Catholics and their religion, but reprobating the conduct of the Irish Catholics, and pointing out the necessary effects which that conduct must have on the Catholic question, would have a powerful effect, and might really serve king and country. Nothing the agitators desire so much as to render the broil general, as a quarrel between Catholic and Protestant.” He went on to describe Southey as a fanatic on the subject—in his political judgment “ nothing better than a wild bull.”

may be *driven* to ; but depend on it, it is desired and most desirable that the people should be told the truth.' He proceeded to intimate that the argument about the Protestant *Thronedom* being endangered, by possibility, at some time, were the Protestant Parliamentdom shaken, makes a strong impression upon some minds—his own for one ; and I could not but gather that the state of a certain family at home and abroad is the subject of many darker reflections where it is best understood. Of course I asked no questions, but heard what was said ; and we parted in great cordiality.

" We are looking anxiously for the new *Tales of Grandpapa*. By the bye, the Invisible said : ' We are all anglers at Windsor now, and, of course, delighted with Sir W. on *Salmonia*.' What a pity you had not given a small puff to the chubs and dace of Virginia Water. Sophia sends her love. Ever affectionately yours, J. G. Lockhart."

*Servant who became an Empress*

The next letter to arrest attention is one that ought to have gone to Byron, who dealt in harems and corsairs, and languishing beauties. Albeit, if Scott's poetical " line " ran more particularly to Border warriors and minstrels, he would none the less appreciate this story from Andrew Rutherglen, although he made no Byronic tale of it :

[Dalkeith. Sept. 15th.] " Honoured Sir, In addressing you I feel confident that apologising for intrusion will be wholly unnecessary ; the circumstances to which I am taking the liberty of calling your attention will, I trust, not prove altogether uninteresting to you. ' Silent Time with lightly foot ' has trod on 75 years since Jane, the eldest daughter of James Reid, Piper to the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith, left her father's house at the tender age of 17 to become an inmate, in the capacity of a servant, in the family of Mr.—, a respectable merchant in Leith. For some months after that circumstance she was always regarded by her master and mistress with the highest sentiments of respect ; her honour and honesty remained alike unimpeachable. [Then] first a silver tablespoon disappeared ; and shortly after, another. Suspicion was attached to Jane Reid, she having been the last brought into

the family, and no similar circumstance having before taken place. A third disappeared ; and she was charged with theft ; and on the evidence of a fellow-servant, was convicted and sentenced to be publicly whipt through Leith, and transported to Virginia.

“ Whether or not the first part of her sentence was ever executed, I have not learned ; but the latter part, to a certainty, was executed so far that with a number of other convicts she was shipped on board a tender for the Plantations. On their passage they were overtaken by an Algerine Corsair. They fought ; and the flag of England was, for once, unsuccessful. The vessel and crew were carried to Morocco, where they were all sold as slaves. The youthful and prepossessing appearance of Jane Reid had attracted the notice of some of the superiors of that State ; and she was purchased for the Emperor’s seraglio. Shortly after, he shared with her his throne.

“ Upon her departure to Virginia, her relatives in Dalkeith gave her up as lost for ever. They indeed neither expected nor wished to hear of her destiny. The aged Piper used to say that with her the ‘ glory and pride ’ of his family was gone. About five years after her departure, one day a naval officer rode briskly up to the door of the principal inn in Dalkeith ; and enquired if they could direct him to the residence of Piper Reid. He was directed to a wretched hovel which contained all that belonged to the once high-minded Gael. Upon entering his humble mansion he found the aged Piper sitting by the fire, over a few burning embers, bewailing the fate of his unfortunate ‘ Jeanie.’

“ The appearance of the venerable Piper was altogether of a very interesting nature, and did not fail to strike even the bold ‘ son of Neptune ’ with awe and respect. He wore a suit of the Buccleuch livery which, like himself, had become much the worse of the wear. His stature, which had been much above the ordinary size, from the effects of age and sorrow had dwindled ; his features, which had become deeply furrowed, bore evident marks of vigour and a manly disposition ; and his hair, white as wool, hung in long loose tresses round his back and shoulders. ‘ Dash my timbers,’ was the first ejaculation of the sailor, ‘ but thou hast been a noble fellow.’ He

then went into a long detail stating when and how Jane Reid had attained her exalted station ; that she had procured his liberty ; and that previous to his leaving Morocco he had come under an engagement to her if ever he reached Britain to go personally to Dalkeith and inform her relatives of her fortune. He had now fulfilled his engagement ; and congratulated the Piper on the good fortune of his daughter." [The Piper died from shock, consequent on his excitement at the news. The letter continues :]

" Without entering further into detail, it only remains for me to add that shortly after the Piper's death the innocence of Jane Reid was placed beyond doubt. The horrified conscience, on a death-bed, of the fellow-servant upon whose evidence she was convicted confessed the crime for which the innocent Jane Reid had been banished. About 17 years after the Piper's death, two seamen, belonging to Leith, called upon Ann Reid, the Piper's second daughter, and stated that they had seen her sister at Morocco ; and delivered several presents to Ann from her. [They further stated] that her husband had [died] about two years before their visit there ; that her son, about 19 years of age, was his father's successor ; that the Empress had become tired of royalty ; and that her only desire was for a peaceful retirement on the Bank of the Esk. From that to the present day no further account has ever reached Dalkeith of Jane Reid. Her sister Ann, from whom I received the above information, only paid the debt of nature about five years since ; and an aged Matron above us here recollects all the circumstances of the case perfectly well. Should this simple but interesting narrative be of the smallest service to the inimitable Author of *Waverley* it will afford me a gratification which language cannot express."

#### *A Doubtful Dedication*

Another expression of gratification—this time from an author—comes in a curious way, and is one more specimen to be added to unusual dedications. The writer is young George Payne Rainsford James (more familiarly, G. P. R. James), who is just beginning his prolific career as a popular author. He is already indebted to Sir Walter, and writes

to tell of his success in selling the copyright of his fourth book for £300 :

[12 George Street, Hanover Square. Nov. 4th.] “. . . After many pros and cons, the book has been called *Richelieu* ; and a copy will be transmitted to you as soon as it issues from the Press. Attached to it you will find a Dedication with a blank in place of your name. My reasons for dedicating it virtually to you, you will easily understand to arise in those feelings of regard and gratitude which your kindness has inspired ; and my reason for omitting your name is solely that I would not willingly adjoin it to any work whose success was even doubtful. . . .”

*Confound these Anglicans*

No risk of embarrassment in this secret kind of Dedication, anyhow. But many an author would be embarrassed by the letter, which arrives later, from another young author—equally prolific, and equally successful, whose works count for even more. He is Robert Chambers ; and at the age of 26—with books to his credit which Scott has liked—he ventures to send the great Master three pages of closely written corrective notes on his *Tales of a Grandfather*. One of the notes of this literary Grand-cub is good fun :

[Hanover Street. Dec. 12th.] “. . . Page 264. Perhaps Sir Walter will be inclined to say ‘ Clodius accusat ’ when he sees me attempt to find a fault in his diction. But as far as my knowledge of the Latin prepositions leads me, I cannot help thinking that the phrase ‘ surrounded with enclosures on each side and in front ’ is wrong. *Surrounded* surely expresses a complete environment. For my own part, I think the word good enough for the purpose it is used for. But then these deuced English fellows are so gley in picking holes in our literary vesture, that I am afraid it will not stand good with them. Confound these Anglicans ! They have made the exchange harder against Scotland in point of language than even in the matter of money.”—Sir Walter was not the man to be embarrassed by this kind of letter. And since young Chambers cursed the exchange, Scott’s works have been well “surrounded with critical enclosures” : and still they live and give delight.

*A Tale of Two Universities*

If Scott's fond readers were lavish in their tributes of gratification, public bodies were equally generous with their less imaginative offerings and recognitions. The honours conferred on the author of *Waverley* would be as boring in the long recital, as the recipient often found them in the bestowing. But it is surprising to find Sir Walter not occupying the seats of honour in two communities (and in his own country !) which at any other time would blush with mortification for the loss of opportunity. Let the shades of the Glasgow Lads blush first as Principal Macfarlane privately explains the matter :

[Glasgow College. Nov. 15th.] "My dear Sir, Your favour of date the 13th reached me only this morning, at the moment when I was going to the Hall for the election of the Rector ; and it was then too late for me to make any use of it. Indeed you can hardly be aware how little my influence, or that of any Professor, avails in exciting or restraining the zeal of our young men on such occasions. They have, in fact, not only emancipated themselves from all controul on our part ; but conceived such a jealousy of our interference that our only chance of managing them is by pulling them, like the Irishman's pig, the wrong way—an expedient to which you will believe that we think it neither academical nor manly to have recourse. The placard which has been sent to you, and of which I believe I have a copy, is absolute nonsense—the effusion of some giddy Boy, or more probably his stupid Papa, who thought it a fine thing to try his hand at writing a Party Puff.

"The fact is that there is not a particle of Whig or Tory in the business ; but on the one hand an attempt on the part of the Glasgow Lads to keep in their Townsman for a third year in spite of all precedent or even decency : and on the other, a Muster of the Caledonian youth of all parties and from all quarters of the Country determined to resist this attempt, and to pay the tribute of their respect where they conceived it to be most justly due. In this they have acted spontaneously, without the slightest encouragement from myself or any Professor in the College, and indeed without our knowing until the very latest hour what measure they had in contemplation. The

Election has proceeded in these circumstances ; and the *Four Nations*, as they are called, being equally divided, the casting vote of the Vice-Rector was given in favour of your being Rector for the ensuing year. It is now my duty to intimate the election to you officially, but as you are allowed fourteen days to deliberate on the question whether you will or will not accept, I entreat as a friend that you will not give any answer till I have had the pleasure of seeing you and talking over the subject. . . .”

The letter that Principal Macfarlane indicates having received just as he was going to the Election was from Sir Walter requesting that his name “ be withdrawn from the competition.” He had been twice previously (1822 and 1824) defeated in the Glasgow Rectorial Election. On this third occasion his opponent was Thomas Campbell, the poet and the Glasgow lads’ townsman, who had held the Rectorship for two years. Scott declined the honour which a casting vote had sought to confer on him. His letter, conveying his decision, was as gracious and unperturbed as we should expect. But his friends took exception to what many regarded as a slight upon him by the University.

### *A St. Andrews Revolt*

This unexpected controversy over the Glasgow honour followed trouble over the Rectorship of St. Andrews in 1825. But in the St. Andrews case the shoe was on the other foot, for the students there elected Sir Walter in rebellion against their University’s statutes which limited the choice of Rector to one of its own officials. This affair has been dealt with out of its chronological place in order that the two Universities may blush in beauty side by side. Here is the letter of the St. Andrews men, written on the same day that Principal Francis Nicoll intimated (with the sincerest regrets) that the election had been declared void and against the University’s practice of nearly four hundred years :

[St. Andrews. March 7th.] “ Sir, We, the Intrants of the Nations of the University of Saint Andrews, have the honour of informing you that by our unanimous consent you were this day chosen as our Rector. We regret that we are under the



necessity of stating at the same time, that on announcement of your election to our Constituents, our worthy and much respected Principal, as President of the Meeting, declared to us that Sir Walter Scott was a person not eligible to the Office of Rector ; and immediately, without offering a satisfactory reason, or permitting a reason to be asked, dissolved the Comitia.

“ The ostensible grounds on which he founds his assertion are certain laws of the University, which laws are by no means satisfactory, and concerning which we have received from the Professors the most discordant accounts. It has been hitherto the practice of the University to make use of the Intrants, not for the purpose of electing to the Office of Rector, but for the purpose of rend’ring formally valid the nomination of one of four individuals among the body of Professors ; and that, too, in a certain rotation.

“ The Students felt themselves bound in vindication of their own rights as Electors, which right the spirit of every law they have heard of very sufficiently recognises, to act no longer as the instruments of this formality.

“ They feel peculiarly anxious to connect with their ancient and venerable University the name of someone distinguished for his literary achievements and his literary honors. They are assured of the hearty concurrences of several of their Masters, as well as in their own—*our* choice has fallen just on the individual on whom *he* ought to have fixed it.

“ We are aware of a delicacy on your part, but we trust that that delicacy will be overcome when we assure you that your acceptance is all that is necessary to make our Election undisputed.

“ We entreat you to assert your right to the office which with an anxious wish for the good of our University we have conferred upon you, because we feel assured that that assertion is all that is necessary for eliciting the fact of our full right to vote for whom we will and for securing to us in all time coming the privilege and distinction which the other Scottish Universities have succeeded in acquiring, of never wanting at the head of our Institution a man of literary eminence and public character.

“ The formal duties of the office may be discharged here, as in other Universities, by a sub-Rector.

“ Our University will esteem itself highly privileged by your acceptance of this highest honor she has to bestow, and your refusal, which we do not anticipate, will, while we sincerely lament it, animate us to take what measures we can for an ultimate change, in effecting which object we look for any aid or advice you can furnish.

“ We have the honor to be, Sir, your most humble servants,  
John Tod Brown (Intrant for the Nation of the Lothians) ;  
David Rintoul (Intrant for the Albans) ;  
Alex<sup>r</sup> Melville (Intrant for the Fifans) ;  
William Tait (Intrant for the Angusians).”

The election having been, as stated, declared void, Scott could not do other than decline the invitation of the bold Intrants rebelling against the “formality” which kept the highest honour the University had to bestow so snugly within its walls.

## THE EIGHTEENTH LETTER-BOOK

1829

THE first letter in this volume offers a strange contrast. It is a message from an unknown world—an early paragraph in the history of a new country. It is penned on the rude table of a log-cabin, exactly at the time when Sir Walter, in his magnificent library, surrounds himself with old histories of an old country, preparatory to adding yet another to them. There is nothing very exciting in the object of this letter. Mr. Charles Baillie, on behalf of the Dalhousie St. Andrews Philanthropic Society is merely inviting Scott to become a patron, and hinting that a gift of books will be gratefully received. But there is more in the poor faded script than that : it speaks for young Canada :

[Dalhousie. Upper Canada. Jan. 1st.] “. . . Your Honour will remember that in the years 1820-1, an emigration to a very considerable extent took place from the counties of Lanark and Renfrew to Upper Canada in corporate bodies or Emigration Societies, as they were termed. These by the wisdom and goodness of our Government (perhaps from the knowledge that Scotsmen are clannish—as God forbid they shouldna) were all settled together on a tract of land forming an oblong square of 40 miles by 10 comprising four townships—namely, Ramsay, Lanark, Dalhousie, and North Sheerbrook, the present inhabitants of which are mostly Scotch, and if wholly settled might contain a population of from 12 to 14,000 : so that if it were possible to preserve the dialect, manners, and customs o’ our native land we might cherish the hope that some time hence this place will get the name o’ wee Scotland.

“ But Sir, notwithstanding that there are so many of us placed together and all from nearly the same part o’ our mither kintra, owing we wad fain think to the difficulties and embarrassments attendant on new settlers (our mode of occupation being new to us all and o’ such a laborious nature as to

absorb the whole man), there is great reason to fear that that lovely social system, so prevalent in our native land and which gives it a pre-eminence aboon a' the kintras in Christendom and which makes the remembrance o't dear to its far-scattered sons, will fall a sacrifice to the cauld-hearted customs and unsocial formalities o' the new World—as our offspring, not appreciating the characteristic beauties o' the land o' Cakes, will be more readily swept into the vortex of indolent and selfish supineness and careless indifference concerning the cultivation of the human faculties, which we are sorry to say is manifested by too many in Canada. . . .” Under “these painful reflections and in order to prevent degeneracy,” a number of individuals of the township established the said Philanthropic Society, together with a library ; and “it was agreed to let your Honour (who has with such unparalleled gigantic step speeled the steep and slippery path of Literary fame and gained a name lasting as the towering summits o' our native hills) [be] acquainted with our views.”

*More Stories from Mrs. Hughes*

The Letter-Book lightly turns from the new to the old. Mrs. Hughes seems to begin the new year with a resolution to write or die. After discussions of the ills of “poor Mr. Terry” and “poor dear Johnny” (all pitched in the Amen Corner key), she refers to Sir Walter’s essay in the “Quarterly Review” on Humphry Davy’s *Salmonia* ; and enquires :

[Amen Corner. Jan. 15th.] “. . . Are you aware of the Staffordshire tradition which says that Izaak Walton wrote the *Compleat Angler* at Madeley, when he was visiting his friend Sir John Offley. The water in which he used to fish is still pointed out from the windows of Madeley Manor. . . . Do you like real Irish stories ? Two basketwomen quarrelled on Covent Garden last month. One called the other “a dirty baste.”—“Is it *me* you call a dirty baste ! You ! when you’re sinsible the very fleas put on their pattens before they’ll vinture to cross your body.”

The next letter is one of those which brought Scott’s postage bill to £150 a year (but ’tis a hundred years since, dear reader,

when recipients usually paid the postage if the letters were not franked). The writer, Mr. George Barbour, regretted that his two sheets should cost Sir Walter  $9\frac{1}{2}d$ . But what could the man do? His postscript tells his difficulty and a tale of the times: "The postage of this would certainly have been paid, except that the Postmaster at N. Galloway is so dubious a character that post-paid letters seldom go far from his door."

*Wellington and Commissions*

Country post-offices were not the only untrustworthy institutions. Government Commissions were much what they are to-day, judging by Wellington's view, as given by Lockhart when reporting about the manuscripts of the exiled Princes of the House of Stuart. These valuable MSS. had come into the King's hands on the death of the Cardinal of York; and the Commission appointed to examine them had done nothing. Lockhart has been anxious that Sir Walter should be entrusted with the work, hence:

[The Athenæum, London. Jan. 30th.] "My dear Sir, I was summoned to attend the Invisible this morning. He says on receipt of your letter he spoke to the King who was delighted with the proposal as to the Stuart Papers, and desired him to go about it to the Duke [of Wellington]. The Duke took a similar view of the case, saying—'Dissolve the Commission, by God. They have done nothing. No Commissions ever will do any good. I believe the only paper they have ever suffered to peep out was one of a Radical tendency which had tickled Mackintosh's fancy.' . . . In case the thing goes on, the Papers, which are in a room in St. James' Palace, will be given to my keeping, and the room appropriated for my use. 'It will be a great thing,' said the Great Unseen; 'for you will be fairly on the perch, belong to us, and have constant access.'

"I found Sophia and all the children well—Johnny looking decidedly better than he ever has done these three years. Don't suffer good, bothering Mrs. Hughes's stories to annoy you. She is one of those that would rather have a sad tale to tell than none at all. Sir Wm. K[nighton] bade me tell you your picture<sup>1</sup> is placed between the busts of

<sup>1</sup> by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Handel and Dr. Johnson and the pictures of Marlborough and Eldon, and is *the admiration* of all who see the corridor at Windsor."

Alas ! poor Lockhart ! He never found this desirable perch. As a fact (contrary to his suggestion in the *Life* of Scott), it was he who first suggested that Scott should deal with the papers. The joke is that the new Commission (consisting of Sir Walter, Dr. Gooch, and Lockhart) also did nothing ; but this time because a Government official upset the perch on grounds of economy.

### *A Curious Sequel to Kenilworth*

Although Mrs. Hughes is always hot on the antiquarian trail, on behalf of Sir Walter, she has not made a capture for some time. The Cumnor Hall country has been a favourite hunting-ground of hers ; and now she makes the interesting discovery that there has been a succession of Lambournes there since that amusing rascal Michael (according to *Kenilworth*) became the accomplice of Sir Richard Varney ; who, for his master the Earl of Leicester, carried out the murder of fair Amy Robsart. Her tale makes a remarkably curious appendix to *Kenilworth*, although there are obvious reasons why Scott could not use it. But before he can even read it he has to be kept on tenter-hooks through 3½ quarto pages of consoling and depressing family and friendly news. And at last :

[Amen Corner. Feb. 9th.] ". . . Now for the Cumnor memorandum. Mr. Hutter, the present clergyman of the place, says that the Register is of more than usual ancient date, and that from the earliest entry to the present there has been a regular succession of the family of *Lamborne*. What is curious is that they have all been, in the memory of man and from all traditional evidence, the most decided *scamps*. The two present worthy representatives are a man commonly called Gipsy Lamborne and another who is by trade a baker in the village. Gipsy L. was tried last year for stealing a hunter worth 60 guineas whose eyes he burnt by way of *disguising* the poor animal, whom he afterwards sold for £6. This worthy escaped hanging from some flaw in the indictment ; but there is little doubt of his ending his career at the gallows. The

other (the baker) is so profane and dissolute a person that Mr. Hutter thought himself obliged as Minister of the parish to speak to him sharply on the error of his ways. He received the rebuke with rage and insolence, and next morning Mr. Hutter found a young plantation of trees totally destroyed. He could not but suspect Lamborne whose vindictive spirit is so well known that on his quarrelling with a neighbouring farmer, the farmer rode off instantly to Oxford to insure his premises, saying he was sure if Lamborne thought he could ruin him he would burn his house and barns without loss of time. Can it be that you never heard of this race of vagabonds when you drew the character of Mike, who by the way would have scorned these petty knaves."

*Troubadours de trop !*

Lockhart and Robert Cadell are the chief contributors for a while. The former has been much with Thomas Moore, who is in London seeing his *Life* of Byron through the press. "He told me he had kept down his Hiberno-Asiatic vein as far as he could." Lockhart, of course, has much political news to report ; for, with the trouble over Catholic Emancipation, all is excitement. He has not seen "the Invisible" since the last interview ; "indeed, he is fond of being out of the way when winds do blow high" ; and the Duke of Wellington has been bled severely, etc. "to purchase a little physical relief, with a view to next week's mental exertions, at whatever price. He looks very old and worn." But political crises come and go with the winds. Meanwhile, publisher Cadell wants Scott to cancel that part about the Troubadours in *Anne of Geierstein*, the novel presently being written ; and, never well disposed towards James Ballantyne, privately reports that James "is worse than he was : he has got among the Henry Grey enthusiasts in religion, which is doing him no good." Nevertheless, Sir Walter will not desert his shipwrecked printing-partner. And the times are not too bad, with the novels selling well, and son Walter reporting from Chichester Barracks "that Porter is to be a penny per pot cheaper, and shoes sixpence a pair less—to say nothing of our being enabled to drink sour cyder to our hearts content for little or nothing."

*Mary Shelley*

Mary Shelley now makes one of her rare appearances in the Letter-Books. In her brave widowhood she is working, helping the friends of Shelley, and making order out of the chaos of his writings. Like many other writers, she is attracted to the field of the historical novel by the success of Scott ; and so :

[33 Somerset Street, Portman Square, London. May 25th.]  
 " Sir, I have been encouraged by the kind politeness you have afforded to others, and by the indulgence with which I have been informed you have regarded some of my poor productions, to ask if you would assist me in my present task. I am far advanced in a romance whose subject is Perkin Warbeck. Of course you know that he visited the Court of James IV, and married the daughter of the Earl of Huntly. In consulting our historians as to his story, I have found the earlier ones replete with interesting anecdotes and documents entirely passed over by Hume &c. ; and in the forgotten or neglected pages of English or Irish writers of a distant date, I discover a glimmering of the truth about him, even more distinct than that afforded in the dissertations of the modern writers in favour of his pretensions. . . . [She asks for references to any works or MSS. he may know bearing on the subject ; and concludes :]

" I hope you will forgive my troubling you. It is almost impertinent to say how foolish it appears to me that I should intrude on your ground, or to compliment one all the world so highly appreciates. But as every traveller when they visit the Alps endeavours, however imperfectly, to express their admiration in the Inn's album, so it is impossible to address the Author of *Waverley* without thanking him for the delight and instruction derived from the inexhaustible source of his genius, and trying to express a part of the enthusiastic admiration his works inspire."

*A Scots Ruse at Prestonpans*

It is a far cry to the new world for a story of the 'Forty-Five. And just as we have seen the national spirit asserting itself in Upper Canada, so it is in Nova Scotia—as shown by the letter



of Captain Alexander Robertson, on behalf of his fellow-countrymen there, who are wanting a Highland bagpipe made by the official pipe-maker to the Celtic Society. The letter accompanying this request—set out, with much preamble, in a Memorial to the Society—contains the following Jacobite reminiscence, which is the more notable as coming orally from an eye-witness :

[Shelburne, Nova Scotia. June 4th.] “. . . I cannot omit on this occasion to mention that a son of the piper who played before Clunie and his M’Phersons at Prestonpans lives within 3 miles of me. He was perfectly acquainted with the three Callums mentioned in *Waverley*—viz. Callum Bàn, Callum Dubth, and Callum Phissich or Taigestider. To Callum Dubth the panick so fatal to the English cavalry was entirely owing. The night previous to the engagement, while lying on their arms conversing about the ensuing day, some said they dreaded nothing but the English cavalry.—Callum replied ‘Take you care of the infantry, and leave the cavalry to me.’—It was retorted, ‘You Blockhead, what could you do?’—He replied ‘I want but 40 men such as I can pick ; and with my life I will answer for the consequence.’ This being reported to the officers, Callum was allowed to pick his men ; 20 of them, Herdsmen like himself, he furnished with *rottachs*—[i.e.] instruments used in the hills of Badenoch to frighten wild horses ; the other 20 were supplied with musquets and claymores. Thus provided, Callum and his party lay in ambush behind a hedge not far from Col. Gardner’s house, and as the cavalry marched leisurely upon the main road and came opposite to Callum’s party, the 20 men suddenly rattled their *rottachs*. This [coming] unexpectedly, startled the horses sideways ; and the riders being unprepared, many of them were unhorsed ; and Callum vociferating ‘*feirith a teine orra*’ and mortally wounding Col. Gardner with [his] own hand, put them in a confusion they never recovered. The renowned Author of *Waverley* knows the sequel far better than I.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The letter goes on to say that Callum Bàn was Standard-bearer to Clunie upon that memorable day ; and that his son, Captain Donald M’Pherson, was the writer’s intimate friend and companion for almost fifty years, and had died at Shelburne, Nova Scotia, about two years previously.

The correspondence for this year occupies two volumes ; and rather the best of the harvest comes with the autumn—the next Letter-Book. In the early part of the year the publication of the Collected Edition of the *Waverley* Novels—or The Magnum, as it was termed by its publisher Cadell and by Scott and printer Ballantyne—had begun. It was proving a glorious success and helping to reduce that awful burden of debt shouldered by Sir Walter. There is a letter from Cadell informing him that “ the *Waverley* continues to go off amazingly ” ; and that on the day the latest impression arrived in London, Simpkin Marshall & Co. sold 2,250 copies. Amazing indeed ! The news provides an appropriately triumphant note on which to conclude the Letter-Book’s chapter.

## THE NINETEENTH LETTER-BOOK

1829

THIS Letter-Book opens to the startling echoes of an early nineteenth-century wonder. Let us accompany Captain Walter Scott and his wife Jane to the bedroom, to listen to the new novelty whose chief virtue is so soon to change to a lasting unpopularity :

[Chichester. August 12th.] “ Dear Papa, Jane and I have been enjoying the gaieties of Brighton during the Race week, and have just returned to Chichester, which appears duller than ever. The Goodwood Races commence to-day ; and we have all our Headquarter people coming in, as the races are expected to be excellent, many of the 1st horses in England being entered. I am sure we are a most hospitable Regiment.<sup>1</sup> There are only six or seven of us here ; and we have upwards of twenty visitors fed and lodged—where it does not matter ; but I saw a quantity of bedding going towards the Hospital where there are no patients and plenty of large airy rooms containing twenty iron bedsteads each. . . .

“ We are suddenly overrun with mice ; they seem to have started full grown out of the earth, and are a serious evil. They are very bold and run about the rooms in daylight, to Jane’s horror. We borrowed a cat from Mrs. Rose last night ; but it was either too young or not up to its business, for it did nothing but sit and purr all evening ; and next morning I found some drawings, I had left out, in fragments, and the weights of a little Dutch clock, which ornaments our room, entangled, and it has cost me an hour’s work to get them to rights. If Anne saw these clocks she would buy a dozen of them. They go capitally, and are very pretty. If you wish to be awakened at any hour you set the alarum, and at the appointed hour it goes off with a most tremendous row that would awake the dead. You stop your clock or move it about

<sup>1</sup> The 18th Hussars.

to any part of the room without doing it any harm ; and the price of this commodity is only 35 shillings. I think of bringing one down when I go to Scotland, if I can get one that will go well, for there is some chance of getting a bad one."

The next echo is a funereal one, for the letter of Mr. J. H. Burn, of 20 King Street, Covent Garden, refers to the death of Daniel Terry, who has played so large a part on the stages of London and Abbotsford. Mr. Burn suggests these lines of Pindar's for Terry's epitaph :

" Oh ! fragile and ephemeral man,  
Thy being air—thy life a span,  
The very shadow of a dream,  
A bubble on Time's rapid stream."

*The Bride of Lammermoor not Guilty !*

Then Sir Walter's old friend William Clerk contributes an engaging letter, which recalls his ancestor—the original of the unfortunate heroine of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. In this, one of the most remarkable of Scott's novels, Lucy Ashton—in love with Edgar Master of Ravenswood, but compelled to marry Frank Hayston, the Laird of Bucklaw—tries to murder the bridegroom on the bridal night, and dies insane next day. Here is the family version, as conveyed through Clerk. It is important, not only because it differs so materially from the novelist's version, but because apparently it has not been included among the variant explanations (given in introductions, etc., to the novel) of what happened in the bridal chamber :

[Edinburgh. Sept. 1st.] " My dear Sir Walter, I greet you well (which, by the by, is the proper mode of salutation in this cursed weather, that is enough to make us all greet). But to turn to my purpose, which is to forward to you a communication I had within this few days from Sir Robert Horne Dalrymple Elphinston expressing the great pleasure the perusal of your notes to the new edition of the novels had given him. He adds : ' I wish you would give him a hint of what I formerly mentioned to you regarding my great grandaunt and your own relation—the unfortunate Bride of Lammermoor. It was first

mentioned to me by Miss Maitland, the daughter of Lady Rothes (they were the nearest neighbours of the Stair family in Wigtownshire) ; and I afterwards heard the tradition from others in that country. It was to the following effect, that when—after the noise and violent screaming in the Bridal chamber—comparative stillness succeeded and the door was forced, the Window was found open ; and it was supposed by many that the lover [Lord Rutherford—*i.e.* Ravenswood] had by the connivance of some of the servants found means during the bustle of the marriage feast to secret himself within the apartment ; and that soon after the entrance of the married pair—or at least as soon as the parents and others retreated and the door was made fast—he had come out from his concealment, attacked and desperately wounded the Bridegroom, and then made his escape, by the window, through the garden.

“ ‘ As the unfortunate Bride never spoke after having uttered the words mentioned by Sir Walter, no light could be thrown on the matter by them. But it was thought that Baldoon’s<sup>1</sup> obstinate silence on the subject favoured the supposition of the chastisement having been inflicted by his [the bridegroom’s] rival. It is but fair to give the unhappy victim (who was by all accounts a most gentle and feminine creature) the benefit of an explanation on a doubtful point.’ So far, my worthy friend who seems a little jealous of the poor Bride’s reputation.” \*

### *A Byron Talk about Scott*

On the slight evidence as to the story out of which Sir Walter created *The Bride of Lammermoor*, “ Lucy Ashton ” was well entitled to the benefit of an explanation ; and it is interesting to read now of her descendant’s anxiety. The day following Clerk’s letter brought another explanation of a more recent affair. Mr. Pryce L. Gordon had met, at different times, both Byron and Scott at Brussels ; and so :

[Bruxelles, 1039 Rue Ducale. Sept. 2nd.] “ My dear Sir Walter . . . I perceive in the preface to the new and beautiful Edition of your works, that you mention your doubts of Mr. Medwin’s veracity in his *pretended* Conversations with Lord Byron relative to the Author of the Waverley Novels. I recol-

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* the bridegroom.

lect when his lordship passed an evening with me here, on his way to Switzerland, and when we were talking about *the Author*, I asked the poet if he had any doubt of this, and whether he had been on the subject with you? 'No, Sir,' he replied (with a change of countenance which made me regret that I had put the question). 'It would have been great impertinence in me to question Mr. Scott on a point of such delicacy—and besides, being a proof of ignorance, for who that has read those delightful works and has besides the advantage of knowing Mr. Scott, could for a moment doubt that *he* was the Author? A contemporary of Shakespeare might as well have asked, who wrote Hamlet?'<sup>1</sup> Scott is a fine poet and a most amiable man. We are great friends. As a prose-writer, he has no rival; and has not been approached since Cervantes, in depicting manners. His tales are my constant companions. . . .

### *The Club-bed Foot of the Byrons*

[Mr. Gordon, a sexagenarian, knew Byron's mother well; and here are his recollections of her—interesting because the poet's hatred of her is one of the many remarkable features of his life:]

"She lost both her parents when she was ten years old, and lived occasionally with the family of General Abercromby, of Glassaugh, to whom she was nearly related. I passed some weeks in her company there when she came from school, a romping, good-humoured girl of 16, inclined to corpulency. She was fond of running races and swinging between two trees; but from this last exercise she was at last interdicted, for one of the ropes gave way, and she had so severe a fall that she fainted, and I carried her in my arms into the house. When Byron was born his nurse said: 'He's a bonny bairn, and he's got the *club-bed* foot, and he'll surely be Lord Byron—for a' the Lord Byrons ha' a clubbed foot.'"<sup>2</sup>

How amazing was the popularity of the novelist, whose new edition has prompted the last two letters, may be judged

<sup>1</sup> From this point I am quoting from two articles written by the correspondent who refers Scott to them.

<sup>2</sup> Byron's coming into the title was unexpected. At his birth his chances of succession were remote. Two of the family had been born with the defect which gave rise to the nurse's forecast.

by Cadell's news : " The flow of demand . . . continues so great that I cannot with any propriety leave the helm. Every copy hitherto sent to London is sold. We sent 1,900 last week : they were gone in 48 hours ; and in place of the 15th thousand, the 18th is in the binders' hands. I contemplate putting 5,000 more to press forthwith, making 25,000 ; and increasing my power of boarding [*i.e.* binding] by getting both men and women from Glasgow. All former bookselling success is a joke to this."

The worst of the "joke" is that Sir Walter is plagued more than ever for new works and contributions. Any publisher, wealthy or not, could—and did—leave Scott to name his own terms, knowing that the magic of his name would make any publication successful. Thomas Hood, now editing annuals, has not yet sung himself into fame by his "Song of the Shirt." But here he is joining in the universal chorus of publishers in happier vein than is usual among his rivals :

[2 Robert Street, Adelphi. Sept. 3rd.] ". . . I need not say that having been able to pride myself on your poem in the 'Gem,' I am very anxious to have some such token of your kindness in an annual of my own. I do not desire a quantity, or—to speak it reverently—Scott and lot : a few lines only would suffice to make me as proud as the lady of Tillietudlem ; and I should be happy to acknowledge the obligation by note of hand—as well as heart."

### *A Scottish Chief's Vision*

The turning of a leaf of the Letter-Book switches us from the Adelphi to the Highlands, where Miss Cameron of Lochiel has been looking into family papers for a nicely flavoured bit of Jacobitism. One paper describes Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel in 1716. Then in his 90th year, this veteran chief's eyesight was so good that he could read the smallest print ; and so great was his strength "that he wrung some blood from the points of my fingers with a grasp of his hand." And the writer of the paper quoted by Miss Cameron continues :

"The story I am going to relate would be absolutely incredible if it were not vouched for by a multitude of witnesses.

Very early that morning whereon the Chevalier de St. George <sup>1</sup> landed at Peterhead in the North of Scotland, attended only by Allan Cameron (one of the Gentlemen of his bedchamber), Sir Ewen started, as it were in surprise from his sleep, and called out so loud to his Lady, who lay by him in another bed, that his King was landed, that his King was arrived, and that his son was with him. She awaked, and enquiring if he wanted anything, he repeated the same thing over and over again ; and commanded a large bonfire to be put on, and the best liquor in the house to be brought out for his Lads (for so he commonly called his Clan) to make merry and drink his King's health.

" The Lady, who at first fancy'd that he was raving, did not much notice. But he was so instant and positive and commanded with such authority, that she was in the end obliged to obey. Not only his grandchildren and domesticks, but all the people of the neighbourhood were convened to that solemnity which they celebrated with uncommon festivity and mirth until the next day was near spent. His Lady was so curious that she noted down the words upon paper with the date, which she, a few days after, found verified in fact—to her great surprise. I do not pretend to account for this visionary kind of Revelation . . . and all I shall say upon the matter is, that it seems no conclusive argument against the truth of a fact, that it can't be accounted for—*unless* it shall be made out that all the *Secrets* of Nature *and* the wonderful dispensation of Providence *are* revealed to human understanding.

" In the present case Sir Ewen's waking thro' his sleep, his expressing the words and giving the orders here related, stand not only vouched by the Lady and a servant that lay nearby, but likewise by the multitude convened to the solemnity who all came and kissed their Chief's hand and informed themselves of the truth of it from himself. Besides, contrary to his usual custom, he talked of nothing else all the next day, gave his orders from time to time to carry out more liquor to his Lads ; and said that he would see his son Allan, but would never have the honour of seeing his King."

<sup>1</sup> Otherwise the " Old Pretender," son of James II. He assumed the above title as he was about to cross over to Scotland as its king.



While Miss Cameron of Lochiel is rescuing such tales from their difficult manuscripts, Captain Walter Scott adds a postscript to his letter from Brighton saying that "the Bugs are intolerable."—Fanny Kemble, at the age of 20, appears with great success as Juliet, thereby rescuing the fortunes of her family and those of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.—Tommy Moore (at Brooks's Club) thanks Sir Walter for his notes about Byron, the "best ornament of my Book" for which "the Devils are in full hue and cry after my heels."—And Thomas Campbell, writing from Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall, reveals that he is neglecting the Muses for a time in order to form a new Club in London to be called the "Literary Union," and wants to rope in Lockhart—"I did not like to importune him myself, as I know he is a very domestic man and, as Dr. Johnson says, not likely to be *clubbable*."

*Sir John Malcolm's Way with Letters*

These Letter-Books compass the four quarters of the globe. But it is a long time since we have heard from India. Now, however, comes a worth-while letter from Lieutenant Walter Scott, who owes his position to good uncle Sir Walter. (Incidentally, the many Scotts in the Letter-Books require much sifting !). Sahib Scott tells of famous Anglo-Indians—his story of Sir John Malcolm, who became Governor of Bombay after a notably versatile career, providing an early example of how quickly news travelled even in the early nineteenth century :

[Ahmednuggur. Nov. 11th.] ". . . By the bye, apropos of secrecy, Sir John Malcolm received a letter *Private* from Lord Ellenborough relating to the fracas we had here lately about the judges ; and, because comparisons are odious, there was one which compared Sir John Grant and the two new judges to a wild elephant between two tame ones—no doubt a very capital joke but slightly (considering who were put in opposition) indecorous. Sir John Malcolm, according to custom, reads his letter at a public Breakfast-table—as, by the bye, he does every one, not excepting those of his nearest relations. By return of post, back comes, in a villainous Radical newspaper, the letter itself verbatim, excepting that the names and

signature [were] changed. Lord Ellenborough is, I hear, a stranger to Sir John Malcolm."

*New Sidelights on Old Mortality*

From India back to Scotland—the Scotland whose history Sir Walter made popular throughout the English-reading world. The next correspondent can tell us a little more even about Old Mortality, one of Scott's greatest characters. A comparison with Scott's unforgettable introduction to *Old Mortality* will show how this correspondent, William Ranken, amplifies the author's account of the old Cameronian who devoted himself, during many years of wandering about the country, to seeking out and lovingly restoring the gravestones of the Covenanters who had suffered during the religious persecutions in the seventeenth century :

[Fairlachs, West Linton. Nov. 15th.] "Sir, From perusing your truly admirable preface to the Chronicles of the Canon-gate, where in acknowledging yourself the renowned Author of the everlasting Waverley Novels, you have communicated to us the original you had in view in pourtraying the character of that most interesting personage, Old Mortality, said to be a native of Closeburn. During my residence there I made diligent enquiry among some of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants respecting him, his character, manners, religious tenets, and circumstances, from which I gleaned the following trifling intelligence I beg leave herewith to transmit you.

"His name was Walter or Wattie Patterson, not Robert (no person of that name having resided in Closeburn for at least this eighty years past), son of Francis Patterson, by trade a mason, which business Walter continued to carry on as long as he was in that parish. He was also lessee of the Stone Quarry of Gateloch-Bridge, and was often employed in the manufacture of gravestones. Of an unblemished character, simple in his manners, not disputatious, adhering to the doctrines of the established church without predilection to any dissenting sect whatever.

"Latterly he was so much embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances as to dispose of his father's collection of books (who, unlike Wattie, had been a great reader) except Spottiswood's Church History, and a few of the same kidney. Un-

fortunate in his family, having buried his only son there, and two of his daughters going astray, one of them having three natural children, the other leaving him [to go with] an itinerant blind fiddler (such misfortunes being most probably the cause of his subsequent mode of life). After this he went down about Lockerby or Lochmaben. Here his old Closeburn acquaintances lost sight of him. Being highly interested in the exquisite portrait you have drawn of him, I was led to the above enquiries which I have thus presumed to trouble you with.

“There are some curious incidents in that neighbourhood relating to the Covenanters, or Hill Folk as they are denominated. . . . There is a place called the ‘Heads’ in the same parish [Enterken], so called from a very tragical event said to have taken place. One of the Lords of Morton is reported by tradition to have fastened an unfortunate offender to the tail of a young horse, who dragged him to this place, when the head was torn from the body. My father being late minister of the parish of Sanquhar, I had an opportunity of being acquainted with two rather original characters, one of them the son of the Patriarch Will Marshall, noticed by you in *Rob Roy* ; the other of the name of Dalziel, by trade a cooper ; and as whatever is singular in human character must be interesting to such an excellent judge and minute observer as you, allow me to attempt a slight sketch of him.

“Suppose a man sixty years of age, not quite five feet in height, very broad set, cross made, bandy-legged, wide at the knees, short neck’d, of a most simple round physiognomy—by his own account, the confident and intimate friend of the late learned Lord Elliock ; the hero in all his own miraculous stories of feats of strength and cunning ; his various exploits in fishing, &c. ; his addresses to numberless rich and beautiful females. And yet, to render him endurable and listen with patience to his incredible fabrications in the most monotonous tones ever uttered, not without merit from his incorruptible honesty, piety, and filial tenderness—instance his unwearied attention to his mother during many years confinement and (his circumstances precluding him from the means of other conveyance) taking her to Moffat Well (a distance of 29 miles) in a wheelbarrow.”

Such letters as this of William Ranken's were enough to incite Sir Walter to write new additions to the Waverley Novels. With the Great Retrieval ever before him, he is already casting about in his mind for new fields—although he is presently writing a two-volume *History of Scotland*, a book on Demonology and Witchcraft for John Murray, and still more *Tales of a Grandfather*, besides smaller things. Tradesman Cadell sees the danger : even a genius like Scott, with his abnormal working capacity, cannot stand the strain for long. The breaking-point must come ; and Cadell, anxious for his Magnum or Collected Edition (with its new introductions and notes) writes with fearful anxiety to keep the author, at any rate for the time being, from new undertakings. He backs his arguments with amazing figures :

*Cadell's Amazing Figures*

[41 St. Andrew's Square, Edin. Nov. 23rd.] “. . . But when I look at the whole matter more broadly and consider the uncertainties of human life and the awkward—nay perilous—situation in which the Work should stand were (which God, of his infinite goodness, long avert) anything to befall your invaluable life—were such a dire calamity to come over us *with the Introductions and Notes unfinished*, the whole calculations of the undertaking would be shipwrecked, and all our plans vanished.

“ The success of the Edition now in progress will, I think, if the average sale during its currency keep on as it is now doing, realise on the 40 volumes a sum

to your Trustees of, say . . . . .	£48,000.
I shall suppose that we manage to add 8 vols. to the issue so as to make up farther, say . . . . .	15,000.
I shall suppose that I pay to these gentle- men from the Poetry, say . . . .	5,000.
I shall suppose the value of the Literary property to be, after the first periodical issue ceases, say . . . . .	25,000.
	<hr/> £93,000.

and this sum without new books or adjuncts such as Napoleon, &c.”

Pro-di-gi-ous ! as Dominic Sampson would say. With such earnings, away with the creditors. Off with that £130,000 of honour's debts. What does Sir Walter do, after this agitated letter from Cadell ? Bends his proud back to his publisher's programme—and *inwardly resolves to write still more novels*. He has seen the downfall of one Napoleon of publishing, with his amazing figures. He must leave nothing to chance. The trembling hand—his script is almost indecipherable by now—must not lay down the patent Bramah pen until all that £130,000 is wiped out ; and Abbotsford—dear Abbotsford of his fond dreams !—left unencumbered for his beloved children. And so to work.

### *A Dog Mystery solved*

The Letter-Book provides comic relief from the strain. Our next and last-selected correspondent seeks to enlighten Sir Walter on that old, old mystery : Why does a dog turn round and round before settling down to sleep ? Says Mr. G. F. Richardson, who is sending (with the most humble respect) some critical notes on *Anne of Geierstein* :

[12 Castle Square, Brighton. Dec. 8th.] “ There is another instance in which I can perhaps minister to you information. You have, I believe, stated that the only thing for which you could not account was the fact that a dog is observed to turn itself thrice round ere it lies down to sleep. A brother of mine, who is a surgeon and somewhat of a naturalist, informs me that this circumstance proceeds from the habits of the animal in its wild state, when it always turns round in this way to arrange the litter which it has collected for its couch.”

A simple explanation ! But now there is no Maida to ask about it. Alas ! Alas !

## THE TWENTIETH LETTER-BOOK

1830

THE early correspondence of this year, again divided into two volumes, is of fragmentary interest. The first two letters to be noticed have a relation to each other which needs no comment. One of Sir Walter's many secret acts of brotherly love was to a poor old Edinburgh worthy, Jean Johnston, who shows her gratitude by sending him a nightshirt "worn by his late Majesty George III," and also a chest (which had belonged to the great Tippoo Sultan) full of bones, fiddles, and skulls. On the other hand, an Edinburgh clergyman, Mr. Charles Lane, of 1 Athol Crescent, believing that Scott belongs to "our Episcopal Communion in Scotland," proposes that he should allow him to call and talk on religious matters "which minister nourishment to the souls of Christ's flock"—an offer endorsed by the recipient, "Mr. Lane—favour declined."

### *Defence of Lord Dalhousie*

David Chisholme, the Canadian historian, writes from Three Rivers, Lower Canada, that "Lord Dalhousie was most barbarously treated in this Province<sup>1</sup>; and I grieve to say that the usage which he experienced both in the Colonial Office and from the Duke of Wellington was not of such a character as to reflect credit on a magnanimous and intelligent Ministry, whose instructions he always obeyed, and in maintaining whose honour and influence in this country he endured with such unparalleled meekness the obloquy which has been heaped upon him. But history will yet do his lordship ample justice; and I trust his friends in Scotland, when they come to know what he has suffered as the Representative of our King, will not fail to uphold the purity and dignity of a name so dear to us all."

<sup>1</sup> George Ramsay, 9th Earl of Dalhousie, was Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia 1816-19; and Governor-in-Chief of Canada, Nova Scotia, etc., 1819-28.

Lady Charlotte Bury has a difficult letter to write. She had been Lady-in-Waiting to Caroline at a time when that indiscreet Princess spoke of Scott as her "faint-hearted troubadour." Now, the high winds have veered round. Lady Charlotte is not very popular in certain quarters. She has become a novelist ; and :

*A Novelist's Secret and Petition*

[3 Park Square, Regent's Park. March 12th.] "My dear Sir Walter Scott, This letter is altogether *a secret*. *No one knows* I write it. It is to ask a *service* at your hands. Your long Friendship will induce you to pardon if you cannot comply with my petition. And furthermore, I request you to put it well into your head and heart that your refusing me will in no wise offend me, for I am aware it is a delicate thing I am about to ask & may not be in your power to grant. Now for it ! I am going to publish *Some Account of the Three great Sanctuaries of Tuscany—Laverna, Camaldoli, Valambrosa—* short verse and long notes. Some able heads have looked it over to see that there is neither *bad grammar* or nonsense in it. I am in distress for money. I intend to put *my name*, not expecting *much* from any other source. And now, it is some Panygerick, some recommending opinion, a sentence from you that I want *d'avance*, in order to make Colburn pay me well. Your word of praise is *literally* a Bag of Gold.

This is my Secret !

This is my Petition !

To your honour and friendship I commend this letter. Burn it when read, and believe me, Dear Sir Walter, Your affectionate and admiring friend from *the first to the last*, Charlotte Maria Bury." Dear Sir Walter's endorsement reads : "Lady C. Bury. Answer'd I could not do what was required, but would review the performance."

*Piracy again*

Notice has been taken already in this book of the easy way early nineteenth-century playwrights had with the works of popular authors, and of the many plays made from Scott's

poems and novels from which he drew not a bawbee. The curious point is emphasised by Robert Cadell, who reports that a Mr. William Murray wishes to act *The Doom of Devorgoil*. "I do not think you are likely to refuse permission to Mr. Murray, but as he made not under £2,500 to £3,000 by *Rob Roy*, might some condition not be mooted for your benefit in the event of the success of the new piece. . . . The probabilities are that you will not entertain my views ; but labouring as you do for others, I do not see how anyone should butter his bread at your cost. . . . I cannot see why £105 should not as legitimately flow from this source as from the ordinary mode of publication ; and if you listen to me, I would do the same with the Cockneys. They may blame the publisher. I shall keep you scathless."——Good for Cadell.

### *Scene in the King's Bedroom*

A new correspondent, Mr. H. S. Nixon, has the honour of sending Sir Walter a few Segars, but threatens to spoil his kindness by adding in a postscript that "Segars ought to be kept in a damp place." And the next day, the Abbotsford's London correspondent, J. G. Lockhart sends one of his curious bulletins à propos the illness of George IV :

[Athenæum. April 20th.] "The Duke of Clarence's family make no secret of their dread of the excitement to which the King's death would expose his mind. He is said to be now in a very irritable state, restless, and not speaking a word ever since the first news reached him. We saw Lady Stafford yesterday, who said the Duke of Cumberland had forced his way into the bedroom at Windsor, and made a scene, cursing the doctors, &c., to the great disgust of the patient."

### *Concerning Queen Mary's Flight*

All this time Joseph Train and one of his equally industrious scouts have been searching for grist to the *Waverley* mill. In truth, it is too late in the day ; but on striking the trail of poor Mary Queen of Scots, a very interesting budget is the result. At one time, apparently, Train thought some of his assistant's material a little too indelicate to send ; but as it passed



the censorship of the worthy minister of Rerwick, here it is in full :

[Castledouglas. 1830.] “Honoured Sir Walter, Queen Mary, after the battle of Langside, having passed through this district on her way to England, I have used every means in my power to ascertain if any unpublished traditions connected with that great event were still remembered in this part of the country. . . . The historians of Queen Mary, you know Sir Walter, affirm that after the battle of Langside, she travelled 60 miles without slacking a rein. To establish this assertion, they should have pointed out the place at which she first alighted. This however they have neglected to do ; but if tradition can be at all relied on, her first resting place was an eminence within the lands of the Abbey of Tongland, a distance of at least 90 English miles from Langside, which agrees exactly with the published accounts of Mary’s flight.

“Considering herself on sacred ground when on the Abbey lands of Tongland, Mary and her attendants Lord Herries and Fleming partook of a slight repast in the open air, and afterwards crossed the Dee at Tongland near the ‘Dougless’ by a wooden bridge which is said to have been cut down by the Monks as soon as the Queen had reached the opposite bank of the river to retard the progress of her enemies. At Dundrennan, the Queen was received with every possible token of respect : every eye beamed with joy at receiving such a distinguished guest, except that of the Lady Abbess, on whose countenance was settled a deep melancholy which Mary, observing, asked the religious lady the cause of her being so dejected. ‘I am,’ replied the Abbess, ‘sad because I am afraid some sad misfortune will befall your Majesty if you pass into England. Last night, in a dream, I saw in the air a white Dove followed by a black Eagle to the very gate of this Abbey. The poor affrighted pigeon alighted on my shoulder ; but just as I was about to take it to my bosom, it flew towards the South, where I saw it confined in an iron cage, till a tall lady with a crown of gold on her head took it out. But in doing so she stained her hands with the blood of the poor little Dove from the North ; nor could all the water in the world make them clean again.’—‘Your dream,’ my Lady Abbess, calmly

rejoined Mary, 'may be a forewarning of my approaching fate ; but to England I must go'—and stepping into a little bark, the fourth day after the battle of Langside she landed in Cumberland. . . .

"Notwithstanding the time that has since elapsed, the stones that served as tables to Mary and her attendants are still pointed out on the height, from that circumstance called Queen's Hill to this day. The chair on which she sat in Dundrennan Abbey is now in the possession of Mr. Murphy of Mid-Relton. The knife and fork with which she took her victuals in the Abbey, I am told, has since been in the possession of the family of Mr. Fergusson of Orroland ; and a gold ring which she gave to the Lady Abbess of Dundrennan at parting has since that time been kept by the descendants of Maxwell, the friend of Mary ; and is at present in the possession of Lady Heron Maxwell of Springkell. The bed on which the Queen lay in Dundrennan is now at Corra Castle, formerly the seat of Lord Herries. . . ."

### *The Amorous Abbot of Dundrennan*

To the tale of his assistant, John Anderson, who is inquisitive about the merry monks of Dundrennan, Train adds a note in which he says that the anecdote of the last Abbot of Dundrennan is very popular in this part of the country. Incidentally, it was also popular with Beham and scores of engravers, who were still less uncensored. But these things are hidden in the dark places of our museums, which exist very largely to preserve things that no one sees. But to John Anderson and his tale :

[Kirkcudbright. 1830.] "Having occasion to be at [the] old Abbey of Dundrennan on last Friday, I waited upon the Rev. Mr. Thomson at the Manse, who requested me to offer you his respects, and to assure you that he felt much disappointed on learning that you had been calling there one day last month while he was from home. . . . Mr. Thomson is in possession of no authentic traditions immediately connected with Queen Mary's visit to Dundrennan ; but relates several amusing anecdotes respecting the amorous Abbot Herries, who received her Majesty at the Abbey ; and who occasioned some

of the neighbouring gentlemen much annoyance in consequence of his desire to cultivate too intimate an acquaintance with their wives. The Abbot's loves with Lady Osland, who is said to have been very beautiful, soon became notorious ; and she had to leave the country on his account. But the most remarkable event attending the Abbot's life seems to have been that arising from the unfortunate connection he formed with Lady Broughton, which Mr. Thomson relates as follows : Margery McClellan, a branch of the Kircudbright family, was the wife of Murray of Broughton, who then chiefly resided at Kirk Castle, about a mile from the Abbey. The Abbot was successful in his gallantry with this lady to his utmost wishes, and continued his attention to her for several years before her unsuspecting spouse became apprised of her misconduct.

“The Abbot's frequent visits, however, together with a disclosure made to Broughton by a servant whom her ladyship had dismissed her service, caused him to watch his Lady's and the Abbot's motions. For this purpose he feigned an intention of going from home for some time ; and set off accordingly, accompanied by two servants, but went no farther than to a retired place in the neighbourhood, from whence on the second evening after his departure he observed his Lady proceed to her assignation with the Abbot ; and following her to a grove at the north end of the Abbey lands, where her paramour was waiting, he placed himself in a situation to observe the interview, which almost immediately commenced with an act of the Abbot's gallantry of so criminal a nature that Broughton's patience lost all bounds, and calling his servants, he rushed upon the ill-fated Abbot, and in a barbarous and shameful manner, in presence of Lady Broughton, wreaked his vengeance by depriving him of the power of indulging any longer in his amorous propensity.”

According to Train's appended note, the minister of Rerwick could show, in the Abbey, a stone whose carved lettering stated that there lay the remains of Margery McClellan, sometime Lady Broughton ; and Train adds : “I would have mentioned it [this story] in my last letter had I not thought it rather indelicate ; but Mr. Thomson, the present minister of the Parish of Rerwick, in which the old Abbey of Dundrennan is situated,

thinks the story worth recording. I have here taken the liberty of sending it. According to Keith's History, page 480, this Abbot's name was Edward Maxwell, which induces me to think Mr. Thomson is wrong in calling him Herries. He *was* related to Lord Herries, who accompanied Queen Mary to Dundrennan, which has probably led Mr. Thomson into that mistake."

### *The Deemster's Protest*

Another villain is also the subject of the next letter to be selected, the writer of which—unexpectedly enough—is William Wordsworth. Scott's villains were, generally, more interesting than his heroes—whether they were amusing rascals or brilliant rogues like the Duke of Buckingham; or of the type of Edward Christian, Deemster of Man, in *Peveril of the Peak*. The Waverley novelist laid on his colours richly in depicting the crafty wickedness of the Deemster. He, in comparison with Buckingham, resembles the typical Lyceum villain who used to make his ignominious exit to the loud hisses and execrations (and an occasional rotten orange) from the Gallery. At the date of this Letter-Book, Wordsworth has been visiting at Workington Hall, where he has met Mr. John Christian, presently Deemster of the Isle of Man:

[Rydal Mount, Kendal. July 7th.] “. . . He asked if I was acquainted with you; I replied that I had for thirty years nearly had that honour, and spoke of you with that warmth I am accustomed to feel upon such an occasion. He then told me that Professor Wilson, at his request, had some time ago undertaken to write to you upon a point in which innocently you had been the cause of a good deal of uneasiness to him. You will guess perhaps that he alluded to the Novel of *Peveril of the Peak*. So it was. The conduct and character of his ancestor Christian had there been represented, he said, in colours which were utterly at variance with the truth, and threw unmerited discredit upon his Family. He said that the great Historic Families of the Country were open to the Fiction of men of Genius, the *facts* being known to all persons of education; but in the case of a private Family like his it was very different; a false impression was easily made: and could not be obviated

or corrected in the present instance, except by an acknowledgment from the Author himself. He added that had the Novel of P—— not appeared before he, by the death of his Father, had become the head of the Family, he should have written to the Author himself ; but so much time had elapsed since it was published that he preferred addressing you through some friend of yours or acquaintance. . . .

“ He then asked if I would take the liberty of naming it to you ; and added that he was anxious this should be done before the Edition of the Novels now in course of publication came to the *Peveril*. He was prepared, he said, to furnish you, if you wished it, with documents unquestionably proving that Christian was entitled to, and possessed, the gratitude of the *Isle of Mannors* of his own and subsequent times ; and that he was idolized in the Country, as a Martyr—I suppose—in a good cause. I replied, that no one, I was sure, had a greater respect for Ancestry than yourself, and that I could not think you would regard me as an unwarrantable Intruder if I reported his wishes that some notice should be found in the forthcoming edition by which the reader might be set right as to the real character of the Peveril who came to so melancholy an end. Mr. Curwen (the brother, as I said above, of the Deemster)<sup>1</sup> . . . was present at the conversation. He is a very intelligent and amiable man, and seemed in no small degree to share the Complainant’s feelings upon the occasion. The Countess of Derby was not a Catholic, according to the Deemster. There were also several small mistakes respecting the Island with corrections of which he would be happy to furnish you, if you thought it worth while.”

### *Sequel to the Protest*

Now, this is a very interesting development—not only in a doubly personal sense, but as affecting the art of the historical novelist. In the circumstances, it may be thought that Wordsworth’s tactful letter puts Sir Walter in an awkward predicament

<sup>1</sup> This Mr. Curwen was the younger brother of the Deemster, and lived at Workington Hall. On the death of their father, the elder brother became the representative of the ancient family of Christian, and apparently adopted the name. The Countess of Derby, mentioned in the next sentence, plays a prominent part in *Peveril of the Peak*.

ment—especially in view of the sequel (which we shall learn) of his friend's visit to Workington Hall. What does he do? He sends to John Christian, by Wordsworth, a pacificatory communication. The Deemster replies that he is neither angry nor displeased at the imaginary "characters in an imaginary story"; but "there is such a near approach to truth in many of the incidents . . . connected . . . with my ancestors that I cannot but regret seeing them metamorphosed into traitors and villains when . . . they should rather have been held up—the one as a martyr . . . and the other as an upright judge." Thereupon the family's case was set out in a most formidable publication entitled, *Historical Notices of Edward and William Christian, two characters in "Peveril of the Peak."* Where the tree falls, let it lie—that was Sir Walter's principle.

In the easy, whale-like method of the time, he deals with the Deemster's protest by swallowing these terribly long and complicated *Notices* in an Appendix to the new Collected Edition, merely observing that they were recommended to his attention "in the politest manner possible" by John Christian. As a sequel to the incident, Wordsworth subsequently writes to Sir Walter that when he mentioned the Deemster's concern at the treatment of his family in *Peveril of the Peak* he had not the least suspicion of an event being in progress which had already connected him with the family of Christian—namely, that his elder son had been accepted by Miss Curwen, the niece of the Deemster, as her future husband. Thus ends happily this Tale of Manners.

There is a parody of an old saying averring that we may tell a man's character from the letters he writes. But it is something more remarkable to find a portrait of a correspondent in a few lines of haphazard preamble. Mrs. Mary Ann Hughes, who has written so many letters—valuable, entertaining, or boring—surely depicts herself in one belonging to this volume: [Uffington, Farringdon.] "My dear Sir Walter, I approach you on tip-toe, knocking very softly at the door and half afraid you will not unbolt it and let me in; but still inclined to hover round and pick up at least a stray word of information from

those who may gain admittance, as they come in and out. To speak more wisely and quit metaphor, I am diffident of giving you the trouble of writing ; but it is now so long since I received a line from you that I am very desirous to hear how you and Miss Scott fare, and how you passed your holiday." Then "Please, Sir Walter, do not forget the presentation copy of *Tales of a Grandfather*" (third time of asking) ; and "Adieu, dear Sir Walter, pray let me have a line."

But the proud Grandfather is now racked with pain. And while "good, bothering Mrs. Hughes" is knocking very softly at his door, I close the Twentieth Letter-Book with a muttered imprecation.

## THE TWENTY-FIRST LETTER-BOOK

1830

THESE Letter-Books, more than a century old, have afforded several parallels with life and habit to-day ; but the strangest are found in this volume for 1830. But before reaching them come letters of dark and mysterious import. For some time Sir Walter has been playing the rôle of wizard among Terry's "curious curios" and the old books of Abbotsford's fine library, in order to write his *Demonology and Witchcraft* for John Murray's "respectable Family Library," as Lockhart termed the popular series of works. When the book was published, it seemed as if the spirits of departed British witches aroused themselves and egged on a host of correspondents to tell him of their own dreams and apparitions, or to remind the recording wizard of other forgotten sorcerers. One letter shall suffice as a specimen ; and it is chosen because—unlike most of the tales told to Scott—the spell was still working in Nottingham. The correspondent is William Howitt, the Quaker author who turned spiritualist :

[Nottingham. Sept. 28th.] "Respected Friend, . . . The witch and ghost superstitions have, perhaps, yet far stronger hold upon the minds of the country people in England than is commonly supposed. Even in the midst of this populous town, having occasion to enter the dwelling lately of a cobbler in a dark alley, I noticed to my surprise the great Counter-charm or horseshoe, nailed upon the sill, and another upon the lentil over head. On enquiring whether he was troubled with witches the man assured me that he was, and that he had suffered incredible losses and injuries in both body and goods for some years. This object of witch and wizard persecution is a stout tall man who, to use Wordsworth's expression, 'might dance in iron mail.' His house is a dark, ghostly-looking large and naked place. He said that the horseshoe appeared to have lost its ancient power, but that he had a



charm which *was* effectual ; and lifting a pot from the fire in which his dinner was cooking, showed me that it was [? now] burning. I observed a strong purple flame, and he assured me that he burned it day and night. His great charm consisted of ten crooked pins and a handful of salt, and on throwing the charm into the flame ‘ he prays to God to punish the witches and wizards, and they are punished.’ He offered to give more convincing proofs to any gentleman that would come of the existence of these beings. . . .”

*An Alarming Way with Mosquitoes*

A few pages farther on reveals the minute, sloping script and almost indecipherable signature of Felicia Hemans. It impresses the fact that a younger school of authors is aspiring to Sir Walter’s friendship and contributing to his Letter-Books. Time is flying. His second son Charles is now well settled as a Clerk in the Foreign Office in London. The “F.O.,” as brother Walter always calls him, is not a very good letter-writer ; and his brief dispatches must have been a disappointment to the dear Papa, who urged his children to write long letters, and write them carefully. But now, because Charles’s health is indifferent, a diplomatic move has transferred him to Naples. On his arriving there, the Abbotsford circle is surprised with five pages, of which this passage is chosen for its alarming way of counteracting what is still a nuisance :

[Naples. Oct. 19th.] “. . . I left Rome at six in the morning of the 16th., crossed the Pontine Marshes without any bad effect than the drowsiness always produced by breathing the heavy air ; [and] supped at Terracina, where I found 17 Jesuits who were flying to Naples—they looked very cross, but did not seem to have lost their appetites. At three o’clock on Sunday, the 17th., I arrived here to my great joy, as I was cruelly jolted. . . .

“ Yesterday morning I stayed an hour on the beach watching the fishermen drawing their nets : they seemed to do everything for the sake of the picturesque. The Ballet of Massaniello gives a capital idea of Naples. The only things I as yet know against Naples are the roguery and dirt of the inhabitants and the musketos, of which there are yet a few remaining.

All my face is swelled up with bites, as well as my hands. I have however established musketo curtains, and treat them to a puff of gunpowder before going to roost. . . ."

*Curious Parallels with 1930-1*

Much of the remaining correspondence of this volume has a curiously familiar note. Immediately after the Napoleonic Wars money was plentiful ; and it was spent in Southey's " Oh-be-Joyful " spirit. But now the wave of prosperity is fast receding. A lawyer friend, John Richardson, sends the warning from Westminster (October 21st) : " Things are not right. There is, this afternoon, great alarm in the City. There are, it is said, fears of Rothschild's standing. With the Gold going out of the Country and the Bank [of England] consequently contracting its credit and operations, there is a great scarcity of money arising." And later Sir John Sinclair, an ex-Minister of the Crown, completes the parallel in a letter introducing to Abbotsford two distinguished French visitors : " The Marshall, when he gives way to gaiety, has the heartiest laugh I ever heard : but the recent intelligence from Paris is not favourable to mirth. I am quite shocked also at the miserable state of our own concerns. It is altogether owing to the return of that accursed metallic currency."

*The Reform Dream*

But the accursed currency is not the only trouble. George IV is dead ; and the Duke of Clarence now reigns in his stead as William IV. Britain is in the throes of the Reform Agitation ; starving mobs are rioting all over the country ; and there are fears of revolution. Ireland, too, is in a ferment. Lockhart sends frequent and agitated bulletins from London : " Meantime you are just as well at Abbotsford as within the atmosphere of this Babylon." The Duke of Wellington suppresses a mob by force ; and the Duke of Richmond is obliged to go down and protect Goodwood. " Southey is here as black and gloomy as possible, but in great vigour everyway," writes Lockhart on November 11th. " He seems to have access to all sorts of intelligence ; and he says the Government are purposely making light of the conspiracy for the Royal

Visitation to the Guildhall : that it was a regular Thistlewood affair—both King and Duke to be shot and a general massacre of the Police.” And (on November 29th) : “ It seems like a dream that all is so completely changed. Murray has had half-a-dozen ejected Rt. Honourables coming to beg for work. Some of them are left sadly on the *pavée* indeed. . . . Well, we have seen bad times before, and may as well keep up our hearts now.”

*More Powerful Bagpipes !*

As if all this is not serious enough news, a Mr. Henry Bell writes informing Sir Walter of someone having invented a bagpipe that will make more sounds !

[Lambeg, Antrim. Dec. 1st.] “ Dear Sir, . . . I wish to acquaint you that an ingenious blind Mechanic, William Kennedy of Tanderagee (of whom a Biographical account has appeared some years ago in the ‘ London Monthly Magazine,’ and another in the Biography of the Blind), has by a simple and ingenious improvement of the Great Highland Bagpipe, the compass of which in its original state is 9 notes, now rendered capable of running up to *D in alt.* or two octaves. The difficulty of performance is not increased thereby, otherwise the addition might be of little or no value. As this improvement of the National Highland instrument may be much esteemed by those who take an interest in the Musick of Scotland, he hopes through your kind notice that if he makes the improvement known to the publick, the Highland Society may bestow on him such reward as he may be thought deserving of. It may be urged by some that the instrument in its original state is quite capable of performing its national Highland airs. Yet we must admit that the power of performing many of the Lowland airs would be a pleasing addition, and that ‘ Tweedside ’ and the ‘ Birks of Endermay ’ &c., might delight the Lowlander, who never before could have heard them performed on the Instrument without the present addition. . . . ”

*Despite the Mobility*

Despite the threats of revolution and more powerful bagpipes, the Abbotsford routine continues much the same.

Correspondents write ; the worth-while letters are answered ; Scott works at new novels and old Introductions ; and Robert Cadell spurs him on. Cadell, one of the new Reformers, writes to his Tory master, using a newly coined word :

[Edinburgh. Dec. 2nd.] “. . . Our sale keeps on very fairly indeed, and I am not much alarmed, if they will only make few changes, when the great surge of popular voice is let in fairly. *When and where* is it to stop, and how will it affect the present constitution of society ? If a moderate reform had taken place before the changes last July made in France, little would have done. *Now* I fear, little will not do. Come what may, however, people must have reading and amusement, intelligence will not go back for sometime, unless the Mobility force it back. The present times ought to teach one lesson ; and it is, not to speculate or adventure too much. Amid all this I have no doubt of the Waverley Novels, they form one unbroken chain of popular & pleasing reading. . . .”

There is another communication in the autumn of this year, informing Sir Walter that a general meeting of his Trustees is to be called for the purpose “ of giving to you your furniture, plate, books, and curiosities of every description, as a mark of their gratitude to you for the honorable exertions you have made and are making ” for the creditors. It is strictly business, of course. But how pathetic ! What irony for that brave man, toiling in spite of painful and increasing ailments.

### *A Grim Keepsake*

Still, the old flame of chivalry is not quenched. His spirit quickens on reading a long letter from James Marnie (presently the proprietor of the Deuchar estates) containing this passage : [Deuchar. Dec. 28th.] “. . . The Family of Deuchar possessed the Estate of Deuchar it is supposed from about 1000. . . . It is said the Deuchars got a grant of the property about the year 1000, for killing a Bear. In 1410 at the Battle of Harlaw in Aberdeenshire, the proprietor of Deuchar, in fighting against Donald of the Isles, lost his life, and was found next morning by one of his servants among the slain, with the sword still in hand ; but his hand was so much swollen, that

it was found impossible to detach it from the handle. The servant therefore cut off his master's hand at the wrist, and carried both home, and presented them to his master's lady. . . ."

One of the last letters of this volume is from Scott's old friend, Sir George Mackenzie, who rounds off the correspondence of a difficult year in this happily appropriate way :

[Coul, Dingwall.] " . . . I daresay you are not quite at ease with the present state of affairs ; but let us not despond, but meet the time, & do what is right. I trust we shall have no need to again buckle on the sabre. Fair & moderate reform is needed & must be granted. I trust, however, that our rulers will be firm in resisting radical demands. We have lived to see extraordinary things. Tho' Ireland should rebel, & all Europe be in flames, old England & Scotland will stand fast. . . ."

## THE TWENTY-SECOND LETTER-BOOK

1831

THE agitation over the Reform Bill is reflected in almost every letter of this volume. This is no time for story-telling ; the correspondents who were wont to send curious sidelights watch the struggle, silently and uneasily. The grist to the Waverley mill has ceased to flow. Only the humble petitioners are true to themselves. Sir Walter's sister-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott, writes from Canterbury : " I wonder what my highly respectable father (who knew little of Nobility but such as belong'd to his own or the neighbouring counties) would have said had he seen all the trashy upstarts in the Kingdom allow'd to push themselves into the presence of their Sovereign." But the changed times are everybody's theme. Lockhart continues his Bulletins (Feb. 28th.) : " On either side I witness a deep & bitter fierceness such as never met my observation before. The Catholic tempest was a matter of moonshine compared to it." And of Parliament : " Everyday men change their opinions or their language ; & no one knows on either side who may be counted on."

### *Lockhart's Hint about Jeffrey*

After attending one of the momentous debates in the House of Commons, there is this mysterious hint about the great Whig Jeffrey. [March 5th] : " Last night I witnessed Jeffrey's debut, and should hardly, except in one or two [? pretty] paragraphs, have recognised an old acquaintance. He was feeble, cold, and powerless in manner, with not a bit of his voluble sarcasm of other days—examining into first principles like some professor ; and, in short, it was a baddish *article*, not at all a speech. He was listened to at first with profound attention ; but at last wore out patience, & was all but coughed down. Not having heard him for 5 or 6 years, I could not but be terribly struck with the contrast, and coupling what everyone

felt—viz. an intolerable smell of ether, while he spoke—with the stories current, I must suspect there is reason to blame certain indulgences for this decay of the physique. Croker got up, and dissected both Jeffrey & the Bill . . . with a force of sarcasm & also eloquence that presently told with prodigious effect . . . and towards the close his energy was diabolic.”

### *A Poet's Concern*

The next day the Lockharts were to “dine at Lord Stafford’s, where the house is divided—Lord Gower being *for* and Lord Francis *against* the Measure. Perhaps between the two sets I may pick up some better lights.” In fact, the commercial interests were more united in the bitter opposition to Reform than the landowners. A few days later the Lockharts “dined with Morritt; and he says in Yorkshire the most violent *for* the Bill are the high old Tories, who say if they should throw it out now, Peel would produce it even in a worse shape next year, & they won’t a second time be his tools & victims.” This letter (of March 14th) provides the only comic relief to Lockhart’s gloom—a story of William Sotheby, the minor poet and major dilettante: “Sotheby has published his trashy *Iliad* in 2 mortal tomes. He came in 2 or 3 days after when Philpotts, Sharpe, Mackintosh & some others were all sitting round the fire at the Athenæum, talking over the debate of the night before. ‘Well Mr. Sotheby,’ said Philpotts, ‘what do you say to all this?’—‘Why,’ he responded, ‘you are very good to be so much interested.’ Murray says, considering the excitement about the other things, the sale is really not amiss.” \*

The agitated letters from Lockhart and various politicians, intermixed with requests that Sir Walter would join in the fray by writing a pamphlet, must have been ill-reading to the ailing author at Abbotsford. There is a letter from Cadell which makes its own revelation:

[Edinburgh. Feb. 13th.] “. . . When I consider how valuable your life is to your children, and to every one connected with you, not to mention how many happy days you may spend by limiting yourself to the rules laid down for a few short months only, I say, when I contemplate all this, I

cannot doubt your implicitly following the prescription of Dr. Abercromby. I confess I have been in some degree drawn into the preceding sage admonition from one expression in your letter where you state that you have begun to work like a tiger ; it is presumptuous in me to lay down the law to you, but above all things, do not over exert the mind when the body is under regimen, there is no call for your over-doing. . . .”

Cadell has his disappointments, too ; but he always takes the cheerful view. On March 31st he writes : “ Dear Sir, As you take so kind an interest in my domestic matters, it gives me pleasure to say that Mrs. Cadell’s ‘ happy moment ’ is past, and a fifth daughter the result—not at all to my dismay, I assure you. Boys are apt to cause injustice to the girls ; and fathers often build castles of vain glory on successors. . . .”

*Sixty-seven Days without Trial*

Sir Walter’s son, Major Scott, is very busy with his regiment, keeping watch over the turbulent mobs in various parts of the country—particularly Birmingham and Sheffield. In one letter he unexpectedly indicates a new scope for the Reformers :

[Sheffield. April 20th.] “ . . . I wish in the present reforming days, that they would overhaul the mode in which business is now done in one department at the Horseguards. I was president of a court martial thirty days ago. The prisoner had been confined thirty-seven days before trial, and now the poor devil has actually been confined 67 days ; and supposing him to be guilty, that is a much heavier punishment than the court would have awarded for the offence for which he was tried. It is most unjust. Love to Anne, I shall write to her tomorrow. Your affectionate son, W. Scott.

[P.S.] “ Confound those Iron pens, they either scratch or tear the paper.”

*To Byron and . . .*

The one surprise of this Letter-Book, so uncharacteristic of its fellows in the lack of curious letters, is a novel request from America. The writer is William Wood :

[Canadaigua (the Indian’s term for “ Place of Beauty ”), Ontario County and State of New York. March 19th.]



“ Sir, Allow me to state that the New York edition of Moore’s *Byron* has reached this distant corner of the United States. It has been read with deep feeling and uncommon interest, leading to a world of discussion touching the merits of the Poet, the Man, and his Glorious exit in Greece. The result is that at a dinner of *Scots* and *Yankees*, it was determined to imprint the following words in letters of Gold, upon a rock of Granite : — ‘ To the Sublime, (—hiatus—) & Chivalrous Lord Byron,—*leaving the hiatus to be filled, by his friend in need, your good self.* Pardon Sir, this novel request ; but grant the favour to your admirers in this region (England’s eldest daughter) ; and, as a *bribe*, your *name* shall grace the same Rock, after the pilgrimage is over. Our Village, which is within 12 hours drive of the falls of Niagara, presents to the eye of the travellers a monument to ‘ *Heber* of Calcutta,’ and another of marble to Patrick Colquhoun, author of the ‘ *Police of London*,’ who owned lands in this country. . . . Grant Sir Walter the preceding request of the admirers of Genius . . . and write 12, even 6, lines for the Rock.”

The Scots and Yankees of Ontario’s Place of Beauty little dream how soon they will need to add that second name in letters of gold on the granite rock.



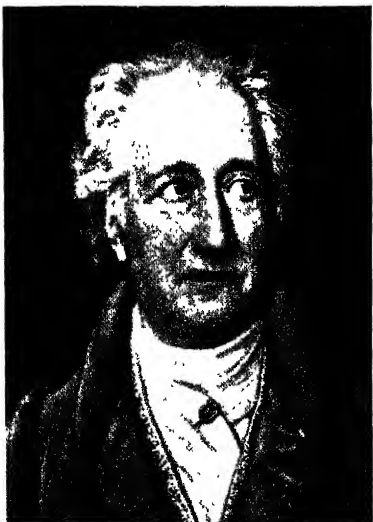
B. R. HAYDON

*"I have been walking about half of the last six months (looking, I hope, like a gentleman) without a shilling in my pocket. . . ."*



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY

*"As every traveller when they visit the Alps endeavours . . . to express their admiration in the Inn's album. . . ."*



GOETHE

*"He selected yourself and Lord Byron as his favourite authors. . . ."* (Lady Davy).



G. P. R. JAMES

*"My reason for omitting your name is . . ."*



## THE TWENTY-THIRD LETTER-BOOK

1831

AMONG this volume's many letters of anxious solicitude for Sir Walter are some communications that would cause him great surprise : they are not less surprising and curious now. One correspondent writes of having (unsuccessfully) "besieged" Abbotsford. He did not exaggerate. The novelist's home—for years one of the world's attractions—was never so heavily stormed as now by visitors anxious to get a sight of, if not to meet, the great man. One of these optimistic visitors wrote in advance to introduce himself ; and Sir Walter rubs his tired eyes as he reads :

[June 10th.] "Dr. Yelloly, of Carrow Abbey, near Norwich, who though a Northumbrian, boasts of lineal descent from the Yorkshire worthy, Triptolemus Yellowley, of Ale-loving-memory, is desirous—with his wife, two of the modern Miss Babbies, and a young hopeful who has just left Cambridge—to pay his respects to the Historian of the family.

"Dr. & Mrs. Yelloly present their compliments to Sir Walter Scott, and would feel themselves particularly obliged by permission to view Abbotsford, in their way to Edinburgh. If the state of Sir Walter Scott's health and spirits admit the indulgence of a moment's interview, Dr. & Mrs. Yelloly, and three of their family who accompany them, of ten, would be very proud of this mark of Sir Walter's courtesy and kindness. The whole party sympathize heartily in Sir Walter's disposition, and beg to be allowed to assure him of their best wishes for his restoration to health, and to the power of adding still further to the deep debt of gratitude which the world owes to him."

"A son at Cambridge !" The Yellowleys have "come on" since the sour and terribly frugal Mistress Barbara kept house (in *The Pirate*) for her half-starved brother Triptolemus

Yellowley. But even in the novel, the fortunes of the amusing couple took a not less amusing turn for the better. So that it is "according to the book" after all. What a pity that we do not know the result of this application of Dr. and Mrs. Yellooly, the two Miss Babbies, and the young hopeful from Cambridge.

### *The Pirate Captor's Reward*

Curiously enough, *The Pirate* (a novel of admirable parts) was the subject of another interesting letter the next day. Alexander Groat writes to correct Scott's statement (in his Preface) "that the common account bears that Mr. Fea, Jun., who effected the capture of Gow [the Pirate] was ill-treated by the Government." As Governments are "almost always liable to too much obloquy," the correspondent quotes evidence to show that after the fight described in the novel, "Gow with nine more of the pirates, suffered at Execution Dock, in 1725 ; and were hung afterwards in chains along the river. The said gentleman [Mr. Fea] received from the Government for his services, £1,100 besides £300 for the salvage of the ship and cargo, and £400 in a purse from the Merchants of London, as the said pirate had been extremely detrimental to the trade of the kingdom."

### *Regimental Revelations*

The gallant Hussar, young Major Scott, rarely touches upon literary subjects ; but the good-humoured news of this letter would be pleasant reading at Abbotsford :

[Nottingham. June 24th.] "Dear Papa, I was happy to receive a good account of you from Lockhart, who wrote to me a day or two ago. I hope you still persevere in your abstinence and do not intend being well too soon. A letter I had from Charles gives me but little news ; but he seems to like his Chef and keeps his health. . . . A book has been sent down to the Regiment with a description of the new dress His Majesty is pleased to approve of, and I do not think that there will eventually be any saving to officers. It is in atrocious bad taste, and the complete new outfit for man and horse will be very heavy. A scarlet Shabraque amongst other things—it

will be shabby in one year's wear, and turns purple. Our present blue one cost 40 guineas, but I got mine for 15 when I joined ; it had then been worn eight or nine years, and I have had a fair share of work out of it ; I hope the scarlet may last equally well. I want a name for a horse. He is a very large handsome strong dark grey. I sent to have him brought up from the field where he was at grass ; and he chose to jump a gate five foot and a half high, into the next field. Perhaps on the strength of his performance we may take a look at the hounds together next winter. . . . I and the officers patronised a Play a few nights ago, and sent the Band. The morning of the performance I had a handful of bills and tickets sent in, and to my horror perceived (after the usual announcement of being patronised by Major S. and the officers of the 15th) such and such a Play would be performed. And between the acts a new song will be sung, written expressly for the occasion called ' King William & Glorious Reform.' I sent forthwith to beg that glorious Bill might be reserved for another occasion and to sing any other song they chose. Another time I shall inspect the Bill of Fare one is to Patronise. The Colonel did something of the same sort, only his was performed and mine was not. His was ' The Glorious Revolution ' or ' The Three Days in Paris.' . . ."

### *Doctor's Curious Letter*

James Ballantyne next reports that " bad as business is in London "—and it was perhaps never so bad—" there is no falling off in the sale of the new edition of the Waverley novels." These good tidings are later substantiated in remarkable figures reported by the publisher. " The regularity of the sales is striking," says Cadell. " From 30 June to 31st December there were sold 129,018 volumes ; from 1st. January to 30th. June just past, 129,096 "—this of reprints of works whose publications had begun nearly 30 years before. But still Sir Walter goes on writing new works, whenever his increasing ailments permit ; for there still remains some £40,000 of that debt of Honour to be paid.<sup>1</sup> Letters of advice from doctors to

<sup>1</sup> What remained of it after Scott's death in the following year was settled in full out of the profits of his literary exertions.

their patients are not common, and not interesting. This one from Scott's medical adviser, Dr. John Abercrombie, is an exception :

[Edinburgh, July 8th.] "My dear Sir, . . . This drowsiness which is so annoying, may, I trust, be in some measure owing to the extreme heat of the weather. . . . There is however, another measure from which I think you would derive much comfort as well as benefit, and that is shaving your head and bathing it several times in the day with cold water and vinegar. The effect of this is often astonishing, but it cannot be done with full benefit unless the head be shaved, perhaps once in the week. I am confident you would experience great comfort from it, and Miss Scott would see you provided with a smart wig, which would improve your appearance more than you can imagine.<sup>1</sup>

"I rejoice to hear from Mr. Cadell, that you are most correct in your regimen, and particularly that you have adopted the plan of hospitality so judiciously acted upon by a certain worthy thane and his grave neighbour, who enjoyed much good fellowship over the best brandy and water, by the very simple expedient of the one drinking the brandy, and the other the water."

### *The Phantom Water-bull*

There have been stories of fairies, witches, and ghosts in these Letter-Books. Now comes the strangest tale of all. The little Water-cows belong to the phantom-world. There was, in Scotland, a very prevalent belief in them, hence the excitement of Mr. N. McKinnon to tell Sir Walter :

[Kyle, By Lochalsh. July 31st, 1830.<sup>2</sup>] ". . . Mr. Macdonald is a young man of the most undoubted veracity and honor, and is not, as far as ever I heard, in the least given to Jokes of any kind in the way of story-telling ; and he declares that the man by whom the circumstance was witnessed—one of his own servants—is one of the steadiest and most trustworthy

<sup>1</sup> I believe that Scott obeyed the advice about having his head shaved. Possibly the doctor considered that it would reduce blood pressure.

<sup>2</sup> This is one of a number of letters belonging to the year 1830 ; and wrongly inserted in this year's Letter-Book. Douglas says that phantom Water-cows were Sir Walter's pet superstition.

men in his employ ; that the man is ready to make oath to what he saw, and that he himself really credits what he says. The story is only a few days old, and is as follows, viz.—There is at the head of Loch Hourne, and in among the hills, a wild and deep glen call'd Glen Barrisdale. At the head of this glen is a small grassy lake of about a mile in circumference. A few days ago Mr. MacDonald's cattle, from the heat of the weather, went into the water at the margin of this lake, and the Herd, who was at a little distance among the hills, heard a noise among them as if they were disturb'd or goring each other. He then, on coming in sight of the cattle over the nearest hillock, was both surprised and frightened at seeing a strange animal among the cattle, in size not much higher than a small stick ; but in every other respect a perfect Bull in miniature, with horns &c.

“ Having recovered from his first alarm he concealed himself and looked on, and saw the little animal go up to various cows, till at last he found one in the state he wish'd, and on attempting her and finding her too high, he at one spring jump'd on her back and actually—as the man reports—performed his part. (On the strength of this account, Mr. McDonald has taken down the name of the cow, and the day of the month.) The Herd then thinking himself out of danger, hunted his dog at the little Bull, who—on approach of the dog—made a sort of strange noise and jump'd into the water ; and although the man waited a long time, it never again appear'd. . . . There is a tradition in the country of such an animal having frequently been seen in former days ; and I have heard my father speak of its having been seen in his early days. But for a long time I have heard nothing of it.”

#### *New Facts about Colonel Blood*

Scott's admirers, when he so much needed rest and quiet, caused much embarrassment at this time. Cadell writes that he is curvetting and doing all sorts of things to keep away one lady ; and another time Robert Chambers makes a special plea for an Irish lady of fortune who has twice journeyed from her country to see “ the extraordinary personage to whom she is completely devoted in heart-sick love as ever was Heloise to



the image of Abelard." Another would-be visitor, whose letter has more interest for Scott, is Mr. J. Howell Blood, a descendant of Colonel Blood, the adventurer in *Peveril of the Peak* ; and he writes with engaging frankness to relate a "few circumstances connected with him which are not generally known" :

[Perth. Aug. 9th.] " . . . Blood was the Grandson and Heir of an English Dean, sent to Ireland by Queen Elizabeth, and in the Civil War espoused the part of Charles the First, and by this means lost his Paternal Estate. At the restoration Col. Blood, enraged at not having his property restored to him, raised himself into notoriety by his rebellious conduct ; and history does not, I believe, greatly err in describing him as a complete villain. Notwithstanding this, he was certainly a favorite with Chas. the 2nd., and actually was employed by Charles to *steal the Crown*—that the Jewels being sold might supply the King's pecuniary wants. This account, strange as it may sound, is quite correct ; and in my family we have Documents to prove it.

" An annuity of £400 a year was granted to Col. Blood, and enclosed you have an original receipt of his for part of that sum. The King also granted him some land in County Kildare. The rental of this is now £7,000 per annum, so that Blood on the whole was well paid. Mr. Burdon Blood of 22, Queen Street Edinburgh now has the original grant of the Estate from the Crown in his possession, which bears date just about the time of Blood's attempt upon the Crown. . . ."

### *The Lake Pilgrims' Farewell*

There are three letters from William Wordsworth in the latter half of this volume ; the first addressed from " Rydal Mount—sometimes called Idle-Mount ; and in your address of your last, misnamed Mount Rydal." A visit of the " Great Laker " to Abbotsford is desired by both friends, although Wordsworth does not see, at first, how it can be managed. Sir Walter persuades him ; and on August 29th he announces that he will set off with his daughter for Abbotsford. " As we shall travel with a young horse, our daily journey will be short. We mean, also, to stop a day on the road, so that it will take us

six days at least to reach you." Later he writes (by the hand of his daughter) :

[Carlisle : Friday Evening, Sept. 16th.] "My dear Sir Walter 'There's a man wi' a veil, and a lass driving,' exclaimed a little urchin as we entered 'merrie Carlisle,' a couple of hours ago on our way to Abbotsford. From the words you will infer, and truly, that my eyes are in but a poor state. I was determined, however, to see you and yours and to give my daughter the same pleasure at all hazards. Accordingly I left home last Tuesday, but was detained at Ullswater by a increase of my complaint. This morning I felt so much better that we ventured to proceed. Tomorrow we hope to sleep at Langholm ; on Sunday, at Hawick ; and on Monday, if the distance be not greater than we suppose, under your roof."

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I close the Twenty-third (and last) Letter-Book with this unforgettable picture of the half-blind poet on his slow and painful pilgrimage to that other great man, half-dead, but with heart still brave and warm to welcome *the man wi' a veil, and a lass driving*.

[The young horse brings the travellers safely to Abbotsford. While the two friends greet with affectionate emotion, let us turn over to a Supplementary Chapter.]

THE INTIMATE LETTERS OF A RIVAL  
DARSIE LATIMER OF *REDGAUNTLET*

1789-1800

THIS section consists of correspondence which was a Romantic Prelude to the Letter-Books. It is devoted entirely to the intimate letters of one Charles Kerr, who had been a schoolboy friend of Scott. This unpublished correspondence is remarkable, not only for its story of "a singular being" (as Scott described him), but also because it is that of a rival Darsie Latimer of *Redgauntlet*, and because (as we shall see) it undoubtedly inspired one of the best-known episodes in the Waverley Novels—the amusing treasure-trove affair in *The Antiquary*. Until now, Darsie Latimer, the devoted friend of Alan Fairford (Scott himself) has been identified as William Clerk. But the character of Charles Kerr as revealed in his curious letters must have equally inspired the account of that early friendship immortalised by Sir Walter in *Redgauntlet*. It is readily granted that Kerr is flattered by the portrait of Darsie Latimer; but, nevertheless, there are other points which make the resemblance more than accidental. Scott's characters, when not wholly fictitious, were usually composite portraits; and the defender of the old identification will doubtless meet the new theory by claiming that in Darsie Latimer are both Charles Kerr and William Clerk. It should be explained that this correspondence of Kerr's is part of the amount of material (as mentioned in my Editorial Postscript) that escaped being bound up in the Letter-Books.

There is not a great deal known about this Charles Kerr, beyond what is revealed through his letters. The Kerrs were connected with the Earls of Ancrum and the Lothian family. They had held the Lands of Abbotrule (Roxburghshire) since 1658. Charles, who was born in 1767, was educated in Edinburgh (probably at the Royal High School, where Scott met him), and became a Writer to the Signet in 1789—although,

like Darsie Latimer, he did not follow the career for long. Some youthful follies and his own strange temperament early estranged him from his family, and at one time threatened to prevent his succeeding to the Abbotrul estate. A number of his long self-revealing letters to Scott are in *vers galante*, of which our first selections are specimens written while he is on a walking tour from Edinburgh to the Cumberland Lakes. Our romantic hiker is aged 22 at the time of this sentimental journey.

[*Addressed to Scott from various places—Middleton, Selkirk, Langholm, Carlisle, etc., June 13th and 16th, 1789.*]

'Tis excellent nonsense—a Journal in metre,  
In time I don't doubt I shall out-Pindar Peter ;  
Let him laugh at poor Geordy, I but laugh at myself,  
I write to please you, while he writes but for pelf.

\* \* \* \*

The morning was misty,<sup>1</sup> but the sun from the east  
Gave nature a Glow, and presented a feast,  
That needed no powers philosophic to find,  
There's not such a feast as the feast of the mind :  
Tho' I own when one's hungry they feel a great void,  
For hunger's a damnable stitch in the side.  
But be that as it may, we shall here let it rest,  
To satisfy both, I believe, Sir, is best.  
Slow rising Apollo the mist soon dispell'd,  
And nature in colours majestic was swell'd,  
While the streams and the songsters, the hill and the vale,  
Rejoiced at the sight and the donor—all hail.  
Arrived at Bank-house, all were lock'd fast asleep,  
But soft to a fair maiden's bed I did creep,  
“ My dear, will you rise ? ”—“ This moment, good Sir ;  
But I'm sure you are rather too early astir.”  
She expected perhaps I'd have bid her lye down,  
But that I ne'er thought of, so she put on her gown.  
“ So Molly ” said I, “ I have catch'd you in bed.”  
She smirked and [she] smiled and the table cloth spread :

<sup>1</sup> He was wont to start out at 4 or 5 a.m.

The board was brought in, and the tea was soon mask'd  
 I ate what I pleas'd and no questions were ask'd ;  
 Then paying my Bill, recommending to God  
 Myself and poor Foxy, I went on my road.  
 Eight miles of the way no adventure I had,  
 But " Good day," or " It's warm," or a nod o' the head :  
 Till the Tweed slow approaching presented a view,  
 That the nearer I came the more lovely it grew ;  
 On one side the Yair but half finish'd was seen,  
 Fairnelee, Sir, was set on the opposite Green ;  
 And to Selkirk from this 'tis delightful indeed,  
 Where Ettrick and Yarrow besprinkle each mead.  
 As for Selkirk itself it is truly provoking,  
 That Nature should lavish her sweets upon nothing ;  
 The town is so bad (this perhaps is not civil)  
 Yet I think it is only a place for the Devil.

When I came to the town, I made up to an Inn.  
 I knock'd at the door and was told to come in ;  
 Slowly forward I came—to a room I was shewn ;  
 Says the Landlady, " Sir, I'm a friend of your own " :  
 " *God bless me,*" says I, " I am happy to hear it,  
 But perhaps you mistake "—" O," says she, " never fear it.  
 You know such a man."—" Very well—" with a nod :  
 " Then I am his sister."—" *God damn me,* 'tis odd."—  
 " And here's a good dinner—eat heartily I pray you,  
 With a bottle of Port alone, Sir, what say you."  
 " Ne'er mind, I'll be damn'd if I don't eat my fill "—  
 " You're welcome, I'm sure ; there is more at your will."  
 So heartily faith I did drink, eat, and chatter,  
 Till the door, Sir, was op'd by the Mistress's daughter ;  
 So fair and so sleek, and so ruddy and rosy,  
 The man that is prest to that breast must be cosy ;  
 So sweet and so rakish, so learing, so moddish,  
 So shy and so this way, and that way, t'was oddish ;  
 Not pert, Sir, tho' witty—tho' joking yet kanny ;  
 O could I express but the charms o' my Nanny !  
 And this I shall own, she was modest and coy,  
 While she rais'd in my breast, Sir, the flames of a Troy.

But believe me, not even one kiss I have got :  
When I rose in the morning, the maid was forgot.

\* \* \* \*

*[Proceeding, via Hawick, to Langholm, he pauses by the way for a few apt lines on a pastoral figure :]*

. . . On the brow of yon hill sat the shepherd at rest,  
To his crook or his flock still his thoughts were address ;  
In his ignorance bless't, e'er contented & gay,  
His days & his nights stole so softly away,  
That old age unperceived had but changed his years,  
But his mind was the same, unacquainted with fears. . . .

*[Then Kerr roamed on to where Esk's rocky channel adorns the scene :]*

To an Inn I repair'd, the King's Arms if you please,  
And contented I supp'd upon good toasted cheese.

*[Carlisle. June 16th, 1789.]*

Now day with new Blossoms had garnish'd the world,  
And night to some lonesome recess, Sir, was hurl'd ;  
When I wak'd from my slumbers, so dry that I'm sure,  
I was scorch'd with the pains of the damn'd for an hour ;  
When at last I sprang over the bed, for to see,  
If I had any water, Ah none Sir ! woe's me !  
But my thirst still encreasing, down stairs I did go,  
To see if they had any water below . . .

*[Unexpectedly, he surprises a girl in an embarrassing situation :]*

Oh bare was her bosom, and bare were her hips !  
And the ruby had wasted its dye on her lips ;

. . . . . \*

And her shift was so small, and so short, and so nipplet ;  
'Twas a poor shift indeed, scarce would serve for a tippet.  
My mouth, Sir, so water'd at the sight of my Moll,  
In a moment I felt no more thirst, on my soul.  
Do you know, that so bashful and modest I'm grown,  
A moment I stayed ; in a moment was gone.  
To my bedroom I hurried, as if chaste by the devil,  
And prayed that the Lord would defend me from evil. . . ."

\* The omitted lines are too sculduddery.

*[At Kendal, Kerr is taken ill, probably having over-walked himself. He recovers, however ; and a chance acquaintance persuades him to go on to London ; after which his letters supply their own links :]*

### *Experiences in London*

[London. July 12th.] . . . Last night immediately after our arrival he [the new friend] insisted upon my going to the Opera. I objected to my ignorance of the Language. But in vain. Accordingly, as I expected, I did not much relish it. Italian music in the first place I never could endure ; and the plot to me was altogether unintelligible. You will not be amazed when I inform you that I fell fast asleep. But at the end of the second Act I was awaked by the flourish of trumpets that announced that the Dancers were going to begin. Their performance indeed was elegant in the extreme. But a little Girl of the age of 15 indeed exceeded belief. I am now convinced tis impossible for modesty to dance well—even the Minuet, the gravest of all our dances, carries, when danced to perfection, a degree of something inconsistent with female delicacy. Upon our coming from Covent Garden we were attacked by Girls of all sizes and descriptions. Decency (don't laugh) obliged me to say a few civil things ; but my heart was too callous to think of anything else. Would to God I were fairly out of London. I have lost my heart, AND *in a month you shall have some reason indeed to wonder.* . . .

### *A Romantic Marriage*

[Peel Town, Isle of Man. Nov. 15th.] . . . This is to inform you that yesterday I bestowed my heart and my hand upon one whose situation in life is the only blot on her Scutcheon. The first moment of happiness I ever remember of feeling was when I led her to the altar. The first idea of lasting felicity, when reciprocal oaths united her fate to mine, beyond the power of prejudice to separate us. My wife possesses qualities that are an honor to human nature. She has just entered her 17th year. Since she was 6 years old, she has ever been at a genteel English boarding school at Lancaster. Both French & Italian are familiar to her, & she plays to perfection upon the piano-forte. But don't think I am giving you a pompous

detail of her qualifications. Would to God you saw her, & I would forfeit for ever all claim to Heaven if in every respect you did not think her an Angel. . . . But I must beg leave to tell you that altho' I have married into a family that gains their subsistence from industry, I have by no means formed a low connection. Mrs. Thompson can boast of as good relations as I can ; and if Pope's maxim be true, that " An honest man's the noblest work of God," her father need not be ashamed to hold up his head with the highest. But this argument you will perhaps look upon either as philosophical or antiquated. Yet, however you may regard it, believe me I express the dictates of my heart. I shall now make up for my past reserve ; and give you a faithful narrative of the whole transaction.

In a former letter, I told you of my Introduction to the Isle of Man.<sup>1</sup> When I first saw Mr. Thompson, who met me at Douglas on purpose to take me thro' the Island, I had no idea of being introduced to his family. On the contrary, when he proposed my staying at his house for a night when I came to visit Peel, I told him positively I would not ; but on the contrary, go to an Inn. However, he overpersuaded me ; and thus, his daughter & I became acquainted. Possessed of accomplishments and beauty that belonged to a much higher sphere of life, no wonder if all my faculties were absorbed in surprise—no wonder if my unguarded heart felt all the force of a disinterested, amiable, & generous passion. At that time I stayed but a week in the Island. At the first view I got of her, I saw I was undone ; and formed the plan for my future procedure. I declared myself before my departure, & promised a speedy return, acknowledging I was altogether dependent upon my father, who most probably would refuse his consent. Yet I was received in such a manner as made me not despair of success, at the same time with the utmost prudence. You know I went to London, & then returned to the Island. About a month after this I went to the Vicar-General to take out a licence. He reasoned with me a long time upon the subject ; and at last prevailed upon me to write to my father before I married : which I accordingly did ; and Miss

<sup>1</sup> Where, like many more, he was hiding from his creditors.



Thompson received a letter painting me as black as Hell. The consequence of which was that she retracted her promise.

[*He takes Poison*]

At this, I was thrown into a most dreadful situation. Despair deprived me of Reason ; and in a fit of rashness [I] swallowed Arsenick. (The affair was so much spoke of that it at last reach'd the Whitehaven papers.) A Physician was sent for. For a long time they thought I was gone. But by swallowing great quantities of oil, I at last got out of danger. It was then I discovered Miss Thompson loved me more than I had the smallest idea of. . . And everything being settled, I was made the happiest of men. This is the genuine state of the affair. . . . There are some people, my dear Watty, that can speak to the purpose better than I can. But believe me, by God ! There are few feel more than I do.

P.S. : Beware you do not judge too rashly. Had my father paid my debts when he first knew of them, there would never have been anything of this sort. . . . When I left Edinburgh it was never my intention to return. My situation with respect to my Creditors was most uneasy. I was guilty of many meannesses I now look upon with horror. My business [law] was altogether contrary to my inclinations ; & my situation at home beyond idea, cruel. Judge of me therefore sparingly, as a man that without consideration contracted a small debt to the amount of £25, whose father was his only resource, and who—tho' acquainted with his error—refused him the opportunity of correcting his mistake but plunged him in deeper—who, tho' in the rank and, I hope, with the dispositions of a Gentleman, was never allowed any pocket money, & yet was obliged to consort with those where money was absolutely necessary.

[Peel Town. Jan. 27<sup>th</sup>, 1790.] Dear Walter, I received yours yesterday. But for the love of God take care of your pen. Tho' I am almost certain your honest heart meant nothing, yet the dryness of your stile was sufficient to pinch much nicer feelings than mine. Write not, I entreat you, when you are in such a vein. But closet your reflections for a moment ; &

you will then perceive that there remains nothing of your old friend but the name—Fit then your ideas to the subject ; & I am certain your letters will be much more agreeable. 'Tis indeed with horror I trace the thoughtless steps I have taken. Join'd by the most sacred ties to a Girl, whose loveliness & innocence deserved a better fate. In all likelihood to become a father, when poverty and want, with all its sickly attendants, are awaiting me—these are the thoughts that embitter each moment. And if your heart can but imagine what it is to love a deserving object, with all those animated ideas that accompany such feelings, you will judge better of the horror of my situation when I sincerely acknowledge there are but a few steps betwixt us and starving.

*He is to be Banished*

[Peel Town. 17th April.] My dearest Friend, Two hours ago I received yours of the 10th inst, and sincerely rejoiced that the man whom next to my God I esteem'd has not deserted me in my urgent necessities. . . . If your friendship should tempt you to launch out into expenses of any sort on my acct, be assur'd I shall not only take it ill, but return you the value in money as soon as I get my remittances from my father. I have been in great distress, next to beggary. I wrote to my mother, who generously enclosed me £5—which God knows I stood greatly in need of. Who told you our treaty is broken off? 'Tis a great mistake. They give me £100. I leave my wife with her mother and £20 of my money, and go to Jamaica—she is to follow me in a year, if possible. These are the heads of the contract, to which, on my part, I shall steadily adhere.

Yet my dear Scott, amidst all these disadvantageous circumstances pursuing me, and bleaker prospects at no great distance—amidst all the distress I have felt, and daily meet with, I have no cause to repine ; but daily thank God that at the expence of many sighs & tears, I should have acquired a faithful companion thro life. Believe me, notwithstanding all my complaints, this soothing charmer, this melting anguish of Love, overpays my bitterest calamities. I speak to a man of feeling—to a man formed for the luxury of social life ; nor can I wish you a greater blessing than that the happy Girl of your

arms may, in the most valuable riches of the heart, resemble mine. In this it will please you to hear your friend has at least been fortunate above his merits : would to God my future adventures may prove equally so.

*Forced to Renounce his Heritage*

[Peel Town. 21st May.] My dear Scott, I should undoubtedly have answered yours of the [blank] inst before now, had not my mind been in a manner so deranged that I found it impossible to settle to anything. My cause of disquiet originates with my father. Some time ago I received from him a deed of renunciation of my heretage couch'd in such a shameful style that my heart almost burst at signing it. However, I put my name to it, & by this time I suppose he has received it. But the most ungenerous part of the usage is, I have received but £30 of my money, five pounds of which was sent to me two months ago when my wife and I were absolutely at the point of starving. (This to you may seem almost incredible, but it is too true.) Twenty pounds I have paid for my board, and the remaining five was spent in paying my Physician's Bill, letters, &c. My father intends I shall sail from the Clyde, & receive my money in Bills at Greenock. This not only is an ungenerous way of proceeding, but mightily expensive, as it will cost me Five Guineas to hire a boat from this to Scotland. And by this means I can leave no money with my wife who—from being with child & left in the power of a Father & Mother who have us'd us very ill—stands but a poor chance I fear of ever doing well. . . .

You must write me instantly upon receipt of this. As three weeks, I believe, will limit my stay here. Tell me all your news ; write me a letter as long as this ; and give me your best advice. Enclose me, *if you love me*, a small lock of your hair ; and believe me, I shall keep it next my heart. My case God knows is pityable ; and had I been well used at home and treated with judgment, I never would have come to this pass. . .

I have a favor to entreat you, which if that regard you have long expressed for me be real—you will hardly refuse. If my wife is brought to bed of a boy *will you allow me to call it after you* ? Perhaps you may be asham'd of the connection : if so,

my dear fellow, out with it. I have no interested motives in view ; but [to] acknowledge a regard for you I am unable to express. . . .

[*Life in the Isle of Man*]

With respect to my observations upon the Isle of Man, in so far as this letter can contain them I shall present them before you. The people are in general lazy and poor ; & yet there are four things seemingly in their favor which at first appearance would seem to have a contrary tendency. In the first place, they are without taxes ; secondly, their property is divided into small partitions ; thirdly, their herring fishery employs a vast number of hands ; and in the last place, a beggar can afford to pursue the richest at law. . . . Law being so cheap, the courts are daily crowded ; and instead of employing arbiters, they have daily recourse to *Justice*. Were the law dearer every trifling case would be made up by Arbiters. But here 'tis the spirit of liberty, or rather libertinism ; and I have known a suit begun for *nine pence*. The cheapness of the law therefore is the source of a thousand misfortunes. The poor are so pleas'd to see themselves pursuing the richest in the Island that they take every opportunity of shewing their litigious spirits ; and in the end, by imperceptible mazes, meet their own ruin. There is another dreadful source of evil—perjury is never punish'd, always overlook'd, consequently too often committed. . . .

[*Origin of The Antiquary Episode*]

Peel Castle has the greatest remains of antiquity of any place here : 'twas the ancient Cathedral. A story had circulated here that the church plate was concealed in a vault of the castle. The Bishop gave liberty to a friend of mine to inspect it. He employed two men to dig into the vault ; and they had got about 21 feet deep when a gentleman here, knowing what they were about, who had hid himself under ground, bellowed in a most fearful tone at a time they were surrounded with skulls, etc ; and frightened the poor devils to such a degree that nobody in the Island will attempt to disturb these secret repositories again. . . .<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This story is doubtless the origin of the similar episode in *The Antiquary*.

*Fine Verse*

[Whitehaven. July 15th.] . . . My father has indeed acted a strange cruel part with me. If he made a bargain with me, am not I entitled to see the completion of it? My part is fairly fulfilled—certainly I was then entitled to my money. Instead of which he remitts five pounds at a time, the better to express the check he has upon me. He indeed pleads but poorly in his own favour by yielding so much to his revengeful disposition. But it is too much the way of mankind :

Let Stoicks argue—where's the Stoick's sway,  
When Nature points and passion leads the way :  
The old, the young, the learned we observe,  
Approve the maxim, yet from practice swerve :  
Revenge holds still her empire in the soul,  
Most give it reins—some few perhaps controul.

'Tis easy arguing when the brain is cool,  
But when on fire, the wise man's then a fool :  
Or could a parent see his child's distress,  
Yet strive to make it more, instead of less.  
If I am wrong, will mine his fault compound?  
Urge his excuse ; and be sufficient found ?  
If I have wrong—the friendless must endure ;  
He that has most, has all things in his power.

Forgive the effusions of ye moment. I am indifferent how I write to my friend. But shew not my letters to anyone, I beseech you, for fear they should say : “ Here goes Kerr, as great (or rather, as little) a fool as ever. He has already rhimed himself out of character : where the devil will he drive to next ? ” . . .

Believe me, my dear Walter, I have a strange opinion of myself. I pry into my own heart ; I endeavour to unriddle the seeming contradictions that compose the strange mixture. But what to think of the materials, 'tis past my comprehension. Good God ! what will come of me ? I have the worst opinion of myself a man can possibly entertain. Not that I think myself a villain ; but only, that I imagine myself incapable of succeeding in the world. Heaven, I think, has denied me the requisite abilities & made me only a pattern for fools to go by.

If this is the case, what a sweet Girl have I drawn into the Gulf of misery ! Often when pressing her to my bosom, with the fondest, the purest sentiments of Love, I have burst into an involuntary passion of tears—accused myself as the destroyer of irreproachable innocence—and blotted my happiest moments with fears for her welfare. Dear Scott, if you knew the worth of my Lassie, you would indeed adore her. She is handsome ; but her soul is more beautiful than her body. My heart is too full—I must drop this subject. . .

*At Sea in an Open Boat*

[Greenock. July 28th.] My dear Friend, You will no doubt be much surprised to understand I'm here, with expectations of sailing next week in the *Bill* from this place. I wrote you from Whitehaven : perhaps you answered my letter, in that case my wife would receive it. I sailed from Whitehaven the day after I wrote you ; & found on my arrival at Peel, a letter from Glasgow, desiring me to come here instantly. I hired an *open boat* ; & was 3 days & 3 nights at sea. But thank God I arrived safely here on Sunday last ; & instantly walked to Glasgow ; & saw Mr. Alston, who delivered me a packet from my father containing my Commission as W. S. [*i.e.* Writer to the Signet or solicitor], and sundry Introductory letters to people in Jamaica with a letter from my Mother & himself wherein they both desire me to correspond with them ; & my mother adds, that if matters go well with me and I conduct myself properly she shall do every thing in her power to reinstate me in my rights.

With a heavy heart I parted from my darling Girl ; and considering her present situation, and the unfeigned affection we entertain for each other, think myself entitled to your applause for my ready compliance. Indeed my dear friend, you have no idea of disinterested Love : feel it first, before you attempt to describe it. I am living at Greenock in the house of a Mrs. Kennedy's—Crawford's Close. But don't write me, as it might be dangerous. I have bread & milk to my breakfast and supper ; and bread & water to my dinner. But Love sweetens the sauce ; and this is the way I shall live till I can spare as much money as will bring my wife to me. . . .

*In Jamaica*

[Kingston, Jamaica. Dec. 14th.] My dear Walter, From so distant a climate, I dare say you had once very little expectation of hearing from me. But who shall pretend to read the ways of providence, tho' perhaps in the eyes of some people, my present situation may rather seem the effects of my own Imprudence, than the determinations of Fate. But define it as you please, here I am ; and if in such a climate as this (where the spirit as well as the animal body needs much more support than in your temperate zone) it is enviable to live upon Bread & water, then indeed Sir I am an object worthy of Envy—for allow me to assure you, upon the sincerity of an honest man, that literally speaking, such is my fare.

I am Clerk to Messrs Dallas & Dickson Attornies-at-Law here. . . . My salary is no more than £70 currency ; & how far that is adequate to support a man in the necessaries of life—from your intercourse with people well acquainted with this part of the world—you can very well understand. . . . Out of the little pittance I possess, I can find ways & means of sending my wife home Five and thirty pounds sterling. . . .

I look back with infinite regret upon the thoughtlessness of my past conduct. But there is one apology I can make for myself (and were they the last words I had to utter, I would not deviate one Iota). From the unfortunate disposition of my parents, particularly my mother ; from their unexampled severity, the disgust with which they always beheld me, and other causes of a similar nature, I may date the origin of every fatal expedient I pursued. I was deprived of peace at home. Every inclination of my own however innocent was baulked ; I was denied the society of my companions, and looked down upon, degraded and abused because I was ill-looking. I was not even allowed decent cloaths—pocket money, even the smallest trifle, was refused me. I had passions, an itch for reading, and to appear decent amongst my companions. I indulged them and involved myself in debt. My debts, when my father first came to knowledge of them were a mere trifle indeed. Had he followed Col. Monypenny's advice, and paid

them off for me, he would have bound me for ever by gratitude. But he refused to do it ; I was threatened by my Creditors with a jail. I could have recourse to none for relief. I contracted still greater debts ; and sold to one for half-price what I got from another. I was forced to leave my country ; and by marrying retrieved myself from ruin, misery, and despair. Had it not been for my sweet Girl and your kind endeavours, I should e'er this have bid adieu to existence. And when I forget these obligations, may God forget me !

[*The next letter, a brief one dated May 23rd, 1791, states that Charles's situation is improving. He was then private clerk to the Hon. Mr. Batty, at £100 sterling per annum, the work being trifling. A letter of August 7th continues the cheerful news. He has additional employment from an old friend of Scott's father, who is out there ; but he cannot officially be entered as an attorney because his father forgot to send the seal of office. A puncheon of old matured rum goes to dear Walter ; and more money to his dear little girl-wife. Meanwhile, Charles Kerr's romance brings on the scene a new correspondent, the Rev. Henry Corlett, who had befriended the youth when he first fled to the Isle of Man, and who writes to Scott :*]

[Peel Town, Isle of Man. Sept. 15th.] Dear Sir, Being a sincere *fellow-friend* with yourself to poor Charles Kerr, now in Jamaica, I take the liberty to enquire of you, whether his father, Mr Kerr of *Abbot-rule* be living or dead. Report runs here that he *is no more*—if so, pray be so good as either to contradict or confirm that report.

Poor Charles, I think, has had hard measure meted out to him ; but if the equity of your country runs not counter to that of mine, he has a fair chance of recovering the inheritance, which his untoward circumstances *forced* him to resign for the paltry consideration of an *hundred pounds*. Do you think this sum a *valueable consideration* (for so, to the best of my recollection, it is termed in the deed of relinquishment, tho' the sum is not expressed) for such a sacrifice ? I know the whole of the transaction, being a witness to both deeds, for there are *two*, drawn up in the most shocking language ; and am also possessed of all his father's and mother's letters to him on the subject. . . .



[Kerr's next letter, circa November 23rd, 1791, also refers to his father's death. He is concerned about the Deed of Renunciation which he had signed ; and sends home a Power of Attorney vested in Scott's father, Scott himself, and Kerr's uncle, Thomas Hay, an Edinburgh surgeon. Events move quickly. The next letter, a few months later, comes when he is back, presiding over the ancestral home, which he is in possession of—despite the Deed of Renunciation :]

*He comes into his Estate*

[Abbotrule. June 17th, 1792.] My dear friend, My schemes of life have been various, both in practice and theory ; but now that the clue is in my own hand, here I am fixed for life. So far from finding my plans of matters irreconcilable with propriety, I see that they tend to my happiness, and every difficulty may easily be surmounted. I am in some confusion at present ; but every day will bring me out of it. Several of my richer neighbours have been here to visit me, none of whose visits I mean to return.

[The remainder of the letter is about his Estate affairs, which are evidently involved ; and there is mention of a Trust Deed limiting him to £90 per annum. He has not much to do besides the pleasant occupation of "making acquaintance with the Marches of my Estate & the views & ideas of my tenants." Since he has come into his estate, there is a noticeable change in his letters, which are shorter and occasionally peevish. On July 30th, 1792, he announces his intention to do away with the Trust Deed and manage for himself ; whereupon Scott's father, who was the young man's Law agent, declines to act for him any further, and tells his son that he suspects Charles is playing the fool and "as from what I can see he is committing himself to other hands, who for their own ends will pillage him & at last bring on a sale [of Abbotrule estate], I am therefore almost determined to be done with him."] ]

[n.d. Oct.] Dear Scott, I do assure you, upon my soul, nothing gave me greater pleasure than the perusal of your hand writing. I still hope, with a sincerity which you will not doubt, that notwithstanding what has passed betwixt your father and me, I may be allowed to retain that warm place in your affections I flatter myself I once possessed. I am con-

scious of nothing that should merit any other treatment, and did not delicacy prevent an explanation upon my part, you perhaps might be brought to confess I had sufficient reason for acting as I have done. If however you wish to enter upon particulars, I have no other objection than this: that the warmth of your affectionate temper could not bear with me accusing your father of using me unlike a Gentleman—an accusation I should unavoidably be forced to. Allow me therefore to propose to pass over in silence what has happened.

*[The letters that follow contain many commissions for Scott to execute, among others to purchase silver candlesticks, glass, and books; and to transcribe a hard piece of Latin. On January 22nd, 1793:]*

"We are all well, and my wife in a prosperous way, 4 months gone with the child. Pray with me that it be a boy." *The next, February 5th, acknowledges that* "the Glasses are beautiful, particularly the Liquor ones; & they all arrived safe. The Candlesticks are very plain & very genteel; & my wife desires me to assure you of her gratitude & sincere thanks for the trouble you have taken. She hopes to be able to return the favor (in any honest way, I suppose the Girl means) soon."

*[Charles's next letter announces that he is at work on a Tragedy to be named Pathul; and on April 4th he complains that his uncle had used him ill: "He is a man so vain of his abilities that he would not fail to brag of his art in negotiating matters with me." [So another ally is lost. Scott has chased round so many Edinburgh booksellers for his wayward friend that he wants to know how goes the tragedy; and is informed April 19th:]* "I fairly began him; but upon reading tragedies whose merits are of a most superior quality, I shrunk at the attempt, tho' it never was my intention, even should I finish him, that the exertions of my fancy should go farther than my own closet. Yet the inferiority was too striking to allow me every moment to sacrifice at the shrine of mortification. . . ." *[The Abbotrule letter of May 10th informs Scott that its Laird has been made a Justice of the Peace:]* "Would to God I may not revive the picture of Justice Simple in Henry the 4th . . . My wife is pretty well, as big as a hog'shead. She joins me in affectionate respect to you."

[*About this time Scott was obliged for a loan of £12 to Kerr, who begged to assure him, in many successive letters, that money was always available for such a purpose. This was no exaggeration, for in May he sold one of his farms for £5,800—a transaction which may have some connection with the following unmagisterial proceedings :*]

### *A Merry Meeting of Magistrates*

[Abbotrule. June 19th.] . . . Upon the 4th of this month I had the pleasure of dining in company with your uncle Capt. Scott at Jedburgh ; and to my shame be it said, I got most confoundedly drunk. I was both royal and loyal in more senses of the word than one, for so very loyal was I that the Sheriff, upon returning home, found me stretched at full length upon the highway. So much for one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace : if it is a comfort, there was at least a quorum of my brethren pretty much in the same situation. But I am much ashamed of myself ; & you must confess that I have some reason to be so. . . .

### *The Ever Full Cradle*

[Jedburgh. July 2nd.] . . . I send you in a twenty shilling note to buy me a *cradle*, a *mattress*, and a *pillow*. This tells tales : my wife's in the straw, and my sister being with me, I have none to use this freedom with but yourself. Be so good as excuse me. I am ignorant of the price ; but all that I want is a plain willow cradle. I will thank you to send it per Carrier. My wife has been but very indifferent this long time ; and still continues so. I am, however, daily in hopes of her getting quit of her burthen.

[PS] Abbotrule, Thursday  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 pm. My wife is this moment delivered of a daughter : both likely to do well. . . .

[*Writing five months later (November 23rd) Charles gives a double hint when he says :*] “ . . . My wife's complaints are painful, but not dangerous ; & she has the prospect of carrying them about with her for 7 or 8 months. This is, however, initiating you into certain mysteries which in a happy hour, and I hope with a certain fair one, you will soon have experience of. . . .”  
[*In the following July (1794) there is news of yet another miscarriage ; and his wife is seriously ill. There is little in the correspondence*

worthy of note until January 1795, after which date there is silence for a year. Apparently Charles Kerr, in the meantime, had joined the Forces as a Recruiting Officer at £500 a year, and his new life brings this interesting letter, in which he tells of meeting Mrs. Piozzi and of her second marriage which so offended Dr. Johnson. His letter brings out some new facts about this famous Johnsonian affair :]

*He meets Mrs. Piozzi*

[Shrewsbury. Jan. 3rd, 1796.] Dear Scott, . . . We struck our tents upon the 14th of Oct<sup>r</sup> ; & next day marched to Higham in Northumberland. We remained there to the 24th November. It is impossible for me to say how very agreeably we were situated—a society beyond comparison the best I ever experienced, and plenty of fox-hunting. For you must understand, since I began to this military round I have become as keen a fox-hunter as the days of Nimrod ever exhibited. I have a little Stalion that thinks nothing of a five-feet wall. Upon the 24th of Nov<sup>r</sup> we marched to Denbeigh in Wales, where we presently are. Since our arrival we have experienced every civility and attention which a populous & rich neighbourhood can afford, for Gentlemen there are as thick as mushrooms ; and one invitation flows in upon another with the utmost rapidity. But amongst all our acquaintances I have pickt out the Lily of the Valley—and who should this be but Mrs. Piozzi. She has a very large property in this part of the country ; & if possible I shall endeavour to give you a just description of her & her husband.

Mrs. Piozzi is a woman somewhat past her grand climateric. Her figure is remarkably neat ; and in her manner she possesses more of the sprightliness of the French, than the formality of an Englishwoman verging towards 65 [in fact, she was aged 55]. She paints not a little ; dresses not a little ; and if I add that she possesses not a little of everything that is agreeable, I but do her justice. She speaks incessantly, never upon learned subjects ; but indulges in such a mixture of tittle-tattle and sensible observation that even her trifles borrow an air of consequence. From her accent you would never know her to be an Englishwoman. She speaks most like an Italian. As I am very often with her, I prevailed upon her to open one

night upon the subject of Dr. Johnson, when I must confess she indulged in all the virulency of party. Upon Sunday the 10th my wife and I are engaged to stay 8 days with her : by that I shall know her a little better. Mr. Piozzi, poor man, is a very simple, good-natured creature ; & when Mrs. Piozzi (then the widow Mrs. Thrale) was in Italy with her family, Mr. Piozzi was music-master to her daughters. His professional abilities are allowed by all to be admirable. Mrs. Piozzi [then Mrs. Thrale] was so enraptured with his music that in short she fell in love. But at that time, sensible of the way in which the world would regard a match so disproportioned, she bribed him with Two thousand pounds to leave the country. He immediately departed for London ; but no sooner was he gone than Mrs. Piozzi followed, and soon after they were united. He seems to be a very good-natured creature ; and his abilities in music are only exceeded by his abilities in eating. These seem to be the efforts of his genius.

I left Denbeigh yesterday morning, and arrived here last night. I have a recruiting tour which I take regularly once every ten days from Denbeigh, here—then to Ludlow, Worcester, Birmingham, Litchfield, Manchester, Chester, & then home. This is pretty good exercise ; but it agrees with me. There is none other officer in the Corps able at present for this duty but myself. My expences are all paid me. You will see me very soon gazetted as Captain and Paymaster. I shall have emoluments of not far from Five hundred per annum.

I am much in love with my profession ; and but for my wife, I should make it my profession for life. I can therefore only regret that it will probably be so soon at an end. . . . My wife joined me upon the 28th of October ; & will probably continue for four months longer with the Corps, when her *situation* will make it necessary for her to return to Abbotrule. Little Margaret is also with me. I live very happily ; and, *upon honor*, within bounds. My other two children are [with] their Grandmother at Abbotrule. If you know of any [friend whose] inclinations would lead him for a little time to assume the military character, I can give him a Lieutenancy—only write me instantly. It will cost him about £20, no more. . . .

[*At this time Scott's first poetical work, William and Helen, a translation from Bürger, had just been published. Of course friend Kerr received a copy, and perhaps another for someone else :*] "It has indeed most wonderfully enchanted me," writes Charles from Ruthin [April 14th], "and when I am corresponding with the Agent for the Regiment or filling up my Orderly Book, I am always in danger of interlarding some of the many beautiful passages it contains. Mrs. Piozzi has not yet seen it. . . . I shall see her soon ; and if she is possessed of either Taste or penetration, it cannot fail to please her. Depend upon one thing : I shall write you her true sentiments.

[*Lawsuit with a Corporation*]

"We daily expect orders to march from North Wales. I believe I wrote you that we were intended for Shrewsbury & Ludlow. What will be your surprise when I inform you that I am involved in a very disagreeable business—no less than a Law suit in the Court of King's Bench. And who are my opponents?—A Corporation—the town & magistrates of Ruthin. I have been for some time past stationed here, you know, with a troop under my command ; and in short the Magistrates & I were not long of having a squabble. They used me ill ; but I retaliated so very smartly upon them that they represented my conduct to the Secretary at War, and requested that I should be tried by a Court Martial. Mr. Windham instantly wrote to the Regiment to have the matter strictly investigated. My case was laid before the War Office, who approved of my conduct in the most pointed terms. At which the magistrates of Ruthin were so picqued that they entered a bill against me before the Grand Jury. The Grand Jury cast the bill ; but not contented with that, they have just now entered another against me before the Qr Sessions of the County. The Qr Sessions found a bill ; and I now stand indited for a misdemeanor against the liberty of a subject. I mean to remove the cause to the Court of King's Bench. It will, however, cost me but a trifle, as the Regiment has taken up the cudgels in my defence ; and we all subscribe an equal share. . . ."

[*But it was the next letter that brought the great news in Charles's own way :*]

*At Windsor—and Great News*

[Shrewsbury. July 22nd.] Dear Scott, . . . Some weeks ago we marched in here ; and for some weeks past I have been regaling myself—where the devil do you think ?—in London ! Mr. Eliott of Borthwickbrae and I went up together, remained there a fortnight, & came down here the other day. Business was my apology for deserting the regiment ; curiosity, however, was I believe the prevailing motive. I enjoyed my time exceedingly. I never rested a moment ; but ransacked the country for twenty miles round. At Windsor I fell in love [with] the Queen ; with His Majesty I was highly entertained ; the Princesses, for aught I know, may have fallen in love with me—but, poor Girls, I very much fear I shall never be able to return their passion. At Richmond, I had the pleasure of an enchanting prospect, an excellent dinner, and an immoderate bill. . . . I thought to have had a letter of congratulation from you e'er now ; & am much surprised I had not. Did you not hear that after all my fatigue of mind and body, I had at last got—a Son ! I have, my good friend ; my wife was delivered of *a charming boy*, the very picture of his father, upon the fourth of this month ! When I heard the news, I stroked my beard ; thanked God on my knees ; looked in the glass ; discovered a few grey hairs ; and at once concluded myself to be an old man. Four children now ! Good God ! how shall I provide for them ! Will you adopt one ? . . .

[*The next letter comes nearly seven months later. There were several reasons for Scott's temporary inattention to his correspondent, what with love-making, ballad-hunting, and soldiering. Kerr writes :*]

[Buxton. Feb. 13th, 1797.] Dear Walter, I have met with some strange incidents in life ; but it appears to me still more strange than any occurrence I have witnessed, how you & I have so suddenly dropped each other's correspondence. . . . If in any point of friendship I have failed or acted in your eyes differently to what I ought to have done—state it ; and if it is still within any degree of retribution, I shall hasten to retrieve

myself. . . . I am afraid from this retrograde motion of ours that we are bending our steps northward again. I should hope not, for much as I love my own little deserted corner of the world, I should still wish to see somewhat more of old England. At Nottingham I enjoyed my time charmingly. I found hunting in true perfection there. It was considered nothing to take the field with 170 Gentlemen, with the finest hounds & horses in all England. The last time that I was out was with Mr. Saville's (brother to Lord Scarborough) hounds. There was upwards of 170 people; and after the burst we rode 20 miles at a stretch without drawing bridle. I rode 10 miles to cover; 20 miles during the chase; and 17 after that to get home: and after all I was but five hours and a  $\frac{1}{2}$  upon horseback. I have hunted with Lord Moira there often; and with the famous Mr. Mexnell, whose hounds & horses cost him £3,000 per annum. So much for the news of the turf. . . .

#### *Union of Ireland with England*

[*By midsummer there was a change of scenery to provide subjects for Kerr's letters :*] "By the way of being great heroes, we, the Roxburghshire Cavalry, volunteered to go to Ireland at a time of publick calamity; and when everything was quiet there, and the chance of danger diminished, our courage rose in proportion—and we petitioned the Duke of York, who kindly acceded to our wish."

[*On August 21st is a significant prophecy :*] "There is a scheme in agitation which will try the temper of the people or I much mistake it. I mean the intended Union of Ireland with Great Britain. This is a scheme which must bring down Dublin to a mere Cypher; & although in my own mind I am convinced that Ireland would increase in prosperity by such a bargain, yet I will pawn my life for a shilling that should such a plan be broached, we shall see some desperate business before that we revisit Roxburghshire."—

[*Kerr's following letter is pathetic. He is agitated over the lack of Spirit now in Scott's letters :*] "Gone indeed! not from want of fire or sentiment in the writer, but that the cause for that



animation ceases now to operate. In short, for friends & pursuits, wherewith I am now unconnected, you forget those days wherein I formed no small part of your speculations ; and when your friendship and assistance served to lead me from misfortune to happiness. Were I you, I should be too proud to desert altogether a superstructure where you were a principal architect. But Walter, I would much rather be forgot than that once in six months you should be forced to strain your recollection to the remembrance of so insignificant a being as myself."

[*The next letter, from Castlebar, January 20th, 1798, supplies the clue :*] "Accept of my warmest wishes and my most fervent prayers for the health and happiness of Mrs. Scott and you ; and may the blessings of a numerous family crown a long life of uninterrupted mutual affection."

### *A Duel in Ireland*

[*Now, when the interest of this remarkable correspondence seems to be fading into the inevitable silence, comes that drama which is so natural in the story of Charles Kerr :*]

[Castlebar. Feb. 18th.] Dear Walter, I received yours of the 8th inst when preparing myself for one of the most dreadful moments that I ever encountered, or ever hope to meet with again. In short, I received yours when taking my ground to fight a duel ; and as the description of an Irish duel has something in it so uncommon, so barbarous, yet so descriptive of the manners of the people, I shall take this opportunity of describing it, appealing to my own experience as the test of truth. . . . [*Kerr describes the quarrel with an Army surgeon on half-pay and presently in the Yeomanry ; and then :*]

My passions were worked up to a pitch of frenzy ; and in 5 minutes I was on horseback, and in an hour and a half afterwards at Ballenrobe (headquarters—distance 14 Irish miles). It was, in short, agreed that I should fight him ; & Col. Elliott accompanied me next day to Castlebar as my second. I had not been 5 minutes in town before every soul knew ; and in less than an hour, I was surrounded by upwards of 50 neighbouring Gentlemen. A Council of War was held ; and

they all agreed that on account of the brutality of the business, I should [? detain] the fellow, not fight him. However, I would not accede [? to this ; and] they yielded to my resolutions. Prior to this being determined the street was so full, that it was impossible to put a pin's head amidst the crowd. I am free to say that upwards of 5,000 attended. The windows of the house in which we were, were mostly dashed in ; and independent of my wishes, there was an absolute necessity of the business being immediately concluded, otherways the house would have been destroyed by the crowd. Accordingly a lane was made by the populace, who saluted us with three cheers ; and we took our ground attended by our friends. We fired both together—both missed—and Col. Eliott taking me under the arm without speaking one word, led me off ; and the Gentlemen attending me followed. This we did to express our contempt for my opponent, who was somewhat astonished at this unusual procedure. The business, however, does not rest here. Lord Lucan (Commanding Officer of the Corps of Yeomanry) has turned him out of the troop ; and by order of General Hutchieson, a court of enquiry meets at Galway this week to enquire into the business, when a memorial will be presented thro' the Lord Lieutenant to the Duke of York ; and he will lose his half-pay. . . .<sup>1</sup>

*[The close of this letter deals with Scott's new married life ; and dwells on the future pleasure of the two families living in close contact : "It shall—it must be." But Kerr's next letter is dated, from Dublin, 11th May, 1800 ; in it he discusses a new lawsuit and the proposed sale of his estate, after which and the settlement of his debts, he will buy a house and a few acres in Devonshire and settle down there. There is a significant passage :] "You could not think of selling an old family estate ; and with my reversion such as it is, you probably might indulge the hope that fortune or your own industry might better your circumstances without having recourse to such a desperate measure. I, believe me, have as much pride as most people ; but . . ."*

<sup>1</sup> Kerr apparently fought, in all, four duels ; for on June 19th, 1800, he writes : "I fought another duel on Monday. Except the third, they have hitherto been bloodless, & God knows I have had sufficient provocation."

[*Six months later comes the last letter. It is from Abbotrule, dated November 20th, 1800. He is going to adopt the military life permanently ; and as Paymaster to the 2nd Battalion of the 68th Foot, he is destined for either the West Indies or Canada :*] "I am a very poor man—damned proud—and, I am sorry to add, damned thoughtless. The little money I make I have not the talent to save ; and a spirit much too independent I believe, even for my own happiness, has led me perforce to adopt a measure which will be variously construed as it will be variously felt. . . . I am in a dreadful dilemma at present. Mrs. Kerr is expected to lye in every hour ; and my leaving her at so critical a moment is most horrible. But what can I do ? . . ." <sup>1</sup>

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*The end of the story cannot be told. What happened is a mystery, for there is no more correspondence. According to the Army Lists, Paymaster Charles Kerr died in 1821. In the Letter-Book for 1825 is a request from Patrick Kerr, his son, for assistance in bettering himself : "When I waited on you at Abbotsford, Sir Walter, you were kind enough to introduce me to your Lady as the son of one of your oldest friends. I am aware that friendship was dissolved long before my poor Father's death, but am certain had he been permitted to run his career of life again, he would have avoided those fatal errors which not only lost him his friends ; but, I may say, ruined his family."* *The last of the few references in Scott's Diary to Charles Kerr is under date June 16, 1830. Sir Walter, mentioning another old friend, Colin MacKenzie, writes : "I remember he was one of a small party at college, that formed ourselves into a club called the Poetical Society. The other members were Charles Kerr of Abbotrule (a singular being), Colin M'Laurin (insane), Colin [MacKenzie] and I, who have luckily kept our wits."*

<sup>1</sup> Local research shows that Kerr's estate of Abbotrule was sold by auction in 1818 for £35,000 ; and so was fulfilled the prophecy of Scott's shrewd and scrupulous father.

## A RECORD OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CORRESPONDENTS

WITH THEIR PRINCIPAL ADDRESSES AND DATES

ONE of the reasons which led me to have this Record compiled has already been given in my Editorial Postscript ; and I hope that many readers who scan the following pages in search of their forbears' names will be successful. The Record, however, has interests other than ancestral : it is revealing in several ways. For one thing, it corroborates the tradition about the unique character of Scott's correspondence. The number of instances in biographical literature of the nineteenth century in which the point is made that such and such a person was the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott is without parallel. Here these instances are assembled, together with many not hitherto known. Again, the Record has its value for topographers. In this connection, what a different London is pictured when we see that merry man Theodore Hook addressing his letters from " Kentish Town, near London " : and to find the grave Sarah Siddons living in rural retirement (between her many " last " appearances !) at " Westbourne Farm, near Paddington "—where possibly a Cinema Theatre now draws nightly its thousands of " film fans."

This Record has not been easy to compile. I mention this because owing to a variety of causes a few discrepancies and omissions are inevitable. What with the bad writing of some of the correspondents, the frequent variations of addresses and even names, and the still more frequent failures to give any addresses or names at all, the compiler has had some difficult times. And this is putting it mildly. Dear Sir Walter, perhaps foreseeing the compiler's bewilderment, thought he would be helpful by endorsing the letter-sheets with the senders' names. Anyone who knows his handwriting in the later years can easily imagine the result. Nevertheless, familiarity with mysterious hieroglyphs which fade away into wavy strokes proved the

usefulness of some of his information ; which is more than can be said for that of an unknown endorser who subsequently followed him, and who made confusion worse confounded.

But perseverance and detective-like ingenuity eventually cleared up most of the mysteries, and enabled the compiler to prepare the Index from which this Record is printed. With two interesting exceptions noted, anonymous, pseudonymous, and initialled (unless identified) letters have been ignored. In the cases of individual correspondence during a number of years, the principal addresses of the writers are given (or so much of their addresses as they themselves vouchsafe), with the year of the first and last letter. On the other hand, there are many persons whose correspondence is indicated as limited to a single year—whether they were old acquaintances or strangers to Sir Walter. These may be divided into two groups consisting of (1) those, like Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, who carried on a considerable correspondence within a few months ; and (2) those who wrote only once or twice. The Record might have been made selective by excluding the letter-writers of the latter group. But this course would have had the unfortunate result of excluding the names of some worthy folks who sent very curious and even valuable communications—such as that solitary one from Mrs. Goldie, whose story of Helen Walker was the direct origin of Scott's immortal novel *The Heart of Midlothian*. Even the supplicating letters of aspiring authors (so characteristic of the age, and so very much of a pattern in their humility) are occasionally important, either on account of the reputations of their writers, or for Scott's replies. In these circumstances, therefore, it was decided not to attempt selectiveness ; but to give the Record entire.<sup>1</sup>

I have only to add that I shall be very pleased to hear from any reader who can give further particulars or suggest amendments which will add to the completeness and accuracy of this Record ; and that I shall hope to acknowledge such communications in a later edition.

WILFRED PARTINGTON.

<sup>1</sup> The Record covers the correspondence that escaped being bound up in Sir Walter's Letter-Books, as described on page xiv.

## A

The Marchioness of Abercorn	The Priory, Stanmore, Middlesex ; Barons Court ; Newtown-Stewart ; Stratford-place, Ldn. ; Bognor ; and various abroad . . . .	1806-26
The Marquis of Abercorn	Newtown-Stewart ; and The Priory . . . .	1807-10
Dr. John Abercrombie	Edinburgh . . . .	1830-31
The Earl of Aberdeen	Argyll House ; Foreign Office ; and the Royal Lodge . . .	1823-30
R. Ackermann . . .	101 Strand, Ldn. . . .	1814
H. D. Acland . . .	The Deanery, Lichfield . .	1829
Sir Thomas Dyke Acland	Grillon's Hotel, Albemarle-street, Ldn. ; Killerton ; and Pall Mall, Ldn. . .	1814-30
Charles Adam . . .	Richmond Park . . . .	1825
J. W. Adam . . .	New Grove House, Bromley, Middlesex . . . .	1807
James Adam . . .	40 Union-street, Belfast . .	1831
L. Adam . . .	Blair Adam . . . .	1831
Thomas Adam . . .	Peebles . . . .	1830
William Adam (Lord Commissioner)	Blair Adam ; Gordon Castle ; 6 Whitehall-place, Ldn. ; 79 George-street, and Charlotte-square, Edin. . .	1815-31
Henry Adams, LL.D. .	18 Queen's-street, South Mall, Cork . . . .	1830
John Adamson (Ant. Soc.)	Newcastle-upon-Tyne . . .	1817
John Adamson . . .	Newburgh . . . .	1822
H. Addington . . .	Madrid . . . .	1830
J. L. Adolphus . . .	Crown Office Row, Temple, and 31 Bedford-square, Ldn. ; Lancaster . . .	1822-31
Mrs. F. Vans Agnew .	44 Northumberland-street, Edin. . . .	1825
Alex. Aikman . . .	Friendship Park Villa, nr. Kingston, Jamaica . . .	1830
General G. R. Ainslie .	Paris ; and 81 Strand, Ldn. .	1826-30
John Aitchison . . .	Selkirk . . . .	1824
Will Aitchison . . .	Glasgow . . . .	1815
John Aitken . . .	4 Dunlop-street, Glasgow .	1829
Thomas Aitken . . .	Stirling . . . .	1825
John Y. Akerman . .	75 Queen-street, Cheapside, Ldn. . . .	1830

The Duchess of St. Albans	1 Stratton-street, Piccadilly, Ldn. ( <i>see also</i> Mrs. H. Coutts)	1825-30
Dr. James Alderson	Hull	1830
Gabriel Alexander	6 George-street, Edin.	1819
Thomas Allan	Edinburgh	1822 and 1830
William Allan	8 Scotland-street, Edin.	1831
Dr. J. Allardyce	Cheltenham	1827
Rev. Richard Allott, Dean of Raphoe	Lausanne, Switzerland	1826
Lady Alvanley	26 Dover-street and 30 George-street, Hanover-square, Ldn.; and Tatton Park, Knutsford, Ches.	1810-24
Thomas Amyot	James-street, Buckingham Gate, Ldn.	1831
The Earl of Ancrum	Hastings; Ham Common, Surrey; and Newbattle Abbey	1802-14
David Anderson	St. Germans	1805-11
Dr. R. Anderson	Windmill-street, Ldn.	[?]
Robert Anderson	Carnmoney, near Belfast	1815
Thomas Anderson	Gattonside	1825
Thomas Anderson	Selkirk	1822
Thomas R. Anderson	Upper Bedford-place, Ldn.	1827
William Anderson	"Courier" Office, Glasgow	1830
Lady Anstruther	1 Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place, Ldn.	1820
Miss Elizabeth Appleton	Castlemoor, Rochdale, Lancs.	1815
Mrs. Jane Apreece (afterwards Lady Davy)	16 Berkeley-square and Park-street, London; Westfield, Ryde, I. of W.; Great Malvern; and Rome	1811-30
George Arbuthnot	Charlotte-square, Edin.	1829
John Arthur Arch	61 Cornhill, Ldn.	1831
Baron Agathon von Archenholtz	St. Petersburg	1827
Joseph Jamieson Archibald	Meigle; Skermorlie, Largs; and Greenock	1823-31
Colonel B. Arden	Pepper Hall, Northallerton	1825 and 1829
The Hon. Miss F. H. Arden		
F. A. Arkwright	Stoke, Bakewell	1829
Dr. Arnott	Kirkconnell, by Ecclefechan	1826
W. Arnott	Perth	1811
Lord Ashburnham	9 South Audley-street, Ldn.	1830
J. W. R. Asperne	32 Cornhill, Ldn.	1817

Edwin Atherstone	. Taunton ; and 30 Allsop Terrace, New-road, Ldn.	1822-30
Charles S. Atkinson	. Kenton, Northumberland	1831
William Atkinson	. 20 Bentinck-street [? Edin.]	1818
[Without addresses : Mrs. Harriet Arbuthnot, 1824 ; and Francis Armstrong, 1815.]		

## B

Richard Badnall	. Olive Vale, nr. Liverpool	1830
James Bailey	. Trinity College, Cambridge ; 55 Upper King-street, Bloomsbury, and 6 New- street, Dorset-square, Ldn.	1816-25
Charles Baillie	. Hainton, near Yarm ; and Dalhousie, Upper Canada	1810-29
Joanna Baillie	. North Castle-street and Brown's-square, Edin. ; Gairbraid ; Little Straw- berry Hill ; Sunning Hill ; Hampstead and Grosvenor- street, London ; and abroad	1807-29
George H. Baird	. Ramsay Lodge, Edin.	1825
William Baker	. Bayfordbury, near Hertford, Herts	1821
A. Ballantyne	. 10 John-street, and Ballan- tyne's Printing Office, Edin.	1818-31
James Ballantyne	. Kelso ; and Printing Office, Edin.	1802-31
John Ballantyne	. Hanover-street, Edin.	1812 and 1816
John Banim	. 13 Brompton Grove, Ldn.	1825
H. Banks	. Mackay's Hotel, Princes-street, Edin.	1828
William John Banks	. Old Palace-yard [Ldn.]	1824
Lady Jane Elizabeth Banington	. Beckett, Farringdon	1831
John Bannister	. 65 Gower-street, Bedford- square, Ldn.	1810 and 1822
Sam Bannister	. 2 King's-road, Bedford-row, Ldn.	1831
S. W. Barber	. Denmark Hill, Camberwell, Ldn.	1821
J. G. Barbour	. Bogue, by New Galloway	1820-30
John Barclay	. Croydon, Surrey	1831
R. Harris Barham	. 4 St. Paul's Church-yard, Ldn.	1831
Lady Anne Barnard	. 2 Berkeley-square [Ldn.]	1823-24



George Bartley . . .	Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, Ldn. . . .	1829
Bernard Barton . . .	Woodbridge, Suffolk . . . .	1830
3rd Earl Bathurst . . .	Mansfield-street, Ldn. . . .	1827
Dr. J. H. Batten . . .	East India College . . . .	1824
Mrs. Mary Baugh . . .	Bellevue, Bathwick-hill, Bath . . .	1825
J. Bayley . . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1826
Major N. Ludlow . . .	Junior United Service Club, Beamish . . . .	1827
William Beattie . . .	2 Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, Ldn. . . .	1831
Sir George H. Beaumont . . .	Cole-Orton Hall, Ashby-de-la-Zouch . . . .	1831
J. Beck . . . .	Warwickshire Bank, Coventry . . .	1826
The Duchess of Bedford . . .	Woburn Abbey . . . .	1827
6th Duke of Bedford . . .	St. James's-square ; Woburn Abbey, and Campden Hill, Ldn. . . .	1821-25
Mrs. Mary Bedingfield . . .	Stowmarket, Suffolk . . . .	1822-27
Thomas Bee . . . .	Charleston, South Carolina . . .	1829
Lord Belgrave . . . .	Christchurch, Oxford . . . .	1814
Sir Charles Bell . . . .	Soho-square, Ldn. . . .	1825
George Bell . . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1817
George Jos. Bell . . .	36 Heriot-row, Edin. . . .	1812-26
Henry Bell . . . .	Lambeg, nr. Lisburn, Ireland . . .	1830
James Bell . . . .	New York . . . . .	1827
John Bell . . . .	Quayside, Newcastle . . . .	1812-16
W. Bell . . . .	10 Queen-street, [? Edin.] . . .	1828
Robert Belt . . . .	40 Great Ormond-street, Ldn. . .	1828
Mrs. J. W. Benfield [or Badfield] . . .	Lemon-street, Truro . . . .	1826
G. J. Bennett . . . .	No. 6 Southville, Wandsworth-road, nr. Ldn. . . .	1831
Charles Benson . . . .	Bantry . . . . .	1825
Mrs. Maria Benson . . .	Hammersmith House, Middlesex . . . . .	1826
Richard Benson . . . .	Newry . . . . .	1815
J. Claudius Beresford . . .	Coleraine . . . . .	1824
Vice-Admiral Sir John Poo Beresford . . .	Bedale ; and Southampton . . .	1825-29
Lionel Thomas Berguer . . .	Wentworth Castle ; 1 Wigmore-street, and 5 Princes-street, Hanover-square, Ldn. . .	1812-24
Rev. Edward Berwick . . .	Castle Forbes ; Esker, Leixlip and Lucan . . . .	1809-16
Aglai Bianchi . . . .	19 Rue d'Egoût, au Marain, Paris . . . . .	1831

Richard Biddle . . .	23 Dover-street, Piccadilly, Ldn. . . . .	1829
Prof. P. Biffand . . .	31 Rue du Cadran, Mont- martre, Paris . . . . .	[?]
Rev. Andrew Bigelow .	Boston, New England . . . . .	1821
James Biggs . . . .	27 Southampton-street, Covent Garden . . . . .	1819
Robert Bill . . . .	Mosley-street, Manchester . . . . .	1806
Brig.-Gen. Sir G. R. Bingham	Cork . . . . .	1826
Lord Binning . . . .	Tynningham; and London . . . . .	1821-23
Mrs. Charlotte Birch .	Ardwick . . . . .	1824
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Birch	Fort Leith; and Woolwich . . . . .	1829
Edward Bird . . . .	Bristol . . . . .	1814
James Bird . . . .	Yoxford, Suffolk . . . . .	1824
George Birrell . . . .	Castries, St. Lucia . . . . .	1830
James Bissett . . . .	Cupar, Fife . . . . .	1824
Alexander Black . . .	Tavistock-street, Covent Gar- den . . . . .	1828
Quintin Blackburn . .	Knorrin . . . . .	1821
Lieut.-Col. Wm. Blacker	Coltness, Holy Town, Lanark- shire . . . . .	1830
William Blackwood . .	Edinburgh (Princes-street) . . . . .	1805-31
Earl of Blessington . .	St. James's-square, Ldn. . . . .	1822
Elizabeth Hunter Blair	Walker-street, Edin. . . . .	1828
P. L. Blanchard . . . .	3 Charles-street, Clarendon- square, Ldn. . . . .	1831
J. H. Blofield . . . .	136 Jermyn-street, St. James's, Ldn. . . . .	1828
J. Howell Blood . . . .	Perth . . . . .	1831
Sir Benjamin Bloomfield	The Pavilion, Brighton; and Stockholm . . . . .	1821-27
Edward Blore . . . .	12 Quebec-street, 32 Dorset- street, 56 Welbeck-street, Ldn.; and Althorp and Jedburgh . . . . .	1818-29
Anne Bloxam . . . .	Rugby, Warwickshire . . . . .	1830
William Bogie . . . .	Abbotsford . . . . .	1830
J. Bohn . . . . .	17 Henrietta-street, Covent Garden . . . . .	1831
Miss Elizabeth Bond . .	Fortrose . . . . .	1808-12
H. K. Bonney . . . .	King's Cliffe, Warneford . . . . .	1822
John Booth . . . . .	Duke-street, Portland-place, Ldn. . . . .	1827
Sir Alexander Boswell.	Auchinleck; and Queen-street [? Edin.] . . . . .	1811-21

James Boswell, jun.	[No addresses]	1812-21
Grace, Lady Boswell	Wellwood Lodge, Edin. ; and Auchinleck	1822
Miss J. Teresa Boswell.	44 Queen-street [? Edin.]	1822
Anna Bounina	Margate	1817
Vicomte de Bourbon	Waterloo Hotel, Edin.	1821
Busser		
Prince Louis Joseph de Bourbon	Wanstead House, Essex	1828
W. B. Bourn	Hackney	1827
John Bower	Melrose	1830
Miss Bowles	Buckland	1828
John Bowring	5 Millman-street, and 2 Queen's-square, Ldn. ; and New Lanark	1828-30
Henry Boyd	Rathfriland, Ireland ; Ball, Newry	1808-25
John Boyd	37 George-street, Edin.	1828
Baron Boymans	Leyden, Holland	1828
Hugh Henry Brackenridge	Carlisle, nr. Philadelphia	1812
Sir Thomas Bradford	Storrington ; Edin. ; and Cowley Parsonage, Uxbridge	1817-30
Thos. Bramall	170 Regent-street [? Ldn.]	1828
J. Braser	Salem, nr. Boston, U.S.A.	1829
Mrs. Anna Eliza Bray	4 Rodney Buildings, New Kent-road, Surrey	1826
The Marquess of Breadalbane	Taymouth	1822
Henry Brevoort	Edinburgh ; London ; and Birmingham	1813
Henry Brevoort, Jun.	New York	1814
Sir David Brewster	10 Coates Crescent, Edin.	1823 and 1825
Dr. John Brinkley	Observatory, Dublin	1811 and 1824
Sir Thomas MakDougall	Glentown, nr. Cork ; Government House, N.S.W. ; and Makerstown	1820-31
Brisbane		
John Britton	17 Burton-street, Ldn.	1828
James Broadwood	Bryanston-square, Ldn.	1827
William Brockedon	29 Devonshire-street, Ldn.	1829-30
John Trotter Brockett.	Albion-place, Newcastle	1823-26
Thomas Brooke	Exeter	1831
Lord Brougham (Henry)	Edin. ; Hill-st. [Ldn.]	1808 and 1830
George Brown	84 Fountainbridge	1824
James Brown	Edinburgh	1820
James Baldwin Brown.	11 Castle-st., Holborn, Ldn.	1811

Peter Brown . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1828
Richard Brown . . .	Colstoun Park, Lochmaben . . .	1830
Thomas Brown . . .	Prinlawes, nr. Leslie . . .	1824
William Henry Brown.	2 Waterloo-place, Edin. . .	1829
Prof. G. A. Browne . .	Trinity College, Cambridge . .	1829
Miss H. M. Browne . .	Rhyllon St. Asaph . . .	1827 and 1828
Isaac Hawkins Browne	London . . . . .	1811
James Browne . . .	Alnwick Hill, Cottage, nr. Liberton . . . . .	1826
Robert Bruce . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1830
Thomas Bruce . . .	55 N. Frederick-street, Edin..	1822
Capt. William Bruce . .	Calcutta . . . . .	1827
G. D. Brunetti . . .	18 Chatham-street, Dublin . .	1826
Lieut. Charles Bruson.	Tralee . . . . .	1825
Mrs. Mary Bryan . . .	Bristol . . . . .	1818
Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges	Denton, nr. Canterbury . . .	1807
Patrick Brydone . . .	Lennel House . . . . .	1808
The Duchess of Buc- cleuch (wife of 4th Duke)	18 Hill-street, Ldn.; and Langholm Lodge . . .	1812-14
Charles, 4th Duke of Buccleuch	Dalkeith House; Drumlanrig Castle; Langholm Lodge; Bowhill; South Audley- street, Ldn.; etc. . . .	1812-19
The Duchess of Buc- cleuch (wife of the 5th Duke)	Dalkeith; Bowhill; Drum- lanrig Castle and Montague House . . . . .	1829-31
Walter Francis, 5th Duke of Buccleuch	Drumlanrig Castle; Longleat; Bowhill; Dalkeith; etc. . .	1825-31
Earl Buchan . . .	Young-street, Edin. . . . .	1829
Peter Buchan . . .	Peterhead . . . . .	1830
Colin Buchanan . . .	Greenock and Edin. . . .	1818 and 1827
Hector Macdonald Buchanan	Edinburgh; Ross; and New Club-street, Andrew-square [? Edin.] . . . . .	1807-20
John Buchanan . . .	Register House, Edin. . .	1830 and 1831
The Duchess of Buck- ingham and Chandos	Avington . . . . .	1827
The Duke of Bucking- ham and Chandos	Stowe; and Avington . . .	1824 and 1826
Charles Bullock . . .	25 Westmoreland-row, Wal- worth Common, Ldn. . . .	1829
William Bullock . . .	119 Sloane-street, Ldn.. . .	1821
Henry Bunbury . . .	Barton, Bury St. Edmonds . .	1826
C. T. Buquet . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1831
Sir Bland Burgess	Lower Brook-street, Ldn. . .	1820

John Burke (of Burke's <i>Peerage</i> )	8 New Burlington-street, Ldn.	1831
J. H. Burn	20 King-street, Covent Garden	1829
John Southerdean Burn	27 Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, Ldn.	1828-30
William Burn, architect	85 and 131 George-street, Edin.	1825-29
Mrs. Burn	Beaver Hall, nr. Edin.	1827
Thos. Burnett	Aberdeen	1830
William Burton, printer	82 Fetter-lane, Ldn. ; and the Vicarage, Rostherne, Knutsford, Ches.	1809
Lady Charlotte Maria Bury (formerly Lady Charlotte Campbell)	Hartwell House, Aylesbury ; 2 Lower Cadogan-street, and 3 Park-square, Regent's Park, London ; and Montagu House, Blackheath	1806-31
Hans Busk [or Bush]	31 Nottingham-place [? Ldn.]	1819
Mrs. Bussell	Drummond Castle	1811
Charles Butler	Lincoln's Inn, Ldn.	1821
John Byerley	Suresne, nr. Paris.	1825
Byrne George	Bonnybrook, Ireland	1812
Lady Byron	Kirkby ; and Edinburgh	1817
Lord Byron	St. James's-street, Ldn. ; and Pisa	1812 and 1822 <sup>1</sup>
[Without addresses : George Baillie, 1827 ; James Barbour, 1829 ; Becher, 1826 ; R. de Bécourt, 1826 ; Mary Beddoes, Salop, 1830 ; G. Belzoni, 1821 ; Cristobel de Bena, 1813 ; James Boswell, Jun., 1812-21 ; Mary Bough, Bellevue, 1829 ; Jas. Bridges, 1824 ; Thos. Bruce, Black Bull Inn ; and Mrs. Burrell, 1812.]		

## C

Daniel Cabanel	8 Somerset-place, Bath	1815
H. F. Cadell	Cockenzie	1830
Robert Cadell	10 Princes-street, and 41 St. Andrews-square, Edin.	1821-31
The Hon. Mrs. H. Louisa Cadogan	Leamington and 16 Park-lane, Ldn.	1830-31
Sir Duncan Cameron	Tassfern, by Fortwilliam	1831
Miss Mary Annie Cameron of Lochiel	37 Melville-street, Edin. ; Ach-nacarry ; and Fern Tower, Crieff	1829
Alexander Campbell	Register House, and 2 St. James's-place, Edin.	1817-20

<sup>1</sup> Most of Byron's letters to Scott were stolen by an ungrateful visitor to Abbotsford.

Lady Charlotte Campbell ( <i>see</i> Lady Charlotte Bury).		
Miss D. P. Campbell	Lerwick	1817-19
Donald Campbell	Lochgoilhead by Cairndow	1822
Hugh Campbell	4 Burleigh-street, Strand, Ldn.	1825
J. D. Campbell, M.P.	Edinburgh	1821
John Campbell	Prospect	1828
Rev. John Campbell	Selkirk Manse	1830
Mrs. Mary Anne Campbell ( <i>see</i> Erskine).		
Thomas Campbell, the Poet	Edinburgh; Sydenham and 1 Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall, Ldn.	1802-31
	28 Leicester-square, Ldn.	1831
Thomas Campbell, the Sculptor		
The Rt. Hon. George Canning	Foreign Office, India Board Office, Gloucester Lodge, Ldn.; and Brighton.	1806-27
Wm. Capon	4 North-street, Westminster, Ldn.	1825
Rev. Henry Card	The Vicarage, Great Malvern	1827
Robert Carlyle	Carlisle	1806
Thomas Carlyle	21 Comly Bank Row, and 24 Moray-place, Edin.	1828
Dr. C. Carlyon	London and Truro	1804-31
Miss Elizabeth Carmichael	Ross Bank	1825 and 1826
William Carmichael	4 Hope-street, Charlotte-square, Edin.	1831
Princess Caroline, afterwards Queen Caroline ( <i>see</i> Mrs. Haymans).		
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carpenter	Salem and Cuddalore, India	1800-13
Robert Carruthers	Huntingdon and "Courier" Office, Inverness	1827-30
Edm. Cartwright	Pulborough, Sussex	1822
M. de Caumont	Caen, Normandy	1829
John Cay	Circus-place, Edin.	1831
J. Cecil, Jun.	132 Upper Thames-street, Ldn.	1830
John Challoner	11 Ridley-place, Newcastle	1829
A. Chalmers	Edinburgh	1827
George Chalmers	Office for Trade, Whitehall	1796
Miss Margaret Chalmers	Lerwick	1814-15
Robert Chambers	Leith Walk, and 48 Hanover-street, and 5 Upper Dean-terrace, Edin.	1822-31
William Chambers	23 Broughton-street, Edin.	1827
Chev. Zules de Champigny	41 Rue du Faub <sup>s</sup> Poissonnier, Paris	1829
G. Chandler	Southam	1820

Robert Chaplin . . .	Averham, nr. Newark . . .	1824
J. Charnock . . .	Studley Park . . .	1824
Wm. Chatham . . .	St. George's Gate, Doncaster . . .	1831
George Charteris . . .	Anisfield . . .	1828
Le Chevalier, Librarian de	Ste. Geneviève, Paris . . .	1816-31
Charles de Chênédollé . . .	College Royal de Liège . . .	1827
David Chisholm . . .	Three Rivers, Lower Canada . . .	1830
W. Chisholme . . .	36 Lincoln's Inn Fields, Ldn. . .	1828
John Chivrey . . .	Thomson's Close, Edinburgh . . .	1830
Alexander Crichton . . .	27 West Register-street, Edin. . .	1831
John Christian . . .	Milntown . . .	1830
J. H. Christie . . .	Boulogne-sur-Mer [and from a hiding-place in London]. . .	1821
Lord Clanwilliam . . .	Berlin . . .	1824 and 1825
Villiers, 2nd Earl of Clarendon	The Grove, nr. Watford, Herts . . .	1809-15
Mary, Lady Clark . . .	100 Princes-street, Edin. . .	1821
R. W. Clark . . .	Hawick, Roxburgh . . .	1823
G. R. Clarke . . .	Edinburgh and London . . .	1815 and 1825
James Stanier Clarke . . .	Pavilion, Brighton, and Carlton House, Ldn. ; and Tilling- ton Parsonage, nr. Petworth . . .	1813-26
Dr. John Clarke-Whit- feld	Emmanuel Close, Cambridge . . .	1808-17
Capt. Richard Clarke . . .	Smith-street, Wawick . . .	1825
Dr. E. Clarkson . . .	Selkirk . . .	1817
J. B. Clarkson . . .	Melrose . . .	1829
Mrs. R. Clayton . . .	Bamber Bridge, Preston . . .	1822
Wm. Cleator . . .	Crosston Lodge, nr. Pickering . . .	1802
John Cleland . . .	Old Monkland . . .	1820
Mrs. and Miss Maclean Clephane	Torloisk, etc. . . .	1809-30
Sir George Clerk . . .	Maresfield Park and Brighton . . .	1825 and 1826
William Clerk . . .	Edinburgh . . .	1824-29
Arthur Clifford . . .	Edin. and Tixall, nr. Lichfield . . .	1806-9
D. B. Clunie . . .	Berwick . . .	1829
Robert Clutterbuck . . .	Watford, nr. Ldn. . .	1825
Jas. P. Cobbett . . .	Kensington . . .	1824
J. G. Cochrane . . .	30 Soho-square, Ldn. ; and Great Stuart-street, Edin. . .	1826-31
James Cochrane . . .	32 Chester-street, Grosvenor- place, Ldn. . . .	1831
H. Cockburn . . .	14 Charlotte-square, Edin. . .	1828
Robert Cockburn . . .	7 Athol Crescent, Leith. . .	1828-31
Thomas Cockburn . . .	23 Portland-place [? Ldn.] . . .	1815

Edward Codrington .	Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Ldn. . . . .	1827
Francis Cohen (after- wards Sir Francis Pal- grave)	4 Basinghall-street, and 26 Duke-street, Westminster, Ldn. ; and Great Yarmouth	1820-30
J. Payne Collier .	23 Hunter-street, Brunswick- square, Ldn. . . . .	1831
William Collier .	Plymouth . . . . .	1829
Archibald Colquhoun, Lord Advocate	London . . . . .	1808
John C. Colquhoun .	Killermont . . . . .	1822
M. A. Colquhoun .	Crescent [? Edin.] . . . .	1829
Thomas Comber .	Oswaldkirk Rectory, nr. York	1826
Margaret Countess Compton (Marchioness of Northampton)	Castle Ashby ; Saville Row, Ldn. ; Torloisk ; and abroad . . . . .	1815-28
Earl Compton .	3 Parliament-street, Ldn. ; and abroad . . . . .	1816-22
Peter Comyn .	Scotland Lodge, Ireland . . .	1820
Josiah Conder .	Bucklersbury [? Ldn.] . . .	1811
Archibald Constable .	2 Bloomsbury-place, Brighton; Castlebeare Park, Ealing, Middlesex ; Polton House, Polton . . . . .	1818-27
Henry S. Constable .	19 Waterloo-place, Edin. . .	1830
W. H. Cook .	Orger House, Acton, Middlesex	1830
Thomas Cooke .	28 Dale End, Birmingham . .	1816
A. Cooper .	13 New Millman-street, Ldn..	1828-31
J. Fenimore Cooper .	St. Ouen sur Seine, France . .	1827
Dr. E. Copleston .	Oriel College, Oxford . . . .	1824
Miss Marion Corbitt .	23 Brighton-place, Portobello	1827
James Cordiner .	School of Gartly, by Huntly . .	1825
James Corry .	15 Merrion-square, Dublin . .	1825
Miss Louisa Stuart Cos- tello	2 Great Marlbro'-street, and 4 Upper Queen's Buildings, Brompton, London ; and Paris . . . . .	1823-29
Mrs. Coutts ( <i>see</i> Duchess of St. Albans).	Strand, Ldn. . . . .	1818-29
Coutts & Co. .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1830
Duncan Cowan .	16 Sinnot-place, Lower Dorset- street, Dublin . . . . .	1825
Ross Cox .	The Bower, Hampstead . . . .	1809-10
E. Coxe .	Muston, Grantham ; Trow- bridge, Wilts ; and 19 Brewer-street, Golden- square, Ldn. . . . .	1812-22



George Craig . . .	Galashiels . . . . .	1826
J. Gibson Craig . . .	Edinburgh and Riccarton . . .	1831
David Craigie . . .	39 Nicolson-street, Edin. . .	1830
George L. Craik . . .	2 North-parade, Manchester . .	1827
George Cranstoun . . .	George-street, Edin. . . . .	1812-23
Jane Anne Cranstoun (afterwards Countess Purgstall)	Styria, etc. . . . .	1796-99
A. W. Crawford (Scott's Bookbinder)	57 George-street, Edin. . . .	1831
Lord Cringletie ( <i>see</i> James Wolfe Murray).		
John Wilson Croker . .	The Admiralty ; and Ken- sington . . . . .	1810-31
Robert Netley Croker . .	Lisnabrin House, Tallow, Co. Cork . . . . .	1822
Thomas Crofton Croker	The Admiralty . . . . .	1826-27
G. Croly . . . . .	58 Spring Gardens, Charing Cross . . . . .	[1819]
Neil Cross . . . . .	8 India-street, Edin. . . . .	1828
W. Cruden . . . . .	Aberdeen . . . . .	1808
Miss M. G. S. Crumpe.	2 Bury-street, St. James's, Ldn.	1831
Charles James Cruttwell	Bath . . . . .	1830
James Cudlip . . . .	St. John, New Brunswick . . .	1830
J. Cullimore . . . . .	3 Ebenezer-place, Kensington- lane, Ldn. . . . .	1829
Lady Gordon Cum- ming	Altyre, Forres . . . . .	1826-29
Lady Cunliffe . . . .	Acton, nr. Wrexham . . . . .	1815
Allan Cunningham . . .	Eccleston-street, Pimlico ; 27 Lower Belgrave-place, Ldn.	1813-30
J. W. Cunningham . . .	Harrow . . . . .	1815
R. Cunyngham . . . .	1047 Rue Ducale, Brussels . .	1823
Cunninghame-Graham ( <i>see</i> Graham).		
J. A. Curle . . . . .	Melrose . . . . .	1828-29
Dr. J. A. Currie . . . .	Liverpool . . . . .	1800
W. Wallace Currie . . .	Liverpool . . . . .	1813
Sir William Curtis . . .	Ramsgate . . . . .	1822-23
Capt. E. W. Cust . . . .	8 Charles-street, Berkeley- square, Ldn. . . . .	1828
Lady Isabella Cust . . .	Hastings . . . . .	1823 and 1829
W. Cuthill . . . . .	Dalkeith House . . . . .	1813
[Without addresses, etc. : G. W. Chad, 1816 ; Mme. Clémentine Chassenot, 1824 ; C. Chauvet, Manchester, 1825 ; Philip Bonsfield Clegg, Manchester, 1831 ; Baron Constant, 1826 ; Joseph Cook, 1829 ; Henry Cranstoun, 1830 ; Major Cuming, 1824 ; and Mr. Curwen, Carlisle, 1811.]		

## D

Mdle. Jenny Dacquin .	Boulogne, France . . .	1831
Adam Dalgleish .	Excise Office, Perth . . .	1828
Earl of Dalhousie .	Quebec ; London ; Ports- mouth ; Calcutta . . .	1822-30
Earl of Dalkeith .	Dalkeith House ; Boughton House ; Montagu House, Ldn. . . . .	1805-11
Capt. R. H. Dallas .	Dean Lodge, Ealing . . .	1823
Hew Dalrymple .	Carlisle Castle . . .	1830
John D'Alton .	48 Summer Hill, Dublin . .	1830
John Graham Dalyell .	Wallyford . . . . .	1801
Wm. Daniell .	9 Cleveland-street, Fitzroy- square, Ldn. . . . .	1820
Auguste Danican .	76 Brodt Schranngan . . .	1827
Andrew Darling .	1 Primrose-street, Leith . .	1828
R. A. Davenport .	Grove-place, Camberwell . .	1830
Francis H. Davidge .	[Of Maryland, U.S.A.] Edin- burgh . . . . .	1830-31
General Denis Davidoff <sup>1</sup>	Moscow . . . . .	1826-27
Vladimir Davidoff .	42 York-place, Edin. ; and Ashburnham House . . .	1826-28
James Davidson .	Milnholm . . . . .	1829
John Davidson .	Westgatehead, Newcastle . .	1802-17
Thomas Davie .	46 Princes-street, Edin.. . .	1830
Sir Humphry Davy .	Belfast . . . . .	1825
James Davy .	26 Park-street [? Ldn.] . . .	1827
Lady Davy ( <i>see</i> Apreece).		
Robert Dealtry .	Royal Hotel, Dublin . . .	1814
H. W. Deane .	Calcutta . . . . .	1829
Abbé de la Rue .	Caen . . . . .	1817
Peter Demause .	Torrance, by Kirkintilloch . .	1829
J. G. Denevan .	Police Office, Leith . . .	1829
John Denham .	Theatre Royal, Edin. . . .	1830
Alex. Deuchar .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1823
Charles Devonshire .	Devonshire-place, Falmouth . .	1830
Thomas Frognall Dibdin	Kensington ; and 14 Wynd- ham-place, Ldn. . . . .	1809-29
Abercromby Dick .	Calcutta . . . . .	1825
R. K. Dick .	Prestonfield . . . . .	1825
Thomas Lauder Dick ( <i>see</i> Sir Thos. Dick Lauder).		
William Dick .	Tullymet . . . . .	1819-20
Walter Dickson .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1829
Isaac D'Israeli .	6 Bloomsbury-square, Ldn. . .	1821
James Dobie .	Beith . . . . .	1831

<sup>1</sup> The "Black Captain."

Wm. Dobie . . . . .	Lockerbie . . . . .	1813
Benjamin Dockray . . . . .	Lancaster . . . . .	1826
Sir Alexander Don . . . . .	Newton Don ; and Pulteney Hotel . . . . .	1822-23
Hay Donaldson . . . . .	10 Frederick-street, Edin. ; and Sunnylands . . . . .	1816-22
Mrs. Catherine Anne Dorset . . . . .	West-street, Brighton . . . . .	1824
Lady Ann Douglas . . . . .	17 Montague -street, Portman- square, Ldn. . . . .	[?1829]
Frances, Lady Douglas . . . . .	Bothwell Castle ; Dalkeith House ; The Largs ; and Bruton-street, Ldn. . . . .	1802-9
Sir Howard Douglas . . . . .	Farnham ; Passy ; 15 Caven- dish-square and 17 Mon- tague-street, Portman- square, Ldn. . . . .	1817-30
James Douglas . . . . .	Bothwell Castle, Hamilton . . . . .	1827-28
R. K. Douglas . . . . .	28 King-street, Covent Garden . . . . .	1827
Dr. Robert Douglas . . . . .	Galashiels . . . . .	1811
Rev. Antony Dow . . . . .	Irongray . . . . .	1830
M. Dowdeswell . . . . .	Pall Court, nr. Tewkesbury . . . . .	1810
Kaye Dowland . . . . .	Nottingham . . . . .	1827
The Marquis of Down- shire . . . . .	London . . . . .	1798
Henry A. Driver . . . . .	3 Felix Cottages, Liverpool- road, Islington . . . . .	1830
Bishop of Dromore ( <i>see</i> Thomas Percy) . . . . .		
H. Home Drummond . . . . .	Princes-street [? Edinburgh] . . . . .	1812
Thomas Dryden . . . . .	Rosebank, Selkirk . . . . .	1831
Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Wm. Magee) . . . . .		1825
Prof. A. Ducastel . . . . .	Beauvais, France . . . . .	1829
Lord Dudley . . . . .	Arlington-street, Ldn. . . . .	1827
Adam Duff . . . . .	Charlotte-square, Edin. . . . .	1829
		and 1830
General Alexander Duff . . . . .	Easter Warriston . . . . .	1823
Miss S. Dumergue . . . . .	Paris and London . . . . .	1821-25
Mrs. E. Dundas . . . . .	Arniston ; and Admiralty . . . . .	1815-16
Henry Dundas ( <i>see</i> Melville) . . . . .		
M. Stuart Dundas . . . . .	21 Lower Grosvenor-street, Ldn. . . . .	1821 and 1829
Sir Robert Dundas . . . . .	Manchester-square and Hert- ford-street, Ldn. ; Dunira, Comrie, Crieff ; and Edin. . . . .	1806-30
William Dundas . . . . .	War Office and 6 Grosvenor- street, Ldn. ; and Arniston . . . . .	1805-31

John Dunlevie . . .	Geneva . . . . .	1827
John Dunlop . . .	59 George-street, Edin.. .	1816
Dr. Wm. Dunlop . .	Glasgow . . . . .	1808-9
Father Joseph Dunn .	Preston . . . . .	1823-24
Rev. Thomas Durant .	Poole, Dorset . . . . .	1831
James Dusautoy . .	Petersfield . . . . .	1811
Alexander Dyce . .	9 Gray's Inn Square, Ldn. .	1830-31
[Without addresses, etc. : J. Daveezac de Castera Maiaya, U.S.A., 1819 ; Mr. Davison of Alnwick, 1831 ; [? Jeannet] Desjardins, 1831 ; Will Dickson, 1819 ; Baron d'Hausseg, 1830 ; Edwd. Drummond, Ldn., 1831 ; Lillias Dundas, 69 Queen's-street, 1826 ; C. Dupin, Ldn., 1821-24.]		

## E

Thomas Eagles . . .	Langton Court, nr. Bristol . .	1811
James Eastbrom . .	New York . . . . .	1820
Mrs. C. A. Eaton . .	Kelton Hall, Stamford . . .	1831
Alexandrine des Eche- rolles . . . . .	Kirchheim unter Teck en Württemberg . . . . .	1828
John Eckford . . .	10 Southampton Crescent, Somers Town, and 16 Frederick-place, Hampton- road, Ldn. . . . .	1824-29 <sup>1</sup>
Miss Edgar . . . .	12 Buccleuch-place, Edin. . .	1831
Miss Maria Edgeworth	Edgeworths Town ; Black Castle, Navan ; 32 Aber- crombie-place, Edin. ; etc..	1811-30
Richard Lovell Edge- worth . . . . .	Edgeworths Town ; and 15 Baggot-street, Dublin . . .	1812-15
William Edgeworth . .	Stockton-on-Tees . . . . .	1824
Sir A. Edmonstone . .	8 Maitland-street, Edin. . .	1828
James Elder . . . .	Alnwick . . . . .	1827
The Earl of Elgin (7th Earl) . . . . .	Broom Hall, by Inverkeithing	1824-31
Henry Elliott . . .	57 Devonshire-street, Portland- place, Ldn. . . . .	1827
Hon. John Elliot . .	Eildon Hall . . . . .	1825
Mrs. Anne Ellis . . .	Leatherhead ; the Cottage, Inverness . . . . .	1815 and 1827
George Ellis . . . .	Sunning Hill ; Claremont ; Gloucester Lodge ; 66 Wim- pole-street, and 45 Portland- place, Ldn. ; etc. . . . .	1801-13
Henry Ellis . . . .	59 Welbeck-street, Ldn..	1822 and 1827

<sup>1</sup> Including much other legal correspondence respecting Eckford's Peerage Claim.

James Ellis . . .	Otterbourne Castle . . .	1812-19
John Ellis . . .	Wootton, Stratford-on-Avon . . .	1831
Robert Elliston . . .	Book Establishment, Bristol . . .	1811
Mountstuart Elphin- stone	Bombay . . .	1823 and 1826
Stephen Allan Elrington	6 James's-st., Baggot-street, Dublin . . .	1825
John Elton . . .	Abington . . .	1818
Otto Ende . . .	Dresden . . .	1826
John Enschedé & Sons	Harlem . . .	1829
The Earl of Errol . . .	Hains Castle . . .	1822
Charles Erskine . . .	Melrose . . .	1821-25
Miss C. Erskine . . .	Melrose . . .	1825
Capt. David Erskine . . .	Dryburgh . . .	1824
Miss Jane Erskine . . .	Killermont, Glasgow . . .	1831
William Erskine ( <i>see</i> Lord Kinnedder).		
R. Mannsell Evans . . .	Ash Hill, Killmallock, Ireland . . .	1829
Prof. Edward Everett . . .	Cambridge, New England . . .	1818-20
[Without addresses, etc. : Dr. A. [?] Edmonstone, Lerwick, 1831 ; Mary Anne and William Erskine, c. 1796 ; Everlöf, 1831.]		

## F

Baron de Fahrenberg . . .	Carlsruhe . . .	1830
William Fair . . .	Jedburgh . . .	1821
Thomas Falconer . . .	Bath . . .	1814
Robert Falkner . . .	Blair-street, Edin. . .	1831
Lieut.-Gen. H. Fane . . .	Avon Ringwood . . .	1827
Monsieur A. de Faucon- pret	Edinburgh . . .	1827
Mrs. Maria D. Fawsett	Fulneck, nr. Leeds ; 32 Northumberland-street, Not- tingham-place, Ldn. . .	1814-18
Prof. Thomas Feater . . .	Lorient, Dt du Morbihan, France . . .	1829
A. Andersen Feldborg . . .	Hull . . .	1822
Sir Adam Ferguson . . .	Government House, St. Heliers, Jersey ; Gattonside House ; Tinwald House ; and Hunt- lyburn . . .	1807-26
The Misses - Isabella, Mary and Margaret Ferguson	Huntlyburn . . .	1826
James Ferguson . . .	6 Drummond-place, Edin. . .	1831
Capt. John Ferguson . . .	Edinburgh . . .	1810-29
Adam Ferrie . . .	Glasgow . . .	1828
Baron Field . . .	Liverpool . . .	1827

The Earl of Fife (4th Earl)	Edinburgh . . . . .	1817 and 1825
Alex. Finlay . . . . .	Castlemains by Douglas . . . . .	1831
John Finlay . . . . .	Glasgow College . . . . .	1803-6
H. Fisher, Son & Co. . . . .	38 Newgate-street, Ldn. . . . .	1828
Wm. Thos. Fitzgerald . . . . .	Dudley Grove, Paddington Green, Ldn. . . . .	1827
Edward John Fitzsimons . . . . .	39 Mary-street, Dublin . . . . .	1824
H. P. Fleetwood . . . . .	Preston . . . . .	1831
J. P. Fleming . . . . .	George-street, Glasgow . . . . .	1811
Thomas Fleming . . . . .	31 South Bridge, Edin. . . . .	1831
Mrs. Eliza Fletcher . . . . .	11 Queen-street, Edin. . . . .	1830
Miss Eliza Flower . . . . .	9 Stamford Grove, Upper Clapton, nr. Ldn. . . . .	1828 and 1831
Lord Forbes . . . . .	Dublin . . . . .	1813
George Forbes . . . . .	West Coates, Edin. . . . .	1830
John Hay Forbes ( <i>see</i> Lord Medwyn).		
Will Ford . . . . .	3 King-street, Manchester ; and 10 George-street, Edin. . . . .	1827 and 1829
A. Dingwall Fordyce . . . . .	Mill Burn Cottage, Aberdeen. . . . .	1830
Richard Forster . . . . .	10 Richmond Buildings, Dean-street, Soho-square, Ldn. . . . .	1815
Miss M. Fortescue . . . . .	Cameron, Windygates, Fife . . . . .	1818
Margaret Foulis . . . . .	1 Parnell-place, Dublin . . . . .	1824
Colonel Franklin . . . . .	33 Regent-terrace, Edin. . . . .	[? 1929]
Mrs. Jane Fraser . . . . .	3 Montague-street, Portland-square, Ldn. . . . .	1828
Vice-Admiral Alex. Fraser . . . . .	Portobello . . . . .	1827
L. Fraser . . . . .	Trainfield Cottage, and Seabank House, and Muirfield, and Rose-street, Inverness . . . . .	1817-25
Sir Francis Freeling . . . . .	General Post Office, London . . . . .	1811-31
Colonel P. Fyers . . . . .	29 St. Bernard's Crescent [? Edin.] . . . . .	1829
[Without addresses, etc. : Mrs. Fenton, Manchester, 1830 ; Samuel Fleming, London, 1831 ; James [?] Forman, Edinburgh, 1822 ; Johan David Frœlich, 1826.]		

## G

Princess Galitzen . . . . .	Rue de Verneuil, Paris . . . . .	1826
M. Gallois . . . . .	16 Rue d'Anjou, St. Honoré, Paris . . . . .	1827
John Galt . . . . .	44 Weymouth-street, Portland-place, etc., Ldn. . . . .	1812-14
E. Gaudy . . . . .	Somerset-place, Ldn. . . . .	1829

Sir Robert Gardiner	. St. James's Park, Ldn.	. . . 1813
William Gardiner	. Leicester	. . . 1811 and 1812
G. Gardner	. 13 Ann-street, St. Bernard	. . . 1830
Louisa Gardner	. White House, Hornchurch, Essex	. . . 1827
John Getty	. Ballytresna ; Cullybackey ; Randalstown ; and Neills- brook, Ireland	. . . 1813-17
John Gibson, Jun. <sup>1</sup>	. 10 Charlotte-street, Edin.	. . . 1822-31
Wm. Gifford	. James-street, Buckingham Gate, Ldn.	. . . 1808-24
Denis Gilbert	. London	. . . 1820 and 1824
George H. Gilchrist	. Newcastle-upon-Tyne	. . . 1830
Octavius Gilchrist	. Stamford	. . . 1807-8
R. P. Gillies	. Balmakewan, by Brechin ; 32 Great King-street, Edin. ; 46 Connaught-square, Ldn. ; etc.	. . . 1812-29
W. S. Gilly	. Durham College ; and Stow	. . . 1827 and 1831
David Gladstone	. Liverpool	. . . 1830
G. R. Gleig	. Ash, nr. Wingham, Kent	. . . 1830
William Glen	. Glasgow	. . . 1813
Lady Glenbervie	. Kensington Palace	. . . 1811
Lord Glenbervie	. London ; Bath ; Brighton ; and New Forest	. . . 1809-11
John Thomas Glendon	. H.M. Scoop "Rattler," Yar- mouth Roads, I.O.W.	. . . 1810
William Godwin	. 195 Strand, and 44 Gower- place, Bedford-square, Ldn.	. . . 1824-31
J. W. von Goethe	. Weimar	. . . 1827
[Mrs. Goldie] <sup>2</sup>	. [Neither name nor address given]	. . . 1817
Miss Goldie	. Manse of Troqueer, Kirkcud- bright, Summerhill	. . . 1827 and 1829
J. Gomperz	. 45 Ebury-place, Belgrave- square, Ldn.	. . . 1830
Thomas Goodlake	. Benhams, nr. Wantage	. . . 1828
The Duchess of Gordon	. Woburn ; and Gordon Castle	. . . 1803-5
The Duke of Gordon (5th Duke)	. Gordon Castle	. . . 1826
George Huntly Gordon	. Macduff, Banff ; and The Treasury, Ldn.	. . . 1822-29
James Gordon	. 26 Clyde-street, Edin.	. . . 1824
James Adam Gordon	. Taunton, Somerset	. . . 1831

<sup>1</sup> One of Sir Walter's Trustees.<sup>2</sup> Who, in this letter, told Scott the story of Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans (see pp. 110 and 243).

Joseph Gordon . . .	28 London-street, Edin. . .	1828
Pryce L. Gordon . . .	1039 Rue Ducale, Bruxelles . .	1829
Lord William Gordon . .	Green Park Lodge . . .	1813
Montague Gore . . .	8 Mount-street, Berkeley-square, Ldn. . . .	1831
Charles Gosselin . . .	9 Rue St. Germain, Paris . . .	1829
Nathaniel Gow . . .	2 Hanover-street, Ldn. . . .	1823
Hugh Armstrong Graeme	Calcutta . . . . .	1820
Robert Graeme . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1812
Alexander Graham . .	Berwick . . . . .	1823
G. F. Graham . . .	3 South Frederick-street, and 4 Hailes-street, Edin.. . .	1810-31
Rev. John Graham . .	Portglenone, and Lifford, and Magilligan Glebe, nr. New- town, Ireland . . . .	1817-28
Rev. Patrick Graham .	Manse of Aberfoyle . . . .	1829 and 1830
W. C. Cunninghame Graham	Gartmore . . . . .	1811
James Grahame . . .	Annan . . . . .	1810
Charles Grandison . .	The College, Edin. . . .	1830
Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan	2 Heriot-row, and 101 Princes- street, Edin. ; Mount Cyrus nr. Montrose . . . .	1811-28
Mrs. Beatrice Grant .	Auchterblair, nr. Grantown, Strathspey . . . . .	1814-15
Francis William Grant.	Castle Grant . . . . .	1820
James Grant . . .	Editor, "Elgin Courier" . . .	1830
James Francis Grant .	Mount Pleasant, Guildford, Surrey . . . . .	1818
Mrs. Mary Ann Grant	Military Barracks, Gosport . .	1811
Robert Grant . . .	Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn .	1820
Lieut. Wm. Grant . .	Lakefield Glen, Urquhart, In- verness . . . . .	1830
T. C. Gratton . . .	Brussels . . . . .	1830
Lord Gray . . . .	Kinfauns Castle . . . . .	1818-28
Charles Gray of Carse .	Prospect Buildings, Edin. . .	1826
Rev. Robert Gray . .	Rectory, Bishop Wearmouth . .	1812
Mrs. Christiana Green- wood	30 Baker-street, Portman- square, Ldn. . . . .	1806
M. Gregoire . . . .	12 Rue St. George's, Lyon . .	1828
John Gregorson . . .	Arbroath . . . . .	1829 and 1830
Mrs. Catherine Elina Gregory	St. Omer's . . . . .	1819
Dr. Gregory . . . .	10 Ainslie-place, Edin. . . .	1830
Donald Gregory . . .	10 Ainslie-place, Edin. . . .	1830-31
John Greig . . . .	1 Upper-street, Islington Green	1815-16



Wm. Grierson . . .	Dumfries . . .	1814 and 1816
Jacob Grimm . . .	Cassel ; and Paris . . .	1814
Gilbert Grindley . . .	East Glass Mount, by Kinghorn . . .	1825
Thomas Grinfield . . .	14 Richmond-terrace, Clifton, Bristol . . .	1815
Alex. G. Groat . . .	12 Hart-street, Edin. . .	1831
M. Grosselin . . .	Paris . . .	1827
Hans Heinrich Gunneris	Frederikshald, Norge . . .	1825
Lady Gwydyr . . .	Brighton . . .	1822
[Without addresses, etc. : Louis Giddy, Ldn., 1808-15 ; Mr. Giffard, 7 Phillimore-place, Kensington, 1828 ; George Gillespie, 1830 ; Charles Grant, Ldn., 1822 ; Mary Gray, 1820 ; S. Gray, War Office, 1825 ; Charles Greenwood, Craig's Court, 1822 ; and J. H. Grese, 1806.]		

## H

Lord Haddington . . .	Tynningham ; Edin. and Ldn. . .	1821-29
Thomas Haddon . . .	Douglas . . .	1831
Mrs. Wilhelmina Haining	16 Leith-street, Edin. . .	1825
Basil Hall . . .	Dunglass ; Wellfield Kinross, Bulstrode Park, Gerrard's Cross ; Athenæum Club, Ldn. ; etc. . .	1819-31
James Hall . . .	128 George-street, Edin. . .	1830
Andrew Halliday . . .	Hampton Court . . .	1829
John Halkett . . .	Cupar-Angus . . .	1821
Charles Halkett (for the	Heritors of Dunfermline) . . .	1822
George Hall (Provost, Trin. Coll.)	Provost's House, Dublin . . .	1808
Henry Wait Hall . . .	Bristol . . .	1828
Samuel Carter Hall . . .	59 Sloane-street, Ldn. . .	1830
Walter Hall . . .	12 Sergeants' Inn, Ldn. . .	1820
Thomas Halls . . .	24 Old-square, Lincoln's Inn, Ldn. . .	1818
Etienne Hamel . . .	Tamworth . . .	1829
James Hamilton . . .	Dusseldorf, Prussia . . .	1830
John Hamilton . . .	Coldingham . . .	1831
Lady Dalrymple-Hamilton	North Berwick . . .	1827
Lady Anne Hamilton . . .	Hamilton ; 19 Henrietta-street, Ldn. ; and Paris . . .	1802-23
Charles William Hamilton	37 Dominick-street, Dublin . . .	1829
Mrs. E. Hamilton . . .	114 George-street [? Edin.] . . .	1815
John Hamilton, school-master	Coldingham . . .	1831

Josh. H. Hamilton	. Annandale Cottage, Phillips-	
	burgh-avenue, Dublin	1826
William Hamper	. Highgate, nr. Birmingham ;	
	and 43 Leicester-square, Ldn.	1826-30
Edwin Hill Handley	. Gray's Inn, Ldn.	1830
Thomas Handley	. 19 Winchester-place, Penton-	
	ville	1826-28
Robert Hannay	. 18 Queen's-street, and 34	
	India-place, Edin.	1822 and 1830
Marianne Hansen	. Ohrfeld in Lande Angelu in	
	Herzogthum Schleswig	1822
Wm. Vernon Harcourt	. Yorkshire Museum, Yorks	1831
Joseph Harding	. 4 Pall Mall East, Ldn.	1828-30
Rev. John Hardy	. Glebe House, Kilcullen, Ire-	
	land	1825
J. M. Hare	. 1 Holborn Bars, Ldn.	1829
Charles Joseph Harford	. Stapleton, nr. Bristol	1822
John S. Harford	. Blain Castle	1824
George Harper	. Sydney, New South Wales	1821-23
T. Harral	. 24 Clarendon-square, Ldn.	1829
Matthew Weld Harts-	. Molesworth-street, Dublin ;	
tonge	Isle of Cove, Cork ; etc.	1810-25
Lieut.-Col. V. H. Hast-	. Bothwell Castle ; and Glasgow	1813-26
ings		
J. Hatchard	. 190 Piccadilly	1812
J. W. Hatfield	. 23 Lemon-street, Truro	1825
A. W. Hay	. Dover-street [? Ldn.]	1829
Daniel R. Hay	. Selkirk	1823
Sir John Hay	. Edinburgh and Duddingston	
	House	1824-31
John Hay	. Peebles	1822
M. A. Drummond Hay	. Hadleigh, Suffolk ; and Edin.	
		1828 and 1829
R. A. Hay	. Admiralty and Downing-street,	
	Ldn.	1818-26
Benjamin Robert Haydon	. St. John's-place, Lisson Grove	
	North, and King's Bench	
	Prison, and 8 Philpot Terr,	
	Edgware-road, and 58 Con-	
	naught Terr, and 4 Burwood-	
	place, Connaught-terrace,	
	Ldn.	1821-31
William Hayley	. Felpham, nr. Chichester ;	
	Derby ; etc.	1805-16
Miss A. Hayman (for	. Montague House, Blackheath,	
Princess Caroline ;	Ldn. ; Wrexham ; and	
and also herself)	Kensington Palace	1806-10

Charles Hayter . . .	14 Buckingham-street, Fitzroy-square, Ldn. . . . .	1827
Michael Heavisides . .	Blackett-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne . . . . .	1824
Bishop Heber . . .	Hodnet Hall, nr. Shrewsbury. . . . .	1819
Richard Heber . . .	Darlington ; Westminster, Ldn. ; and Hodnet Hall . . . . .	1800-24
Austin Hedley . . .	Kirk Whelpington Vicarage . . . . .	1817
Mrs. Felicia Hemans . .	Millburn Tower, Edin.. . . .	1830
[? Alex.] Henderson (Baillie)	Edinburgh ; and 25 Rupert-street, Ldn. . . . .	1822-27
Andrew Henderson . .	Selkirk . . . . .	1820
Rev. James Henderson	Berwick . . . . .	1823
Marie de Zernais de Henefeld	1 Weymouth-street, Portland-place, Ldn. . . . .	1820
John Henning . . .	35 Lower Thornhaugh-street, Bedford-square, and 17 Lower Belgrave-place, Pimlico, Ldn. . . . .	1822 and 1830
F. A. Henry . . .	Prefecture de Maine and Loire, Angers . . . . .	1826
Cecilia Maria Henslow	Union-road, New Town, Cambridge . . . . .	1826
Major-Gen. Francis Hepburn	Paris . . . . .	1815
Robert Hepburn . .	Merchieston House, Fountain-bridge . . . . .	1823
J. Stewart Hepbourne .	Colquhabyn . . . . .	1828
The Marquis of Hertford (2nd Marquis)	Ragley, Warwickshire . . . . .	1813
W. M. Hetherington . .	74 George-street, Edin.. . . .	1830
Alexander Hewit . . .	St. Boswells . . . . .	1823
Dr. Samuel Hibbert . .	Wharton-place, Edin. . . . .	1825
J. Hichlin . . .	"Journal" Offices, Nottingham . . . . .	1831
Daniel Banfield Hickie.	Round Tower, Dublin Castle . . . . .	1819
Charles Hill . . .	St. John's, nr. Enniscorthy . . . . .	1825
W. Hill . . .	2 Picardy-place, Edin. . . . .	1831
H. Hobhouse . . .	Whitehall, Ldn. . . . .	1821
John Cam Hobhouse . .	Whitton Park, Hounslow ; and 6 Albany, Ldn. . . . .	1826-28
George Hogarth . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1830
James Hogg . . .	Ettrickhouse ; Craig Douglas ; Mitchell Slack ; Blackhouse ; Locherben by Thornhill ; Ettrick Banks ; Deanhaugh ; Altrive Lake ; Mount Benger ; and Gabriel's-road, Edin. . . . .	1801-30

Walter Hogg . . .	Edinburgh and Selkirk . . .	1823-27
Wm. Holder . . .	Saltcoats [Ayrshire] . . .	1830
Miss Margaret Holford	Bryanston-square, Ldn. . .	1825
David Home . . .	Haddington's Court, Canon- gate, and Grangeside House, Causewayside, Edin. . .	1823-31
George Home . . .	Paxton, Berwick . . .	1813
John Home <sup>1</sup> . . .	[No address] . . .	1805
John Home . . .	10 Charlotte-street, Edin. . .	1830
Abiel Holmes . . .	Corres. Sec. Massachusetts Hist. Soc., Cambridge, Mass. . . . .	1822
Mary, Lady Hood . .	37 Minfield-street, and Wim- pole-street, and 12 Gros- venor-street, and 22 Upper Grosvenor-street, Ldn.; Bom- bay; etc. . . . .	1809-15
Thomas Hood . . .	2 Robert-street, Adelphi . . .	1827 and 1829
Admiral Sir Samuel Hood	Ceylon . . . . .	1814
Theodore E. Hook . .	Kentish Town, nr. Ldn. . .	1820
Charles Hope (Lord Granton)	Granton, near Edin. . . .	1818-30
James Hope, Jun. . .	15 Charlotte-street, Edin. . .	1831
John Hope . . .	Tynningham, Dunbar; 77 Queen-street, Edin. . . .	1821-30
Charles E. Horn. . .	2 Great Marlborough-street, Ldn. . . . .	1827
Will Horn . . .	Falkirk . . . . .	1831
D. Horne . . .	34 St. Andrew-square, Edin. . .	1827
Leonard Horner. . .	8 Lauriston-lane, Edin. . .	1825
Richard Hotchkis . .	22 Duke-street, Ldn. . . .	1813
John Houtson . . .	10 Oldham-street, Manchester 1816 and 1824.	
H. Howard . . .	Corby Hall . . . . .	1806
J. B. Howell . . .	16 Abingdon-street, Ldn. . .	1812
William Howieson . .	Edinburgh; Clydegrove . .	1806-12
Wm. Howitt . . .	Nottingham . . . . .	1830
W. Huband . . .	11 Fitzwilliam-square, North Dublin . . . . .	1826
Christopher Hughes . .	Brussels . . . . .	1828
J. Hughes . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1831
John Hughes . . .	Nether Hill, Bury St. Ed- munds; Uffington, nr. Faringdon . . . . .	1824-30

<sup>1</sup> Author of *Douglas*. Endorsed by Scott—"Autograph of John Home, author of *Douglas*."

Mrs. Mary Anne Hughes	Amen Corner, Ldn. ; Uffington, Farringdon ; etc.	1807-31
Dr. Thomas Hughes	Amen Corner	1828
Mrs. Thomas Hughes	The Rectory, Machynlleth	1829
Edward Hull	Donaghadee	1815
J. D. Hull	Antrim	1831
David Hume	Ninewells ; and Edinburgh	1811-13
Joseph Hume	Ninewells	1821-29
S. Humphreys	Morden, Surrey	1828
Aubrey de Vere Hunt	Mount Trenchard, Shanagolden, Ireland	1815
G. Hunter	34 Dublin-street, Edin.	1823
John Hunter	Sisterpath	1816
Richard Hunter	Infirmity-street, Edin.	1831
Edward Huntington	Banks of the Mohawk, Schenectady, N.Y.	1810
The Marchioness of Huntly	Huntly Lodge	1825
Catherine Hutton	Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham	1830
Major H. Hutton	Peebles ; Dover ; and Woolwich	1800-2
Major Thomas Huxley	9 Pantion-square, and 13 Oxenden-street, Leicester-square, Ldn. ; and Quebec	1822-24
[Without addresses, etc. : James Haig, 1823 ; John Haining, 1825 ; David Haliburton, 1825 ; Hallyburton of Dalmahoy, 1830 ; Miss Hamer, Ldn., 1830 ; Hanshall, Reading ; Rowland Hart, Ldn., 1828 ; Miss A. Hay, 1815 ; Charles Heath, Ldn., 1829 ; James Heath, 1812 ; D. Herd, 1805 ; E. Hill, Dublin ; S. Hodgson, Orchard-street, 1815 ; Lord Holland, 1823 ; Home, 1830 ; M. I. Horne, East India House, 1829 ; Lieut.-Col. Howard, Jersey, 1825 ; W. Howells, 1830 ; John Howie, Glasgow, 1829.]		

## I

David Inglis	Marden Park, Godstone	1828
Sir Robt. Harry Inglis	Manchester Buildings, Westminster	1813-31
Mrs. Catherine Innes	Kelso	1831
James Innes	Bedrule	1828
William Innes	64 N. Frederick-street	1830
David Irvine	Advocates' Library, Edin.	1831
Hugh Irvine	Aberdeen and Edinburgh	1812 and 1825
Alexander Irvine	Heriot-row, Edin.	1831
Washington Irving	Hawick and London	1817-20
Miss Sarah Isdell	16 Lower Gardener-street, Dublin	1825

Alexandre Ismailoff .	(Vice-Governor of Archangel)	1828
Count G. Itterburg .	(For the Prince Royal of Sweden)	1819

## J

L. Jackson (Author of <i>Ahab</i> )	London Dock . . . .	1825
G. P. R. James . . .	12 George-street, Hanover-square, Ldn. ; and Chateau du Buisson, Garumbourg, Evreux. . . . .	1828-30
M. Jameson . . . .	Town Clerk's Office, Berwick	1825
Dr. John Jamieson . .	4 George-square, Edin..	1822-28
Robert Jamieson . . .	Adlington Hall, nr. Macclesfield ; Kingston, Surrey ; Riga ; and Edin. . . .	1804-21
A. J. Jardine . . . .	Cape Town, Southern Africa.	1827
Henry Jardine . . . .	Exchequer Chambers, Edin. .	1830
Robert Jardine . . .	Girvan, Ayrshire . . . .	1829
Nicol Jarvie <sup>1</sup> . . . .	Salon de Lecture, 17 Rue de Paix, Paris . . . . .	
Francis Lord Jeffrey .	Edinburgh ; and Craigcrook.	1805-26
W. Jerdan . . . . .	Editor, "The Sun," Strand, Ldn. . . . .	1815
Joseph Jessop . . . .	Butterley Hall, Butterley, Derby . . . . .	1825-30
T. Johnes . . . . .	Hafod . . . . .	1805
H. C. Mitchell Johns .	Melrose . . . . .	1817
James Johnson . . . .	Kendal . . . . .	1826
Jas. F. W. Johnson . .	Brighton Crescent, Portobello	1831
Mrs. Jean Johnson . .	2 Drummond-street, Edin. .	1825-30
Mrs. Mary Johnston . .	Custom House, Berwick . .	1823
Miss Hope Johnstone .	Pavilion, Brighton ; and 1 Portman-square . . . . .	1831
James Johnstone . . .	Alva ; Edin. ; and Buxton .	1830-31
James John Johnstone .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1827
Major Richard Henry Jolson	United Service Club, Regent-street, Ldn. . . . .	1827
Dr. Richard Phillips Jones	Denbigh, North Wales . . .	1828
Thomas Jordan . . . .	College of Edinburgh . . .	1819
A. Cochrane Johnstone	26 Rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré, Paris . . . . .	1827
Mrs. Mary I. Jourdan .	64 Union-street, Aberdeen .	1831
Henry Joy . . . . .	Donegall-street, Belfast . .	1830
[Without addresses, etc. : Baillie Johnston, Edin., 1817 and 1830 ; G. Jackson, 1806 and 1848.]		

<sup>1</sup> A pseudonym, of course.

## K

Christian Gottlieb Kayser	Leipzig . . . . .	1826
Thomas Keightley	11 Chenies-street, Bedford-square . . . . .	1830
Mrs. A. Murray Keith	Dun ; Bulennes ; and Queen-street, Edin. . . . .	1810-14
Sir Alexander Keith	Ravelston . . . . .	1823-25
The Earl of Kellie	Cambo . . . . .	1822
H. Kelly	11 South St. Andrew-street [? Edin.] . . . . .	1827
John P. Kemble	89 Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury-square, Ldn. . . . .	1811-14
Alex. Kemp	173 White Cross-street, St. Lukes, Ldn. . . . .	1823
John Bellenden Ker	8 Old-square, Lincoln's Inn . . . . .	1829
Charles Kerr	Peel Town, I. of M. ; Carlisle ; Kendal ; London ; Whitehaven ; Greenock ; Kingston and Spanish Town (Jamaica) ; Abbotrule ; Sunderland ; Whitchurch, Salop ; Dublin . . . . .	1789-1800
James Lee Kerr	404 Castle Hill, Edin. . . . .	1827
John Kerr	15 Blytheswood-place, Glasgow . . . . .	1828-29
Patrick Kerr	H.M.S. Liffey . . . . .	1822
Robert Kerr	Sunlaws . . . . .	1818
William Kerr	Bolton Manse, nr. Haddington . . . . .	1825
Dr. William Kerr	Northampton . . . . .	1820
George R. Kinloch	11 Grove-street, Edin. . . . .	1827-31
Mary C. Kinnear	Brown's Hill, Fayette County, U.S.A. . . . .	1831
Thomas Kinnear	2 Charlotte-row, Mansion House, Ldn. . . . .	1824-29
Lord Kinnedder (Wm. Erskine)	Edinburgh . . . . .	1811-2
W. Kitchiner	43 Warren-street, London . . . . .	1822
Miss H. Kitching	22 Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, Ldn. . . . .	1824
Anne Knight	Chelmsford . . . . .	1830
Sir William Knighton <sup>1</sup>	Carlton Palace ; Windsor Castle ; and London. . . . .	1816-30
Eben. Knox	Sydney, New South Wales . . . . .	1819-21

<sup>1</sup> Wrote on behalf of George IV ; and also himself.

William Knox	Orchard Cottage, nr. Hawick ; and 5 Moray-street, Leith Walk	1818-22
Samuel Kyle	Provost House, Dublin	1825

## L

George Laidlaw	Knockfin	1817-28
Mrs. Margaret Laidlaw	Peel	1815
William Laidlaw	Blackhouse ; Kaeside ; White- hope ; and Abbotsford	1802-30
T. T. Laine	Affaires Étrangères, Consulat de France en Ecosse, Edin.	1829
Alex. Laing	Brechin	1828
David Laing	Edinburgh	1824-31
M. William Laing	Edinburgh	1815
Monsieur Lally-Tolendal	8 Grande rue Verte, Paris	1826
Charles Lamb	East India House, Ldn.	1822
Norman Lamont	Crown Hotel, Princes-street, Edin.	1831
Edwin Landseer	St. John's Wood, Ldn.	1828
John Landseer	8 Southampton-street, Fitzroy- square, Ldn.	1828
Rev. Charles Lane	1 Atholl Crescent, Edin.	1830
Andrew Lang (Sheriff- clerk)	Selkirk	1824-29
Samuel Daly Lanktree	College-square West, Belfast	1830
Dr. Dionysius Lardner	33 Percy-street, and 30 Upper Gower-street, and Royal Chambers, 8 St. James's- square, Ldn.	1829-30
The Baron Larrey	London	1826
Sir Thomas Dick Lauder	Relugas, nr. Forres	1817-31
Sir Peter Laurie	Cornwall-terrace, Regent's Park	1823
Lewis Law	Ship Peggy, Cove of Cork	1796
Sir Thomas Lawrence	Russell-square, Ldn.	1827
John Lawson	Edinburgh	1807
Mrs. Jemima Layton	Bailiff Gate, Alnwick ; Great Gransdon, Hunts	1814-17
Miss Jane Leach	Spitchurch Park	1819
Mary Leadbeater	Ballitore, Ireland	1811
Monsieur Lebrun (French poet)	Edinburgh	1825
John Lee	St. Andrews	1816
John M. Leighton	102 Stockwell-street, Glasgow	1828
E. Lemare	18 Wood-lane, Glasgow	1825



Sir John Leslie . . .	122 Strand, Ldn. ; and Queen-street, Edin. . . . .	1813-27
Sir Thomas Lethbridge	2 Whitehall-place, Ldn. . . . .	1828
Earl of Leven and Melville	Melville . . . . .	1808
Lord Francis Leveson-Gower	12 Albemarle-street, and Irish Office, Ldn. ; and Phoenix Park, Dublin . . . . .	1827-31
Le Duc de Levis . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1828
Matthew Gregory Lewis	London ; Welwyn ; Leatherhead ; and Inverary Castle	1798-1807
M. G. Lewis (not the above)	8 Bernard-street, Russell-square, Ldn. . . . .	1823
Hugh Leycester . . .	New-street, Spring Garden, Ldn. . . . .	1827
John Leyden . . . .	Edinburgh ; 43 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, Ldn. ; and Calcutta . . . . .	1801-11
Robert Leyden . . .	Cavers Douglas ; Denholm Dean ; and Minto . . . . .	1810-13
William Liddiard . .	16 Pulteney-street, Bath . . . . .	1829
Lord Lilford . . . .	[No address] . . . . .	1817
Miss Anne K. Lindsay	Balcarres . . . . .	1823
Hon. Mrs. C. Lindsay	Balcarres . . . . .	1818
Hon. James Lindsay .	14 Berkeley-street, Ldn. ; and Balcarres . . . . .	1825-31
Earl of Liverpool . .	Fife House . . . . .	1822-24
Andrew Livingston .	Airds, by Castle Douglas ; and 44 Adelphi-street, Hutchesontown, Glasgow . . . . .	1806-19
Edward Livingston (of Louisiana)	Montgomery House, State of New York . . . . .	1829
William Lizars . . .	3 St. James's-square, Edin. . . . .	1814 and 1830
E. Llandaff (Bishop of Llandaff)	Offwell, nr. Honiton ; and Deanery, St. Paul's . . . . .	1829
H. E. Lloyd . . . .	22 Queen-street, Cheapside, Ldn. . . . .	1825
Mary Ann Lloyd . .	36 Broadnall, Christ Church, Surrey . . . . .	1829
James Loch . . . .	Dunrobin Castle ; and Castle Howard . . . . .	1822-29
John Loch . . . .	East India House ; and House of Commons . . . . .	1828 and 1829
Edward Hawke Locker	"Caledonia off Toulon" ; Windsor Cloisters ; and Greenwich Hospital . . . . .	1812-30

Mrs. C. Sophia Lockhart <sup>1</sup>	25 Pall Mall ; Wimbledon Common ; and 24 Sussex-place, London . . . . .	1826-28
John Gibson Lockhart .	23 Maitland-street, and 49 Great King-street, Edin. ; Germistoun ; 25 Pall Mall, and 24 Sussex-place, and Athenæum Club, Ldn. ; Chiefswood, Brighton, etc. .	1818-31
Mary Jane Lockhart .	Milton Lockhart . . . . .	1831
Capt. N. Lockhart .	Milton Lockhart . . . . .	1831
Edmund Lodge (Lancaster Herald)	Heralds' College ; and Alfred Place, Bedford-square, Ldn.	1808-28
R. Logan (12th Lancers)	Dieppe . . . . .	1828
Lady Vane Londonderry	Wynyard Park . . . . .	1828
Longman & Co. .	London . . . . .	1805-16
Thomas N. Longman .	Paternoster-row, Ldn. . . . .	1803-10
Rev. John Martyn Longmire	Winkfield, nr. Bradford, Wilts.	1824
Harriet, Marchioness of Lothian	Newbattle Abbey, Midlothian	1819
The Marquis of Lothian	Newbattle Abbey ; Montague House, Ldn. ; and Mounteviot Lodge . . . . .	1819-22
Alexander Low . .	Edinburgh ; and Clatt, by Old Rayne . . . . .	1830 and 1831
David Low . . .	Kelso . . . . .	1830
Charles Lowell . .	(For the Massachusetts Hist. Soc., Boston, U.S.A.) . . . . .	1825
Comte de Lynch .	Bordeaux . . . . .	1826
Col. George Lyon .	15 Alfred-place, Bedford-square, Ldn. . . . .	1821
[Without addresses, etc. : General Leslie, Jedbank, 1831 ; D. Leslie, Barry's Hotel, 1829 ; Lushington, Treasury Chambers.]		

## M

Helen Macburnet .	Cluny, Grantown . . . . .	1828
Rev. Charles McCombie	Tillyfour, Alford, Aberdeenshire . . . . .	1827-28
James McCormish .	Crieff . . . . .	1829
A. McCulloch . .	Dumfries . . . . .	1814
J. M. McCulloch .	Ardwell, Gatehouse on Fleet ; Canongate Gaol, and 10 Forres-street, Edin. . . . .	1813-31

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter's elder daughter.

Mrs. Janet McCulloch .	Dumfries . . . . .	1813
Robert McCulloch .	Navy Pay Office, Ldn. . . . .	1824
John McDermid .	Grenister . . . . .	1822
John McDiarmid .	Dumfries . . . . .	1830
Alexander Macdonald .	5 St. David's-street North, and General Register House, Edin. . . . .	1828-31
Henry Macdonald .	5 Exchange Alley, Liverpool .	1923
Colonel [I. or J.] Mac- donald	26 Bury-street, St. James's, Ldn. ; Bagdad ; Madras ; and Bushire . . . . .	1812-26
Ja. Macdonald . . .	18 Great King-street, Edin. .	1826
Maréchal Macdonald .	Paris . . . . .	1825-28
R. Macdonald . . .	Ross ; and Gardners Crescent, Edin. . . . .	1828-30
W. Macdonald . . .	21 Queen-street, Golden-square, Ldn. . . . .	1817
A. R. Macdonell . .	Glengarry House ; Garry Cot- tage, Perth ; and Aberdeen	1814-25
Capt. F. MacDonagh .	Huntly House . . . . .	1825
John McDowall . . .	84 King-street, Tradeston, Glasgow . . . . .	1830
Duncan Macfarlan .	Drymen, Stirlingshire . . . .	1824
Principal D. Macfarlane	Glasgow College . . . . .	1828
Major Donald Macgregor	Balnault, by Blairgowrie	1829 and 1830
Sir Evan Murray Mac- gregor	Laurick Castle, Doune, Perth- shire . . . . .	1822
Jos. MacGregor . . .	15 George-street, Edinburgh .	1831
Sir James McGrigor .	Army Medical Board, Ldn. . .	1826
Charles Macintosh .	Dunchattan, nr. Glasgow . . .	1827
Charles Mackay . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1819
Dr. M. Mackay . . .	Laggan ; Melrose ; and Edin.	1829-30
Thos. L. McKenney .	Washington . . . . .	1828
Colin Mackenzie . .	Exmouth ; Lympstone, Devon ; Harcus Cottage, Eddlestone ; Shandwick-place, Edin. ; etc. . . . .	1807-29
Hon. Miss Frances C. Mackenzie	23 Charlotte-square, Edin.	1814 and 1815
Sir G. S. Mackenzie .	Coul, Dingwall . . . . .	1809-31
Henry Mackenzie . .	Achindinny ; and Heriot-row, Edin. . . . .	1807-25
Miss Margaret Mackenzie	6 Heriot-row, Edin. . . . .	1820 and 1822
Hon. Mrs. Mary Stewart Mackenzie	Braham Castle ; Lifford ; and Seaforth Lodge ; etc. . . . .	1818-31
Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Mackenzie	24 Charlotte-square . . . . .	1827

Willm. MacKenzie .	Bristol . . . . .	1825
Rev. Charles Mackie .	Quarley Rectory, Andover . .	1827
Dr. D. Mackinnon .	John-street, Adelphi, Ldn. . .	1818
N. McKinnon . . .	Kyle by Lochalsh . . . . .	1831
Sir James Mackintosh .	Cadogan-place, and Clapham Common, Ldn. ; and Ampt- hill Park, Beds . . . . .	1826-29
Thomas MacKnight .	12 London-street [? Edin.] . .	1830
Capt. McKonachin .	10 Morriston Crescent, Edin..	1829
Miss E. Bell McLachlan	Inverary ; etc. . . . .	1831
Colin MacLaurin . .	Colington . . . . .	1812
Dr. D. McLean . . .	Oban . . . . .	1822
Dr. K. MacLeay . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1829
Mrs. A. MacLeod . .	Dunvegan Castle . . . . .	1815
Col. John MacLeod, of Colbecks	Cheltenham . . . . .	1810
John MacLeod . . .	No. 2 College-street, Edin. . .	1821
Alex. McMillan . . .	24 Dublin-street, Edin. . . .	1831
Robert McMillan . .	Kirkurd School . . . . .	1830
Leonard MacNally .	22 Harcourt-street, Dublin . .	1811
Alex. Maconochie ( <i>see</i> Lord Meadowbank)		
J. A. Maconochie . .	122 Princes-street, Edin. . . .	1831
Donald MacPherson .	5 Great St. George-street, Chelsea . . . . .	1821
Genl. Lachlan Macquarie	Government House, Sydney, N.S.W. . . . .	1821
Samuel McSkimin . .	Carrickfergus . . . . .	1821
Sir Frederic Madden .	British Museum [Keeper of MSS.] . . . . .	1829 and 1831
William Magee ( <i>see</i> Archbishop of Dublin)		
James Maidment . .	24 Howe-street, and 103 Princes-street, Edin. . . . .	1829
C. H. Maillard de Champures	Dijon, France . . . . .	1826
Frederick Maitland .	Lindores, Newburgh . . . . .	1826
Henry Hay Makdougall	Makerstown . . . . .	1825
Sir John Malcolm . .	Bombay ; Claremont, Ches- hunt, Herts ; 18 Manchester- street ([? Ldn.] ; and Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth ; etc. .	1811-26
Edward Mangin . . .	10 Johnstone-street, Bath . . .	1826
Edward Maltby . . .	Preachers' Chambers, Lin- coln's Inn . . . . .	1828
Miss Mary M. Mannering	[No address] . . . . .	1831
George B. Mansel . .	2 Essex Court, Temple, Ldn. .	1830
James Heywood Mark- land	Temple, Ldn. . . . .	1824-28

Ja. Marnie . . .	Deuchar . . . . .	1830
Rev. John Marriott . . .	Church Lawford ; Nuneham ; and Exeter . . . . .	1809-21
William Marshall . . .	1 Holborn Bars, Ldn. . . . .	1829
Thomas Maskew . . .	Milford, nr. Lymington, Hants . . .	1815
W. Shaw Mason . . .	Record Tower, Dublin Castle . . .	1824 and 1825
Wm. Monck Mason . . .	18 Harcourt St. Dublin ; and Florence . . . . .	1816 and 1828
Thos. J. Mathias . . .	Scotland Yard, Whitehall . . . . .	1808-32
Robert Mathew . . .	Elm Bank, Perth . . . . .	1830
Charles Robt. Maturin . .	37 York-street, Dublin . . . . .	1812-24
Edward Maturin . . .	Dublin . . . . .	1829
Fidelia Maturin . . .	8 Northumberland-street, Ldn. . . .	1824
Mrs. Henrietta Maturin . .	41 York-street, Dublin . . . . .	1824-30
William Maturin . . .	Chapel Izod, Knocktopher, co. Kilkenny . . . . .	1825
John Maude . . .	Moor House, nr. Wakefield . . . . .	1828
Thomas Maude . . .	27 Store-street, Bedford-square, Ldn. . . . .	1828 and 1830
Dr. Wm. May . . .	Dart Cottage, Dartmouth, Devon . . . . .	1827
J. Mayne . . .	Star Office, Ldn. . . . .	1831
Thos. Mayo . . .	Bishop's Tawton, nr. Barn- staple . . . . .	1811
Sophie Delaage Mazure . .	17 York-street, Bath . . . . .	1831
Lord Meadowbank . . .	13 Circus, and Kirknewton, Edin. . . . .	1816-31
(Alex. Maconochie)		
Bishop of Meath . . .		1813
Lord Medwyn (John Hay Forbes)	Edinburgh ; Ainslie-place . . . . .	1823-28
James Meek . . .	Ilfracombe . . . . .	1826-27
M. Mellet . . .	Yverdon, Canton de Vaud, Suisse . . . . .	1828
J. C. Mellish . . .	Hodsock Lodge, nr. Bawtry, Yorks . . . . .	1806-7
Viscount Melville (1st Viscount)	Dunira ; London . . . . .	1808-10
Viscount Melville (2nd Viscount)	Melville Castle ; Combe ; Admiralty . . . . .	1818-29
Viscountess Melville (wife of 1st visct.)	Dunira ; Lewisham Hill . . . . .	1813
Viscountess Melville (wife of 2nd visct.)	Melville Castle ; Milbrook- street ; Longtown ; and Admiralty . . . . .	1811-22
J. Menzies . . .	Blairs, nr. Aberdeen . . . . .	1827-28
Baron Meyersdorf . . .	Riga . . . . .	1820

Edward E. Meyrick .	4 Castle-street, Beaumaris, Anglesea . . . . .	1831
Dr. Samuel R. Meyrick	College of Advocates, Doctors' Commons ; and 20 Upper Cadogan-place, Ldn..	1821-26
Mrs. Agnes Millar .	Waterloo Cottage, nr. Dundee	1824
James Miller .	22 Rose-street, Edin. . . .	1824
William Miller (Publisher)	Albemarle-street, and Duchess-street, Portland-place, Ldn.	1805-26
Richard Miliken .	Dublin . . . . .	1821
Mills, J. L. .	26 Hill-street, Edin. . . .	1830
Sir David Milne .	Inveresk . . . . .	1824
James Milne .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1824
Keith Milne .	6 Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, Ldn. . . . .	1829
2nd Earl of Minto .	Minto . . . . .	1824-28
J. Mitchell, Jr. .	Leith . . . . .	1830-31
1st Earl of Moira .	Loudoun Castle . . . . .	1809
Alexander Mollison .	22 Portugal-street, Glasgow .	1831
Robt. Scott Moncrieff.	Dalkeith . . . . .	1830
Mrs. Susan Scott Moncrieff	Dalkeith . . . . .	1830
Prof. J. H. Monk. .	Cambridge . . . . .	1820
Jane, Lady Montagu .	Brighton . . . . .	1826
Lord Montagu .	Bothwell Castle ; Dalkeith House ; Bowhill ; Ditton Park ; etc. . . . .	1806-29
Robert Monteath .	49 York-place, Edin. ; Pittenweem . . . . .	1827
Henriette de Montenglant	Potsdam près de Berlin . . .	1825
James Montgomery .	Stobo Castle ; and Sheffield .	1811 and 1824
3rd Duke of Montrose.	Buchanan . . . . .	1809
James Moore .	Conduit-street, Ldn. ; and Fort Monitor, Gosport . . .	1809
Thomas Moore (the Poet)	Sloperton Cottage, Devizes ; 19 Bury-street, St. James's, and Brooks's Club, Ldn. ; and Bowood Colne . . . .	1825-29
Robert Morehead .	Hill-street, Edin. . . . .	1826
A. M. Morgan .	Corwen College, North Wales	1825
F. Morgan .	51 Bedford-square, Ldn. . .	1830
D. Morrison .	Perth . . . . .	1827-30
Charles Morris .	Brockham Lodge, Dorking . .	1818
John Morrison .	Cavens, by Dumfries ; Glasgow ; and Liverpool. . .	1819-23

John Morrison . . .	White House, Grimshaw, nr. Belfast . . .	1829
John Bacon Sawrey Morritt . . .	Rokeby ; 24 Portland-place, Ldn. ; etc. . . . .	1808-30
W. Morritt . . .	Sherwood Hall, Ferrybridge . . .	1825
Lord Morton . . .	Dalmahoy . . . . .	1828
T. Moscheles . . .	77 Norton-street, Ldn. . . . .	1828-29
W. Motherwell . . .	"Advertiser" Office, Paisley . . . . .	1825 and 1830
Scipion Mourgue (of Rouvat-les-Doullens)	Liverpool . . . . .	1824
Edward Moxon . . .	65 St. Paul's Church Yard, Ldn. . . . .	1828
William Mudford . . .	"Courier" Office, Strand, Ldn. . . . .	1820
Thomas Muir . . .	Muirpark, nr. Glasgow . . . . .	1827
William Muir . . .	Dysart . . . . .	1829
Karl Ludwig Methusalem Müller . . .	Leipzig . . . . .	1823
Thomas Mulligan . . .	Editor, "The Bath Herald," Bath . . . . .	1826
Alex Mundell . . .	3 Fludyere-street, London . . . . .	1806
Rev. Alexander Murray	Manse of Urr, by Castle Douglas ; and 5 College-street, Edin. . . . .	1808-13
Andrew Murray . . .	Galashiels ; Old Brompton ; and Parramatta, N.S.W. . . . .	1813-25
Col. Henry B. Murray .	Cahir ; and Newbridge . . . . .	1821
James Wolfe Murray (Lord Cringletie)	Edinburgh . . . . .	1824
John Murray . . .	50 Albemarle-street, and Fleet-street, Ldn. . . . .	1808-31
Capt. John Murray . .	18 Suffolk-street, Ldn. . . . .	1813
John Murray . . .	89 Green, Aberdeen . . . . .	1831
John A. Murray . . .	2 Pall Mall East, Ldn. . . . .	1819 and 1831
Sir John Macgregor Murray	Lanrick Castle, by Doune . . . . .	1810
Patrick Murray of Simprim	Newcastle ; Meigle ; and 14 Lansdowne Crescent, Bath . . . . .	1799-1813
Mrs. Robert Murray . .	Mounthooly, nr. Edin. . . . .	1829
Mrs. Agnes Musket . .	Coleford, Gloucestershire . . . . .	1824-25
[Without addresses, etc. : D. McCulloch, 1825 ; Dr. MacCulloch, 1822 and 1824 ; Lachlan McGregor, 1830 ; Arthur Mackenzie, 1820 ; J. A. Stewart Mackenzie, 1825 ; Mrs. Stuart McKenzie, 1828 and 1831 ; John Majoribanks, 1813 ; Mrs. Barbara Meik, 1827 ; Andrew Mercer, 1817 ; Thomas Mitchell, 1827 ; Mrs. Louisa Montgomery, 1829.]		

## N

J. Nairne . . . .	Picardy-place, Edin. ; Elie Lodge, Fife ; 22 Albany-street, Edin. . . . .	1830
Lord Napier . . . .	Wilton Lodge ; and Edin. . . . .	1803-24
Macvey Napier . . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1816
W. J. Napier . . . .	Thirlestane . . . . .	1819
Alexander Nasmyth . . . .	47 York-place, Edin. . . . .	1830
Isaac Nathan . . . .	7 Poland-street, Ldn. . . . .	1815
Christina Neal . . . .	201 Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, U.S.A. . . . .	1824
Erskine Neale . . . .	So. Shields, Durham . . . . .	1830
J. P. Neale . . . .	Bennett-street, Blackfriars-road, Ldn. . . . .	1829
Chss Pauline Neale . . . .	32 Abercromby-place, Edin. . . . .	1822
Patrick Neil . . . .	Canonmills . . . . .	1830
Peter Neilson . . . .	12 Great Clyde-street, Glasgow . . . . .	1831
F. C. Newby . . . .	Angel Hill, Bury, Suffolk . . . . .	1829
Edward John Newell . . . .	Carysfort Cottage, Blackrock, nr. Dublin . . . . .	1827
John Bowyer Nichols . . . .	25 Parliament-street, Westminster . . . . .	1829
R. Nichols . . . .	4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, Ldn. . . . .	1830
William Nicholson . . . .	36 George-street, Edin. . . . .	1818
Sir Nicholas Harris . . . .	23 Tavistock-place, Ldn. . . . .	1828-29
Nicolas		
Principal Francis Nicoll . . . .	St. Andrew's University . . . . .	1825
Mrs. Jane Nicolson . . . .	Bognor . . . . .	1826
Frances Eliza Nixon . . . .	Twiston . . . . .	1815
Capt. H. Stopford Nixon . . . .	8 Great King-street, Edin. . . . .	1830
Charles Nodier . . . .	1 Rue de Choiseul, Paris . . . . .	1821
Dr. G. H. Noehden . . . .	10 Montagu-square, Ldn. ; and Nun-Appleton, Tadcaster, Yorks. . . . .	1815
Charlotte Nooth . . . .	Passage St. Maire, No. 2 Rue du Vac, Paris . . . . .	1828
The Marquess of Northampton . . . .	Castle Ashby . . . . .	1830
The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland . . . .	Alnwick Castle . . . . .	1823 and 1827
John Norton ("Chief of the 5 Nations") . . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1816
Wm. Parr Nosworthy . . . .	Crediton, Devonshire . . . . .	1812
Rev. George F. Nott . . . .	All Souls, Oxford ; Charles-street, St. James's, Ldn. . . . .	1803-15
John Nott . . . .	Bowhill . . . . .	1831



## O

Capt. Robert O'Brien.	Greendown Cottage, Old-down, Somerset . . .	1820
A. Oehlenschläger . .	Copenhagen . . .	1822-24
Fras. B. Ogden . . .	Liverpool . . .	1831
Thos. E. Ogilvie . . .	Chesters . . .	1821
Nathaniel Ogle . . .	Southampton . . .	1825
Count Olenine . . .	The Staining . . .	1825
John Oliphant . . .	Edinburgh . . .	1827
Samuel Oliver . . .	Jedburgh . . .	1831
Will Oliver [? Sheriff].	Edinburgh . . .	1831
Will Oliver, Jun. . .	Knowrouth . . .	1828
Oliver and Boyd . . .	Edinburgh . . .	1828
John W. Ord . . .	39 Montague-street, Edin. .	1830
Baron D'Ordre . . .	Chateau d'Ordre ; and Boulogne-sur-Mer . . .	1824
Mrs. Mary Ormsby . .	London . . .	1831
Charles Edward H. Orpen	11 North Great George's-street, Edin. . .	1830
Thomas Osler . . .	Birmingham . . .	1831
Miss Anna M. Ottley .	31 Merrion-street, Dublin .	1831
Miss Hannah Overend.	c/o Mr. Overend, Surgeon, Sheffield . . .	1824
William Owen . . .	Penton-street, Pentonville, Ldn.	1802

## P

Sir Francis Palgrave .	Great Yarmouth, Norfolk ; and 26 Duke-street, Westminster, Ldn. . .	1828-30
P. Pallavicini . . .	9 Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, Ldn. . .	1814
Richard Parish . . .	Hamburg . . .	1823
Adam Park . . .	Gravesend . . .	1820
Alex. Park . . .	Dalkeith . . .	1824
Archibald and Margaret Park	Tobermory . . .	1817
I. I. Park . . .	23 Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, Ldn.	1828 and 1830
Mungo Park . . .	Dundee ; and London .	1821 and 1828
Thomas Park . . .	Hampstead, Middlesex .	1812
Mrs. Charlotte C. Pascoe	St. Hilary Vicarage, Marazion, Cornwall . . .	1816-22
Mrs. Catherine Paterson	Galashiels ; and Castle Hill, Stirling . . .	1824 and 1831
Daniel Paterson . . .	Edinburgh . . .	1829
John Paterson . . .	St. Andrews . . .	1825

Walter Paterson . . .	27 Clyde-street, Edin. ; and Ebbing . . . . .	1815 and 1824
John Paul (W.S.) . .	Ayr . . . . .	1831
Payne & Foss (Book- sellers)	Pall Mall, Ldn. . . . .	1829
V. Pecchioli . . .	Firenze . . . . .	1829
Sir Robert Peel . .	Lulworth Castle; and Whitehall	1822-30
Edward Peele . . .	81 Pilgrim-street, Newcastle- upon-Tyne . . . . .	1830-31
J. G. Broughton Pegg .	10 St. Andrew-street, Liverpool	1831
J. Fitzgerald Pennie .	Rossald Cottage, Wareham, Dorset . . . . .	1829
A. E. Perceval . . .	6 York-street, St. James's, Ldn.	1831
Thomas Percy (Bishop of Dromore)	Dromore . . . . .	1800
Alexander Peterkin .	Mayfield Loan, Newington ; 60 Castle-street and 26 Dun- das-street, Edin. . . . .	1824-31
L. R. Petizon . . .	Elbeuf . . . . .	1824
George Petrie . . .	21 Charles-street, Edin. . . .	1831
Henry Petrie . . .	Record Office, Tower, Ldn. . .	1823
Egidio Stefano Petroaz	33 Stowland-street, Fitzroy- square, Ldn. . . . .	1828
Lady S. A. Philips .	Mount-street, Ldn. . . . .	1827
J. Phillips . . . .	Melrose ; and Wharton-place, Edin. . . . .	1817
John Phillips . . .	Yorkshire Museum, York . . .	1831
M. Phillips . . . .	26 James's-street, Buckingham Gate, Ldn. . . . .	1824
Thomas Phillips . .	Cockermouth . . . . .	1823
Dr. Henry Phillpotts .	Stanhope, Durham . . . . .	1828
Henry Phillpotts . .	The Deanery, Chester . . . .	1829
Miss Sarah Phin . .	Dingleton . . . . .	1830
Edmund Phipps . .	Mount-street, Ldn. . . . .	1821
Dr. Amedée Pichot .	Edin. ; and 16 Rue Angeviller, and 17 Rue Grange-Catelière, Paris . . . . .	1822-29
Andrew Belfrage Picken	2 Arthur-street ; and 19 Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, Ldn. . . . .	1821 and 1830
William Pickering (the Printer)	57 Chancery-lane, Ldn. . . . .	1825-31
Thomas Pickett . . .	Silcutton, Ireland . . . . .	1811
John Pinkerton . . .	26 Lower Eton-street, Pimlico, Ldn. ; and 10 Rue de Pont- hieu, Champs Elysée, Paris	1802 and 1825

Lieut. A. B. Pinkham	(At Melrose)	.	.	.	1831
(U.S. Navy)					
Robert Pitcairn	.	50 Castle-street, Edin.	.	.	1822-31
J. R. Planché	.	Brompton Crescent, Ldn.	.	.	1827
Andrew Plummer	.	Sunderland Hall	.	.	1794
Mrs. Mary Plummer	.	Torwoodlee	.	.	1831
Lord Plunkett	.	Old Connaught, Bray	.	.	1827
Hush Pollock	.	Castle Wilder, Polt Cole Hill, Ireland	.	.	1829
Richard Polwhele	.	Helston and Kenwyn Vicarage, Truro, Cornwall	.	.	1804-29
Charles Porteous	.	3 Providence-street, Man- chester	.	.	1829
Mrs. A. Porter	.	56 Upper Norton-street, Ldn.	.	.	1825
Miss Jane Porter	.	Wimpole-street and 43 York- terrace, Regent's Park, Ldn.; and Long Ditton, Surrey	.	.	1823-28
Benjamin Edward Pote	.	4 North-terrace, Westminster- road, Ldn.	.	.	1830-31
George Potter	.	22 Maddox-street, Hanover- square, Ldn.	.	.	1828
Richard Price	.	Eastfield, nr. Bristol	.	.	1830
W. Price	.	Foxley, nr. Hereford	.	.	1828
Walter Prideaux	.	Milford	.	.	1822
Alexander Pringle, M.P.	.	Yair ; and House of Commons	.	.	1827-31
J. W. Pringle	.	Torwoodlee	.	.	1831
Miss Mary Agnes Pringle	.	Balcarres	.	.	1818
Thomas Pringle	.	Edin. ; 5 Bunhill-row, and 7 Solly-terrace, Pentonville, and 18 Aldermanbury, Ldn. ; etc.	.	.	1817-30
W. Pringle	.	51 Albany-street, Edin.	.	.	1830
Mrs. W. Pringle	.	55 George's-square, Edin. ; and Yair	.	.	1808-29
Bryan Waller Procter	.	25 Bedford-square, Ldn.	.	.	1826
William Proctor	.	14 Holborn-crescent, Gray's Inn, Ldn.	.	.	1824
John Pryce	.	2 Bond-street, Manchester	.	.	1830
N. K. Pugsley	.	Heaton Norris, nr. Stockport	.	.	1828
H. Purcy	.	24 Rue de la Harpe, Paris	.	.	1829
Robert A. Purdon	.	Portarlington	.	.	1817
Countess of Purgstall	(see	Jane Anne Cranstoun)			
Wm. Dallas Purcell	.	King's Bench Prison	.	.	1812
Archbishop Pyrker	.	Erlair (Agria) Hungary	.	.	1828
[Without addresses, etc. : Mr. Pole, 69 Princes-street, Edin., 1828 ; Major Norman Pringle, 1831.]					

## R

Martin Racster . . .	1 Birchin-lane, Ldn. . . .	1831
George Rae . . .	Allan House, Stirling . . .	1830
Sir William Rae. . .	St. Catherines ; 12 Argyll-street, and 13 Park-place, Edin. ; and House of Commons . . . .	1819-30
Henry Raeburn . . .	St. Bernards . . . .	1823
James Raine . . .	Durham . . . .	1819 and 1820
[? Mrs.] H. Rainey . .	Poona . . . .	1826
C. A. Karr Ramsay . .	Florence . . . .	1820
Mrs. M. Ramsay . . .	Great Malvern, Worcs. . .	1825
William Ranken . . .	Fairslacks, West Linton, Peebles . .	1829
Robert Ratcliffe . . .	Lord-street, Oldham . . .	1827
Lord and Lady Ravensworth . . .	Ravensworth Castle ; etc. . .	1822-29
G. de Ravilias . . .	12 Portland-street, Hull . . .	1831
Lady Charlotte Rawdon . . .	Castle Forbes, Longford ; Rosemount, Kilmarnock ; Kedleston ; and Donnington, Derby . . . .	1804-11
Louis Raymond . . .	4 Willow Walk, Cambridge . . .	1830
Edmund Reade . . .	20 Northampton-street, Bath. . .	1829
J. W. Reddoch . . .	Falkirk . . . .	1824-26
Owen Rees . . .	Edinburgh and London. . . .	1803-22
Mrs. Maria Isabella Reid . .	Chudleigh, Devonshire . . .	1831
Mary Reid . . .	33 Parkside-street, St. Leonard's, Edin. . . .	1830
T. Reid . . .	East India House, Ldn. . . .	1822
Rev. Robt. Rennie . . .	The Manse, Kilsyth . . .	1810
Wm. Renwick . . .	Jedburgh . . . .	1816
Frederic Mansel Reynolds . . .	Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, Ldn. . . .	1828-29
Charles Rhind . . .	New York . . . .	1826-27
Thomas Richards . . .	27 Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, and 1 Cirencester-place, Ldn. . . .	1822 and 1829
Thomas Richards . . .	38 Duke-street, Liverpool . . .	1831
Charles Richardson . . .	Clapham-road, Surrey . . .	1813
Fanny Richardson . . .	12 Lower Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, Ldn. . . .	1825
G. F. Richardson . . .	12 Castle-square, Brighton . . .	1826 and 1829
John Richardson . . .	5 and 21 Fludyer-street, Westminster, Ldn. ; Hampstead, etc. . . .	1808-30
Prof. Wm. Richardson. . .	Glasgow College . . . .	1810

The Duchess of Richmond	Bruxelles . . . . .	1817
Charles Riddell . . .	Branxholm . . . . .	1819
John Riddell . . .	111 George-street, Edin. . .	1819-24
Sir John Buchanan Riddell	Riddell, St. Boswell's Green . . . . .	1804 and 1818
Mrs. Maria Riddell, of Glenriddell	Royal Palace, Hampton Court . . . . .	1807
Dr. H. Ridley . . .	Whippingham . . . . .	1808
Richard Rishworth . . .	68 Threadneedle-street, Ldn. . . . .	1829 and 1831
M. Ritchie . . . . .	Gateacre, nr. Liverpool . . . . .	1819
Joseph Ritson . . .	Gray's Inn, Ldn. . . . .	1802-3
George Roberts . . .	Academy, Broad-street, Lyme Regis . . . . .	1828
Alexander Robertson . . .	Shelburne, Nova Scotia . . . . .	1829
Prof. James Robertson . . .	22 Gardiner's-place, Mountjoy-square, Dublin . . . . .	1811 and 1817
Robert Robertson . . .	39 Northumberland-street [? Ldn.] . . . . .	1830
C. K. Robison . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1809
Capt. James Robison . . .	Dover . . . . .	1812
Sir John Robison . . .	9 Athol Crescent, Edin. . . . .	1828-31
Thomas Robson . . .	Sunderland . . . . .	1830 and 1831
John Roby . . . . .	Rochdale . . . . .	1829
George and Peter Rodger	Selkirk . . . . .	1820 and 1830
Benjamin Woolsey Rogers	New York . . . . .	1823
Samuel Rogers (the Banker-Poet)	London . . . . .	1807-31
Samuel Nicholas Rooks	29 Bloomsbury-square, Ldn. . . . .	1831
Sir George Rose . . .	Berlin ; Old Palace Yard, and Hounslow ; Cuffnells, Lyndhurst . . . . .	1821-29
Wm. Stewart Rose . . .	The Albany, Travellers' Club, and 39 Clarges-street, Ldn. ; 1 St. Peter's-place, Brighton; etc. . . . .	1806-30
4th Earl of Rosebery . . .	Warren Wood . . . . .	1828
Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Ross	10 Abercromby-place, Edin. . . . .	1830
George Ross . . . . .	Aberdeen . . . . .	1830
R. Lowthian Ross . . .	Stafford Hall, nr. Penrith, Cumberland . . . . .	1831
T. Leith Ross . . . . .	Arnage, nr. Aberdeen . . . . .	1829
Mary Ross . . . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1828
Nathan T. Rosseter . . .	Williamstown, U.S.A. . . . .	1831
Countess of Rosslyn . . .	Dysart . . . . .	1806
Benjamin Rotch . . .	Castle Hall, Milford Haven . . . . .	1813

M. Routh . . .	Ipswich . . . . .	1828
Thomas Rowe . . .	Bradley Cottage, Newton Bushell . . . . .	1829
The Duke of Roxburgh	London . . . . .	1801-19
John Roxburgh . . .	18 Carnegie-street, Edin. . .	1826
Wm. Rule . . . . .	High-street, Jedburgh . . .	1825
[? Mrs.] J. F. Russell .	14 Penton-row, Walworth, Ldn. . . . .	1831
James Russell . . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1823
Lieut.-Col. James Russell	Indore ; and Calcutta, India 1818 and 1821	
Jane B. Russell . . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1824
John Russell . . . .	95 George-street, Edin. . .	1823
Andrew Ruthenglen .	Dalkeith . . . . .	1828
John Rutherford . . .	Edgerton ; and 44 George- square, Edin. . . . .	1821-22
Richard Rutherford .	Apothecaries' Hall, 166 High- street, Edin. . . . .	1830
Robt. Rutherford . .	Edinburgh . . . . .	1823
Thomas E. G. Ryan . .	9 Russell-street, Dublin. . .	1824
Mary Ann de Ryckere (née Greenwood)	Rue Ducale, Brussels . . .	1825
Mrs. Ryves . . . . .	Hale-Hall, Cumberland . . .	1811
[Without addresses, etc. : John Ramsay, 1796 ; Rayner of Covent Garden, 1826 ; Mr. Reid, Leith, 1829 ; John Richardson, Coates House, 1820 ; Theodore Roche, Ldn., 1823.]		

## S

Richard Vernon Sadleir	Southampton . . . . .	1810
Thomas Sadleir . . .	Sea Park, nr. Swords, Ireland	1808
The Duchess of St. Albans	Holly Lodge ; and 1 Stratton- street, Ldn. . . . .	1825-30
Henault de St. Germain	Dumfries ; and Blackheath, Ldn. . . . .	1812
The Marquis de St. Severin	Chambery . . . . .	1827
W. Salmond . . . . .	York . . . . .	1827
The Marquis de Salvo.	Edinburgh . . . . .	1825
John S. Sanderson . .	Bellfield, by Lasswade . . .	1829
Joseph Sams . . . .	Darlington . . . . .	1823
John Sandbach . . .	Liverpool . . . . .	1831
P. Sandoz . . . . .	Arragon House, Twickenham	1830
Major Hardress Saunde- son	113 Park-street [? Ldn.] . .	1827
S. Sauvage . . . . .	Lyons . . . . .	1831
Dr. F. Sayers . . . .	Norwich . . . . .	1808

John C. Schetky.	High-street, Oxford ; Roy. Military College, Great Marlow, Bucks ; Buckland House, Portsmouth . . .	1807-29
R. Scholey . . .	46 Paternoster-row, Ldn. . .	1807
Frau von Schubert . . .	Altenburg . . . . .	1817
Wm. Scoresby . . .	Liverpool . . . . .	1823
Rev. Alexander Scott . . .	Egremont, Cumberland . . .	1821
Mrs. Alicia Scott . . .	Sunderland Hall . . . . .	1831
Andrew Scott . . .	Bowden, Roxburgh . . . . .	1823
Anne Scott (Sir W.'s daughter)	Abbotsford . . . . .	1826
Anne Scott (Sir W.'s niece)	Abbotsford ; and Precincts, Canterbury . . . . .	1823-31
Charles Scott (Sir W.'s younger son)	Brasenose, Oxford ; Foreign Office, Ldn. ; and abroad . . .	1826-31
Charles Scott (Sir W.'s cousin)	Kelso and Stewartfield . . .	1826 and 1831
Charles B. Scott . . .	95 George-street, Edin. ; and Melrose . . . . .	1830 and 1831
Dr. Charles W. W. Scott	Ludwigslust in Mecklenburgh-Swerin . . . . .	1825
David Scott . . .	Ayr . . . . .	1813
Mrs. E. Scott . . .	Cork . . . . .	1814
Mrs. Elizabeth Scott <sup>1</sup> . . .	Cheltenham ; St. George's-place, Ldn. ; and Canterbury . . .	1826-31
George Scott . . .	Lilliesleaf, by St. Boswell's Green . . . . .	1812 and 1817
Mrs. Harriet Scott of Harden	Petworth ; Mertoun ; etc. . .	1805-31
Henry Francis Scott . . .	Dalkeith Palace and 9 John-street, Berkeley-square, Ldn. . .	1830-31
Hugh Scott of Harden . . .	Petworth ; Mertoun ; John-street, Berkeley-square, Ldn. ; and Draycott House ; etc. . .	1803-30
J. Scott . . .	26 George-square, Edin. . .	1830
Dr. James Scott . . .	Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar . . .	1829
James Scott, R.N. . . .	North Queensferry . . . . .	1822
Jane Scott (Sir W.'s daughter-in-law)	Dublin ; and Hampton Court . . .	1825-28
John Scott of Gala . . .	Galashiels, etc. . . . .	1823-31
John C. Scott . . .	Linton, Roxburgh . . . . .	1829
M. Scott . . .	Sculloway . . . . .	1829
Robert Scott (Sir W.'s cousin)	Carlops Muir, nr. West Linton ; and 25 Abercromby-place, Edin. . . . .	1821-31

<sup>1</sup> Endorsed by Sir Walter as "Mrs. Thomas Scott."

Sarah Scott . . .	Woodford ; and Draycott House, Derby . . .	1821-25
Thomas Scott (Sir W.'s brother)	Douglas, I. of M., etc. . .	1810-15
Walter Scott (Sir W.'s father)	Edinburgh . . . . .	1792
Sir Walter Scott . . .	Ashestiel ; Abbotsford ; etc. [mostly drafts of his letters, undelivered letters, etc.] . .	1811-31
Colonel Walter Scott (Sir W.'s elder son)	Cappoquin ; Berlin ; 10 Stephen's Green, Dublin ; Hampton Court ; 12 New Steyne, Brighton ; etc. etc..	1821-31
Dr. Walter Scott. . .	Stamfordham, Northumberland . . . . .	1825
Sergt. Walter Scott . .	Maidstone Barracks, Kent . .	1807
Lieut. Walter Scott (Sir W.'s nephew)	Ahmednugger ; and Bombay .	1826-31
William Scott, Laird of Raeburn	Maxpopple, St. Boswell's Green, etc. . . . .	1810-31
William Scott (Sir W.'s cousin)	Malacca ; Montreal . .	1827 and 1828
William Scott (Sir W.'s nephew)	Brockville . . . . .	1830
Richard Scougall . . .	Leith . . . . .	1800
William Scrope . . . .	Blair Atholl ; and Mickleour House, Cupar Angus. . .	1824-29
Stephen Seed . . . . .	10 Lower Merriion-street, Dublin . . . . .	1829
Bishop of Selande . . .	Copenhagen . . . . .	1822 and 1823
Lady Selkirk . . . . .	St. Mary's Isle . . . . .	1826
Martha Ann Sellon . . .	Pinner-wood (? Middlesex] . .	1811
J. C. Severn . . . . .	Penybont Hall, Radnorshire . .	1825
Anna Seward . . . . .	Lichfield . . . . .	1802-08
Margaret Anne Seymour	Glasgow . . . . .	1831
Charles Sharp . . . . .	46 Bristo-street, Edin. . . . .	1821
Sir Cuthbert Sharp . . .	Sunderland Hall ; Abinton Hall, nr. Camb. . . . .	1825-29
Thomas Sharp . . . . .	Coventry ; and Highgate, nr. Birmingham . . . . .	1825-31
Wm. Sharp . . . . .	39 Goodge-street, Ldn. . . . .	1822
Chas. Kirkpatrick Sharpe	Hoddam Castle, Ecclefechan ; and 93 Princes-street, Edin.	1802-31
Charles Shaw . . . . .	62 Frederick-street, Edin. . .	1829
Mrs. S. E. Sheddon . . .	[No address : " Monk " Lewis's sister] . . . . .	1819



Richard Sheil . . .	49 Abbey-street, Dublin . .	1814
Wm. Shiel . . .	12 Gardner's Crescent, Edin. .	[n.d.]
Frances, Lady Shelley .	Ashby House ; Grosvenor-square ; Lowther Castle .	1819-29
Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley	Bagni di Lucca ; 33 Somerset-street, Portman-square, Ldn.	1818 and 1829
Percy Bysshe Shelley .	Albion House, Great Marlow .	1818
Sir Samuel Shepherd .	Coat's Crescent, Edin. ; Henrietta-street and Rochampton, Ldn. . . .	1819-30
Thomas Sheridan . . .	11 South Audley-street, Ldn..	1811
Markham E. Sherwill .	Kew, Surrey ; etc. . . .	1820 and 1825
Alexander Shirreff . .	Kirklands . . . .	1829
W. Short . . . .	Drumlanrig Castle . . . .	1823
John E. ; Robert ; and Thos. Shortreed	Jedburgh . . . .	1820-31
Abel Siccama . . . .	107 Gt. Surrey-street, Blackfriars, Ldn. . . .	1830
Henry Siddons . . . .	23 Windsor-street, Ldn. ; etc.	1809-14
Sarah Siddons . . . .	Westbourne Farm, nr. Paddington ; and York-place, Edinburgh . . . .	1808-17
Viscount Sidmouth . .	Richmond Park ; and Whitehall . . . .	1821-25
Z. Sillar . . . .	Ravenscroft, nr. Irvine . . .	1830
— Sillery . . . .	17 East Claremont-street, Edin.	1828
W. Sim . . . .	Quarantine Station, Inverkeithing . . . .	1827
Ls. Simond <sup>1</sup> . . . .	5 Hanover-street, Edin.. . .	1816
Charles Simpson . . .	Lichfield and Birmingham . .	1810-11
James Simpson . . . .	38 Craven-street, London . .	1825
W. Simson . . . .	Crooks by Inverkeithing ; and Headshaw . . . .	1818-29
Rev. John Singleton .	Wigan . . . .	1823
Sir John Sinclair . . .	Charlotte-square, and 133 George-street, Edin. ; and Coilsfield, Ayrshire . . .	1809-31
Rev. John Sinclair . .	133 George-street, Edin. . .	1830
Major Sirr . . . .	Dublin Castle . . . .	1825
Andrew Skene . . . .	74 Great King-street [? Edin.]	1831
James Skene . . . .	Oban ; Stonehaven ; Inverary ; Edin. ; etc. . . .	1805-31
Jane Skene . . . .	Edinburgh . . . .	1828-30
Josh. Slater . . . .	70 Newman-street [? Ldn.] .	1821

<sup>1</sup> Probably the "American Frenchman" referred to in Scott's *Journal* as the author of a work on Switzerland.

Charles Smith . . .	37 Gloucester-place, New-road, nr. Lisson-Grove, Ldn. . .	1830
Horatio Smith . . .	5 Hanover Crescent, Brighton . .	1826
H. Smith [Secy. to King's Coll.]	3 Parliament-street, Ldn. . .	1829
James Smith . . .	Bideford, Devon . . .	1824
James Smith . . .	Medina House, West Cowes, I. of W. . . . .	1822
John Smith . . .	Sydney, New South Wales . .	1825
John and Thos. Smith.	Darnick . . . . .	1824
Mrs. Margaret Smith .	Dublin . . . . .	1811
Maria Smith . . .	3 Upper Fitzwilliam-street, Dublin . . . . .	1825
Miss Sarah Smith . .	10 Great Russell-street, Covent Garden ; 5 Westmoreland- street, Dublin ; 23 Leicester- square ; and 27 Manchester- street, Ldn. . . . .	1807-14
Sydney Smith . . .	. . . . .	1827
Mrs. A. G. Smyth . .	Gibbiston . . . . .	1827
Thomas S. Smyth . .	Fence-House, nr. Maccles- field ; and Hampden, Great Missenden, Bucks . . .	1809
Prof. Wm. Smyth . .	Peterhouse, Cambridge. . .	1805-16
Mrs. Louisa Smythe .	Gibb's Hotel, Princes-street, Edin. . . . .	1830
George Soane . . .	Gee-street, Clarendon-square, Somers Town ; and Buenos Ayres, Margate . . .	1815 and 1817
C. A. Somerset . . .	4 Tavistock-street, Hare-street Fields, Bethnal Green-road, Ldn. . . . .	1830
S. K. Solomon . . .	19 Charing Cross, Ldn.. . .	1831
The Misses Somerset— Horatia, Emily, and Agnes	Clifton, nr. Bristol . . .	1810
Lord Somerville . .	Hill-street, Ldn. ; Fair Mill Farm ; and Wilsham ; etc. .	1805-17
S. E. Somerville . .	Lowood . . . . .	1820
Thomas Sopwith . .	Wellington-terrace, Berwick- on-Tweed . . . . .	1831
Wm. Sotheby . . .	The Lodge, Loughton, Essex ; etc. . . . .	1814-21
Rev. Ja. Souter . . .	Durinish, Isle of Skye . . .	1825
Thos. S. Sorell . . .	Tours . . . . .	1827
Robert Southey . .	Greta Hall, Keswick ; Streat- ham, Surrey . . . . .	1806-31

Horatio Gates Spafford	The Retreat, New York.	1828
George Temple Spalding	72 Kirkgate, Leith	1830
Master Hart Davis	Mr. Willement's, Angel-lane,	
Sparling	Colchester	1824
Lady Olivia Bernard	Melrose and Edinburgh.	1809
Sparrow		
David and John Spence	Melrose	1818
James Spence	12 South Bridge, Edin.	1822
Robert Spence	North Shields	1829
George John, 2nd Earl	London	1828-29
Spencer		
Wm. R. Spencer.	Curzon-street; Chiswick	
	House	1808-12
Robt. Spittal	3 Minto-street, Edin.	1830
Wm. B. Sprague.	Albany, New York	1830
Cayler Staals	City of Albany, New York	1829
Caroline Stabbach	Exeter	1817
Thomas Stabbach	Helston, Cornwall	1829
Marchioness of Stafford	Cleveland House; Trentham;	
	Dunrobin Castle; Costessey	
	Hall	1809-31
Count Stahl of Denmark	Haarlem	1827
William Starke	Drumsheugh; and Edinburgh	1811
Sir Robert Steele.	Beaminstor House, Dorset	1825
Thomas Steele, Jun.	Dublin; and Reilly's Hotel,	
	Parliament-street, Ldn.	1812
Sir Henry Seton Steurt	Allanton House, by Whit-	
	burn	1816-29
John Stevenson	Edinburgh	1828-30
Robert Stevenson	1 Baxter-place, Edin.	1824 and 1831
Alexander Stewart (Tea-	Lochgailhead, by Cairndow	1827
dealer)		
Andrew Stewart <sup>1</sup>	Edinburgh Tolbooth	1809
Genl. David Stewart	Milton House; and 26 Parlia-	
	ment-street, Ldn.	1811 and 1828
Dugald Stewart	Canongate, Edin.; Strachar;	
	and Invernahyle	c. 1796-1823
J. A. Stewart	20 Gilmore-place, Edin.	1828
Mary Stewart	46 Heriot-row, Edin.	1821
Sir Michael Shaw Stewart	Queen's-street [? Edin.]	1823
P. Stewart	"Daily Advertiser and Oracle"	
	33 Fleet-street, Ldn.	1803
Robert Stewart	Ardvorlich	1830
MacGregor Stirling	17 Union-street, and Mineral-	
	street, Edin.	1815 and 1817
Thomas Graham Stirling	Airth Castle	1826

<sup>1</sup> Endorsed by Sir Walter—"Under sentence of death." See pages 42-44.

Major E. C. Stisted	Pins Hill; Glasgow; and Munich	1824-28
Miss Mary Anne Stodart	At Miss Robinson's, Higham- place, Newcastle	1824
Sir John Stoddart	Doctor's Commons, Ldn.; etc.	1800-27
L. Stoddart	Garden of Eden, Cambridge	1823
John Stokoe	42 Lothian-street, Edin.	1826
Lieut.-Col. E. Stopford	26 Connaught-square, Ldn.	1830-31
Robert Story	Gargrave in Craven	1829
Mrs. Anna Eliza Stot- hard	4 Rodney Buildings, New Kent- road, Surrey	1822
Lord Stowell	Buchanan	1821
J. W. Stracey	Backheath Hall, nr. Norwich.	1827
John Strang	1 Carlton-place, Glasgow	1830
Thomas Streatfeild	Chart's Edge, Westerham, Kent	1823
Robert Strong	17 Charlotte-street, Leith.	1830 and 1831
John Struthers	Stirling; and 16 Monteith- row, Glasgow	1808-27
Hon. C. F. Stuart	Lennoxton, Haddington	1825-27
David Stuart	Garth	1822
Sir James Stuart.	Lees; Allbank House, nr. Ayton; Limpsfield, Surrey; and Athenæum Club; etc.	1818-29
Lady Jane Stuart	12 Maitland-street, Edin.	1827-29
Lady Louisa Stuart	Bothwell Castle; Gloucester- place; Ditton Park; Roke- by; and Chiswick	1807-30
Gen. R. Stuart	Malvern	1804
Wm. Stuart (bookseller)	159 Ingram-street, Glasgow	1827
Monsieur G. Surene	12 George-street, Edin.	1827-28
Robert Surtees	99 Upper Guilds-street, Main- forth; Middleton-row, nr. Darlington; etc.	1801-31
S. Villiers Surtees	Worthing, Sussex; and 46 Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn, Ldn.	1825 and 1831
John Sutherland	Edinburgh	1828
Wm. Sutherland	Jedburgh	1824
The Countess of Suther- land	Westhill, Ldn.	1825
H. R. O. Swabe.	Douglas, I. O. M.	1830
Richard Swallow	Newhall, nr. Sheffield	1830
Joseph Swan	Glasgow	1828
J. G. Swaving	15 George-street, London- fields, Hackney, Ldn.	1826

Edmund Lenthal Swift	Jewel House, the Tower, Ldn.; and 38 Rue d'Arras, St. Omer	1824-30
Theophilus Swift	Dorset-street, Circular-road, Dublin	1810
Anne E. Swinton	3 Shandwick-place, Edin.	1827
Archibald Swinton (W.S.)	Edinburgh	1822-30
George Swinton	Calcutta	1823-27
Miss Harriet Swinton	Lausanne; and Blythswood House	1819 and 1830
Isabella Swinton	Shandwick-place	1827-30
John Swinton	Northwich, Ches.; Meadow House, Berwick; Inver- leith-place, Edin.	1814-31
Miss Margaret Swinton	Laughton	1822
Middle. V. D. Espérance Sylvestre	Weymar	1821
Robert Sym	George's-square, Edin.	1806
[Without addresses, etc.: Charlotte Scott, 1822; James Scott, 1804; Andrew Shortreed, Ldn., 1827; James Smith, Leith Glass Works, 1826; Henry Stobert, author of <i>Chinzica</i> , 1822; S. Swan, Felton Library, 1831; John Sykes (1828).]		

## T

John Taaffe	Marmor Castle, Ardee, Ireland; and Pisa	1811-23
Tait (Bookseller)	78 Princes-street, Edin.	1830-31
J. W. Tait	1 Brighton-place, Portobello	1826
James Tate	Richmond, Yorks	1830
Sir Herbert Taylor	Horse Guards; and Brighton	1825 and 1830
Dr. H. A. Taylor	Temple Newsum, nr. Leeds	1831
James Taylor	Royton, nr. Oldham	1830
John Taylor	"Sun" Office, 112 Strand, Ldn.	1815
Richard Taylor	St. Stephen's, Norwich	1821
W. Taylor, Jr.	Norwich	1796-1831
J. K. Tefft	Savannah, Georgia	1830
M. S. Tegg	73 Cheapside, Ldn.	1829
James Telfer	Brown-dean-laws	1824
Edmond Temple	39 South Audley-street, Ldn.	1830
Robert Temple	54 Russell-street, Liverpool	1830
Charles Tennant	62 Russell-square [? Ldn.]	1826-31
William Tennant	Dollar Academy; Devongrove, Dollar	1826-30
Charles Terry, Jun.	Shoe-lane, Ldn.	1828

Daniel Terry (the actor)	4 Leicester-square ; 1 Tenterden-street, Hanover-square ; 49 Great Marlborough-street ; 34 King-street, Covent Garden ; 14 Alfred-place, Bedford-square ; 411 Strand ; 116 Park-street, Camden Town, Ldn..	1812-28
Walter Scott Terry	47 York-place, Ldn.	1830 and 1831
James Thacker	Plymouth, Massachusetts, U.S.A.	1828
Mrs. Thinne	Williamstown-avenue, Black Rock, Dublin	1826
Mrs. Joanna C. Thomas	Ulverston	1819
David Thompson of Galashiels	Galashiels ; Selkirk	1821-29
Charles Thomson	19 Old-square, Lincoln's Inn, Ldn.	1830
David Thomson	Acklington, nr. Felton	1829
Ebenezer Thomson	Ayr	1824
Frances Ingram Thomson	Duddington	1831
George Thomson	Melrose	1824-29
James and Richard Thomson	25 Fen Church-street, Ldn.	1813-30
Rev. John Thomson	Duddington	1818-31
Thomas Thomson	Otterburn	1829
Thomas Thomson	Charlotte-square, Edin.	1818-31
May Thornehill	Donncliff, Burton-on-Trent	1831
Col. W. Thornhill	Stanton	1828
J. Aristo Thorton	Charlton [? nr. Ldn.]	1828
Mrs. Elizabeth Thurburn	[? Minto]	1830
Lord Thurlow	Regency-square, Brighton	1825
Prof. George Ticknor	Boston, U.S.A.	1821-30
Charles Tilt	16 Fleet-street, Ldn.	1830
Wm. Henry Timon	Edinburgh University	1818
Sir John Tobin	Liverpool	1824
Dr. Richard Tobin	2 Adelphi-terrace, Ldn.	1817
James Tolmie (Surgeon)	Ardersier by Fort George	1830
Richard L. Torre	Leamington Priors, Warwickshire	1829
Sally, Lady Torrens	Fulham	1820
Rev. George Tough	Manse of Ayton	1822-23
Alexander Tourquénéff	Keswick	1828
Isabella Jane Towers	Standervrick, nr. Westminster	1829
F. Townsend	College of Arms, Ldn.	1830-31

Joseph Train . . .	Newton Stewart ; Kircudbright ; and Castle Douglas	1814-31
Archibald Trail . . .	Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, Ldn.	1827
Lord Traquaire . . .	Traquair . . . . .	1815
W. C. Trevelyan . . .	Wallington . . . . .	1822
Henry Scott Trimmer . .	Heston Vicarage, nr. Hounslow . . . . .	1828
Alexander Trotter . . .	Dreghorn [Colinton, Mid.] . . . .	1826
Magnus Troil <sup>1</sup> . . .	Leith . . . . .	1830
Sir Trotter Coutts . . .	Strand, Ldn. . . . .	1824-31
John Bernd. Trotter . . .	36 Charlemont-street, Dublin	1813
W. Tudor . . . . .	Boston, U.S. . . . .	1823
John Tulloh . . . . .	Kirklands . . . . .	1829
J. Collingwood Tully . .	5 Davie-street, Edin. . . . .	1831
S. Turnbull . . . . .	8 John-street, Glasgow . . . . .	1827
C. H. Turner . . . . .	Rooks Nest, Godstone . . . . .	1824
J. M. W. Turner (the Artist)	47 Queen Ann-street, Westminster . . . . .	1831
J. M. Turner . . . . .	Wilmslow Rectory, nr. Manchester . . . . .	1827
Sharon Turner . . . . .	32 Red Lion-square, Ldn. . . . .	1829
George J. Twiss . . . .	Cambridge . . . . .	1827-28
Patrick Fraser Tytler . .	Goshen Bank, Canaan, Edin..	1829
Wm. Fraser Tytler . . .	Aldourie ; and 57 Queen-street [? Edin.] . . . .	1813-22

## U

Edward Upham . . . .	2 Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, and 5 Millman-street, Bedford-row, Ldn. . . .	1825-27
Henry John Urquhart . .	High Halden Rectory, Tenterden, Kent . . . . .	1829
James Usher . . . . .	11 Browns-square, Edin. . . . .	1828
Edwd. V. Utterson . . .	Hermitage, Stanmore . . . .	1814

## V

A. J. Valpy . . . . .	Red Lion Court, Ldn. . . . .	1831
J. Vaschereau . . . . .	Paris . . . . .	1828
James Veitch <sup>2</sup> . . . . .	Inchbonny . . . . .	1820
Robert Veitch . . . . .	Hawthornbank . . . . .	1829

<sup>1</sup> Doubtless another pseudonym, after the famous character in Scott's *The Pirate*.

<sup>2</sup> Endorsed by Sir Walter : "The self-taught Astronomer and philosopher, James Veitch, Jedburgh."

Granville V. Vernon .	Thoresby Park ; and 16 Rue Monthabor, Paris .	1829 and 1831
Capt. Vertel (French Army)	Douai . . . . .	1830
P. Vianelli . . . .	9902 Corso S. Celso, Milan .	1825
Comte Louis de Villevielle .	Cofforyl, près de Berne en Suisse . . . . .	1824
J. C. Villiers . . . .	N. Audley-street, Ldn. . . . .	1821
[? W. B.] Villiers . .	Thorp Hall, nr. Leeds . . . . .	1817
G. R. de Vincent . .	Chateau de Bioncourt . . . . .	1829
Johan Heinrich and Ernestine Voss	Heidelberg . . . . .	1822

## W

A. de Waal . . . .	" Groningue," Netherlands .	1831
Count Wackerbarth .	Wackerbarthsrue . . . . .	1825
Miss Anne Wagner .	Wolstenholme-square, and Duke-street, Liverpool .	1828
R. V. Waine . . . .	Hambourg . . . . .	1827
George and John Waldie	Newcastle . . . . .	1821
Mrs. Harriet Walker .	Montpelier, Twickenham . . . . .	1813
J. C. Walker . . . .	St. Valers, Bray ; and 15 Eccles-street, Dublin . . . . .	1809
James Scott Walker .	Edinburgh ; 47 Mount Pleasant, Liverpool ; and 6 Bir-kett-street, Liverpool . . . . .	1815-30
J. M. Walker . . . .	7 St. Margaret-street West, Spa Fields, Ldn. . . . .	1823
Lieut. J. A. Walker .	Arthurstown, co. Wexford . . . . .	1829
Rev. James Walker .	Dunnottar . . . . .	1796
Ensign John Allen Walker	4 Ranelagh Walk, Chelsea . . . . .	1821-23
Josiah Walker . . . .	Perth . . . . .	1814
Mrs. Walker . . . .	Thirsk, Yorks . . . . .	1821
Master W. S. Walker .	Eton . . . . .	1813
Robert Walkinshaw .	Paisley . . . . .	1817
George Saunders Wall .	35 Trinity College, Dublin . . . . .	1825
Private Joseph Wallace	79th Regt., Glasgow . . . . .	1825
William Wallace . . .	14 Argyle-square [? Edin.] . . . . .	1821
Sir John Walsh . . .	28 Berkeley-square, Ldn. . . . .	1831
Robert Walsh . . . .	The Harp Soc. Glasnevin, Dublin . . . . .	1821
Hannah Walters . .	St. Asaph . . . . .	1830
Sir George Warrender .	Whitehall-place, Ldn. . . . .	1824
G. Warrington . . . .	Wrexham . . . . .	1808-9
Joseph Pitt Warton .	Charlotte-place, Southampton, Hants . . . . .	1825
W. A. Warwicks . . .	Carlisle . . . . .	1829



Henry Washbourn	Salisbury-square, Ldn.	1829
John Washbourn, Jun.	Gloucester	1826
Benjamin Waterhouse	Cambridge, nr. Boston, U.S.A.	1823
James Wathen	Hereford	1820
James Watson	35 Dublin-street [? Edin.]	1827
Ralph Watson	4 York-place, Portman-square, Ldn.	1831
William Watson	Hawick	1829
David Watt	18 North Bridge-street, Edin.	1821
James Watt	27 Stamford-street, Ldn. ; and West Duddiestone	1821-24
Alaric A. Watts	Park-square, Leeds	1824
Jane Webb	21 Norton-street, Edin.	1829
Wm. Webb	Kilmacud, Dublin	1815
Frederic Webber	Lawhitton, nr. Launceston	1825
Henry Weber	69 St. Martin's -lane, and 4 St. James's-square, and 21 Southampton-row, Blooms- bury ; Edin. ; Inverary ; and St. Petersburg ; etc.	1808-24
John Wedderburn	Auchter House, Dundee	1829
Mary, Lady Wedderburn	Hawk Hill	1828-31
Wm. Thos. Weeks	St. Petersburg	1828
Marchioness of Welles- ley	Huntly Lodge	1830
Marquis of Wellesley	Apsley House	1811
The Duchess of Welling- ton	Stratfield Saye ; and Apsley House	1811-31
The Duke of Wellington	Stratfield Saye ; and Downing- street, Ldn.	1822-29
Thomas Waterhouse Wells	43 Lincoln's Inn Fields	1819
James Wellstood	Edin.	1829
James W. Wemyss	Wemyss Hall, Cupar, Fife	1820
J. H. West	10 Villiers-street, Adelphi	1825
W. West	Onwhyn's Library, Catherine- street, Strand	1831
Richard Westall (the Artist)	Macclesfield ; London	1808-14
W. K. Westly	Leeds	1824
Major J. Wetherall	Infantry Barracks, Glasgow	1831
Richard Wharton	Old Park, Bishop Auckland ; etc.	1805-9
Rev. George Wheeler	Shipton Mayne, nr. Tetbury, Glos.	1828
Thomas L. Whitaker	Mill-brook Cottage, nr. Llan- gadock	1821

Rev. Henry White .	Lichfield Cathedral Close .	1807-24
James White, Jun. .	Plymouth . . . . .	1812-29
Lydia White .	Castle Saunderson ; 11 Mount- street, Dublin ; Souther- down, Glamorgan ; 19 and also 59 Montague-square, Ldn. ; etc. . . . .	1808-14
Thomas White .	Dumfries . . . . .	1821
Thomas W. White .	Richmond . . . . .	1829
Caleb Whitefoord .	Ulverstone, Lancs. . . . .	1827
Lucy E. G. Whitmore .	Dudmaston . . . . .	1826
R. Whittington .	Stevenage, Hertfordshire .	1816
Earl Whitworth .	Knole ; and Grosvenor-square, Ldn. . . . .	1821-22
John Whyte . . . .	5 Hill-place, Edin. . . . .	1831
Wm. Whyte . . . .	2 Mansfield-place, Edin. .	1828
Baron John Wiedersperg	Prague . . . . .	1822
J. H. Wiffen . . . .	Woburn Abbey . . . . .	1821-25
James Seton Wightman	[? Courance], Dumfries .	1830
Edward Bootle Wilbra- ham	Lathom House, Ormskirk .	1822
David Wilkie, R.A. .	7 Terrace, Kensington ; 2 Circus-place North, Edin. ; etc. . . . .	1818-31
Thomas Wilkie . . .	Melrose ; Edinburgh ; Bouden 1813 and 1815	
Dorothea Wilkinson .	Waltham le Willows, Bury St. Edmunds . . . . .	1828
Rev. David Williams .	Ystradmeirig-Rhayader . .	1822
Archdeacon John Williams	Aberystwith ; Lampeter ; Fal- condale ; and Edinburgh .	1820-28
J. Willis . . . . .	7 Westmorland-street, Dublin.	1815
Miss Charlotte C. Will- yams	Carnanton, nr. St. Colomb .	1814-18
Adam Wilson . . . .	Anochan House, by Luss . .	1829
Capt. A. D. Wilson .	11 York-place, Edin. . . .	1828
James Wilson . . . .	51 George-place, Hyde Park Corner, Ldn. . . . .	1826
John Wilson . . . .	Thornley . . . . .	1829
Prof. John Wilson .	53 Queen-street, Edin. ; El- leray, nr. Kendal ; 29 Anne- street and 6 Gloucester-place, Ldn. . . . .	1820-31
Rev. Robt. Wilson .	Anstruther Manse . . . . .	1831
Robt. J. Wilson . .	Strade Hill, Carrickfergus .	1830
Thomas Wilson . . .	2 Highbury-place, Ldn. . .	1830
Prof. W. W. Wilson .	Calcutta . . . . .	1827

William Wilson . . .	Wandsworth Common, Ldn.	1821 and 1827
William Wilson (Artist)	53 Paddington-street, Port- man-square, Ldn. . .	1811-27
J. A. McWhirter. . .	4 Bank-street, Edin. . .	1828
Anna Maria Wimyss . .	Cork . . . . .	1828
Daniel Winne . . . .	New York . . . . .	1826
W. T. Wishart . . . .	6 Raeburn-place [? Edin.] . .	1829
W. Withers . . . . .	Holt . . . . .	1829
Joseph Wolff . . . .	Island of Cyprus . . . . .	1829
G. H. Wood . . . . .	32 Sackville-street, Piccadilly, Ldn. . . . .	1827
Wm. Wood . . . . .	Canandagua, Ontario . . . .	1831
George Woods . . . .	Settle, Yorks . . . . .	1825
Chr. Wordsworth . . .	Trinity Lodge, Cambridge . .	1824
William Wordsworth . .	Grasmere ; Patterdale ; Cole- Orton ; Rydal Mount ; etc. . .	1803-31
Dorothy Wordsworth . .	Rydal Mount . . . . .	1825
Rev. Francis Wrangham	St. John's-place, Chester . . .	1818-29
William Wright . . . .	Lincoln's Inn, Ldn. . . . .	1825 and 1828
William Wright . . . .	Leith . . . . .	1829
[Without addresses, etc. : Wm. Waldron, Ldn., 1827 ; V. Walsh, Ldn., 1829 ; A. M. Wemyss, 1826 ; — Wishaw, Lincoln's Inn, 1815 ; John Whitmore, Ldn., 1811 ; Tho. Wistanley, 1813 ; — Wright, Edin., 1822.]		

## Y

Dr. Yelloly . . . . .	Carrow Abbey, nr. Norwich . .	1831
Duke of York and Albany, Frederick Augustus	Horseguards . . . . .	1822
Miss A. Young . . . .	7 North-street, Circus-place, Edin. . . . .	1830-31
Alexander Young . . .	Edinburgh ; Stockbridge ; and Harburn . . . . .	1820-31
Charlotte Maria Young	3 Park-square, Regent's Park, Ldn. . . . .	1828-31

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*As this book includes new material about, and suggested origins of, certain characters or episodes in Sir Walter Scott's Works, the references have been grouped under "Originals." Similarly, interesting descriptions of certain types, written for Sir Walter, have been grouped under "Portraits." In the case of a number of other references, particulars have been added to entries to facilitate identification.*

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